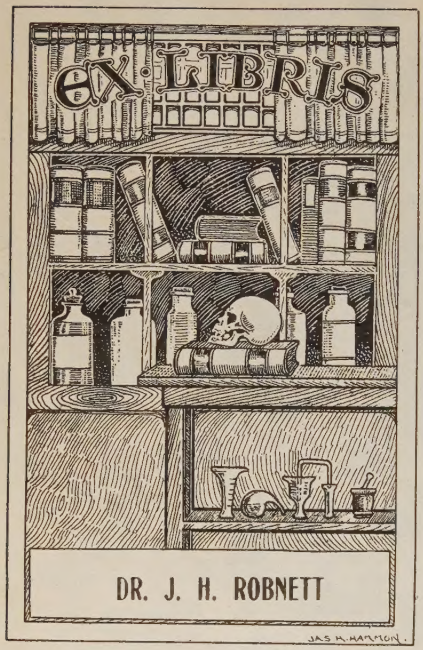
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TWENTY-FIVE VOLUMES

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1908

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

a as in fat, man, pang.
ā as in fate, mane, dale.
ä as in far, father, guard.
â as in fall, talk.
à as in fare.
ą as in errant, republican.
e as in met, pen, bless.
ē as in mete, meet.
ê as in her, fern.
i as in pin, it.
ī as in pine, fight, file.
o as in not, on, frog.
ō as in note, poke, floor.
ö as in move, spoon.
ô as in nor, song, off.
õ as in valor, actor, idiot.
u as in tub.
ū as in mute, acute.
ů as in pull.
ü German ü, French u.
oi as in oil, joint, boy.
ou as in pound, proud.
š as in pressure.
ž as in seizure.
čh as in German ach, Scotch loch.
ñ French nasalizing n, as in ton, en.
ŧh as in then.
ʜ Spanish j.
ɢ as in Hamburg.

' denotes a primary, " a secondary accent. (A secondary accent is not marked if at its regular interval of two syllables from the primary, or from another secondary.)

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A

ARCHER, WILLIAM, a British essayist and dramatist; born in Perth, Scotland, September 23, 1856. He was educated at Edinburgh University, and was called to the bar at the Middle Temple in 1883. In 1876 he went to Australia, returning to London in 1878 to become dramatic critic of London *Figaro*. In 1884 he was made dramatic critic of the *World*, and has since become well known as a critic and essayist.

Mr. Archer's published works include *English Dramatists of Today* (1882); *Henry Irving: a Critical Study* (1883); *About the Theatre* (1886); *Masks or Faces* (1888); *William Charles Macready* (1890); *The Theatrical World* (5 vols. 1893); *Study and Stage* (1899); *America Today* (1900); *Poets of the Younger Generation* (1901). He has also edited Ibsen's *Prose Dramas* in five volumes.

One of the most readable products of Mr. Archer's pen is a series of *Real Conversations* published in *The Critic* in 1901. To show the quality of this work, we make the following quotation from the *Conversation* with Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes):

CONVERSATION WITH MRS. CRAIGIE.*

SCENE: MRS. CRAIGIE'S *Drawing-Room.* PERIOD: *Tea-time.*

W. A. I did not see you at the Royalty the other evening?

Mrs. Craigie. No, I have not been well enough to go much to the theatre of late. I should have liked to see "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith" again. I saw it three times when it was first produced. It seems to me Mr. Pinero has made a striking and just study of an essentially religious woman without a religion, — the most tragic of all feminine temperaments, or masculine temperaments, for that matter.

W. A. Do you think he has got the veneer of secularism quite right?

Mrs. Craigie. I have heard it said that he has gone wrong in matters of phraseology. Personally, I disagree with that view. I think her language is lifelike. He really understands the woman he wants to draw.

W. A. Should you call Pinero, then, a *féministe,* in the sense in which you used the word the other day?

Mrs. Craigie. Certainly. He has made some quite remarkable studies of women. But in what other sense would you use the word *féministe?*

W. A. Oh, no doubt I had a wrong notion of it. I have always taken it to mean, in the widest acceptation, "a woman's-rights man." You use it to denote an artist who makes a special study of women ——

Mrs. Craigie. Which a "woman's-rights man" usually omits to do. He is too much occupied with woman in the abstract to have much of an eye for women in the concrete. No, I think you will find the word *féministe* applied to such writers as Bourget, Donnay, Marcel Prévost, Tolstoy, and D'Annunzio. A most distinguished scholar lately described Euripides as a *féministe.* But it is not such a great feat as people suppose for a man to draw a woman with a certain *vraisemblance.*

W. A. And for a woman to draw a man?

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Mrs. Craigie. I think this whole subject is beset with preconceptions — the commonplaces of facile criticism. Men's women are considered miracles, women's women are scrutinized for traits of "womanishness," and women's men are regarded with smiling compassion. All this proceeds from the quite superficial assumption that the natural thing is for each sex to understand itself best.

W. A. Burns, at any rate, seems to have thought differently, when he said,

> O wad some power the giftie gie us
> To see ourselves as ithers see us.

But if men drawn by women were always the truest ——

Mrs. Craigie. The truest probably in certain relations — as the fathers, husbands, lovers, friends, and brothers of women. I hope you do not forget, too, that men are the sons of women!

W. A. Let us put it, then, that the common prejudice against women's drawing of men is in great measure groundless, — how comes it that we generally find it shared by women? One would expect women, at any rate, to show ready recognition of the truth of women's men.

Mrs. Craigie. Don't you know, Mr. Archer, that the mass of women take their criticisms from men, and would on no account be found guilty of the womanishness of accepting a feminine view of masculine character? And further, the average woman's idea of a man is her own particular man. (I am not speaking of artists, who are in the nature of things, neither "average" nor "normal" in their estimates of character.) George Sand (among women) was one of the few sound critics of literary work. Flaubert did not care for her novels, but he paid the greatest regard to her criticism. Again, to whom does a man, both voluntarily and involuntarily, reveal his true self, if not to a woman?

W. A. And *vice versa,* should you say?

Mrs. Craigie. In a measure — but not to the same degree. Women stand more on the defensive than men. They are more sentimental and far less frank; beyond any question, too, they are more complicated psychologically.

That is why no hero — unless one can make him a Don Quixote — is ever so interesting, or "thankful," as a heroine. Men, too, distrust each other in the way of confidences, and also in the way of "understanding." The maternal side of a woman's mind is very strong. Men can depend upon it in every emergency.

W. A. Well, I so far agree with you that I think many men — Englishmen, at any rate — are prevented by a sense of false shame from anything like intimate self-revelation to other men, and will give themselves away much more frankly to a sympathetic woman. We are accused of always playing a part in feminine society; but the man who puts on airs and affectations before a clever woman is anything but a clever man.

Mrs. Craigie. Women have certainly less of the *mauvaise honte* which, you say, prevents a man from intimately revealing himself to other men. They are more expansive with each other——

W. A. And far more observant of each other.

Mrs. Craigie. You mean that we pick each other to pieces in a way that men don't.

W. A. Oh, how can you put it so! Let us rather say that women have a talent, denied to men, for hitting each other off in neat little verbal vignettes — not always flattering. And the upshot seems to be that, for novel-writing, all the advantages are on the spindle side, inasmuch as women know their own sex quite as well as men can, and the other sex much better.

Mrs. Craigie (*smiling*). That is the logic of the situation, certainly. But knowledge, alas, does not always mean the art of conveying it, or the genius for adapting it, or — the rarest gift — fearlessness in truth-telling. George Sand — with splendid powers — was never so truthful as Byron. I compare them because they had much in common as human beings.

W. A. But don't you think some of the greatest of great men have achieved their special reputation as *féministes* by drawing, not real women, but ideal women, with whom all the world fell in love?

Mrs. Craigie. That is true, I should say, of two at

least — Shakespeare and George Meredith. How little individualized are some of Shakespeare's women!

W. A. My dear Mrs. Craigie! What heresy!

Mrs. Craigie. Is it not true that many of Portia's speeches could be transferred to Rosalind without the slightest inappropriateness, and many of Viola's speeches to Imogen?

W. A. But is it not also true that the individuality of the characters lies precisely in those speeches which could *not* be so transferred? And what do you say to Juliet?

Mrs. Craigie. She is the immortal type and sublimation of youthful passion in the abstract, without regard to minute distinctions of sex. The one unique womanly trait in Juliet's character is the wholesome determination to have her marriage legal!

W. A. Desdemona, then?

Mrs. Craigie. Not very clearly distinguishable from Cordelia. Of course, their mere outward circumstances involve a certain difference. And, for the rest, the world has dwelt and brooded on them so intensely as to have given them something of the individuality which the merest speck of dust assumes under the microscope. It has filled-in Shakespeare's outlines with a thousand imaginary traits, more or less legitimately deduced from the text, but not actually present in it. Of course I know that the merit is ultimately Shakespeare. No one but he could have so potently, so irresistibly stimulated the world's imagination. But if it comes to a question of exact and varied knowledge of subtle or complicated feminine character — such a character, for instance, as Meredith's Aminta — I find much less evidence of it in Shakespeare than people usually discern.

W. A. It is true I have often wondered where, as a matter of history, he made his studies of gentlewomen. The only educated woman with whom we can definitely bring him into relation is the "Dark Lady" of the Sonnets, whom we know to have been, at any rate, a musician. But, though we may conjecture her influence in many of his utterances, I don't know of any single char-

acter which can at all plausibly be thought to reproduce her.

Mrs. Craigie. What about Cleopatra?

W. A. Ah, possibly — I had forgotten her for the moment. And don't you think, Mrs. Craigie, that that one character, if he had drawn no other, would be enough to establish Shakespeare's reputation as a *féministe?* Was there ever a more living woman?

Mrs. Craigie. Oh, by all means, a living woman! All his women are that. They are characteristically, unmistakably women — feminine in every fibre. And that you may say with equal truth of George Meredith's heroines — all that noble procession of brilliant, intellectual, competent, and yet eminently feminine and fascinating women——

W. A. Too often, as it seems to me, examples of

> Beauty and anguish walking hand in hand
> The downward slope to death,

or at any rate to disaster.

Mrs. Craigie. Nothing can be more beautiful, certainly, or more agreeable to our self-esteem. But I confess to a feeling that they are not so much a truthful tribute to feminine character, as a revenge upon reality. The poet created for himself the characters he would fain have found in life, but did not; and the world no sooner came to know them than it fell in love with them.

W. A. Then you think that many men get their reputation as *féministes* by flattering your sex?

Mrs. Craigie. Not so much by flattering us, as by realizing, incarnating, the masculine dream of the ideal woman. It is one thing to draw a hyper-feminine woman, and quite another thing to make her exactly true to nature.— From *Real Conversations.*

ARGENSOLA, Bartolomeo Leonardo de, a Spanish poet; born in 1562; died February 4, 1631. He was made almoner to the Empress Maria, widow to Maximilian II., and after the death of his brother Lupercio, in 1613, succeeded him as Historiographer of Aragon. He was appointed canon of the cathedral in Saragossa by Pope Paul II. He wrote a continuation of Zurita's *Anales de Aragon,* the *Conquista de las Molucas,* and several minor poems, which were not published until after his death. He was known as "The Phœnix of Castilian Poetry."

SONNET: ON PROVIDENCE.

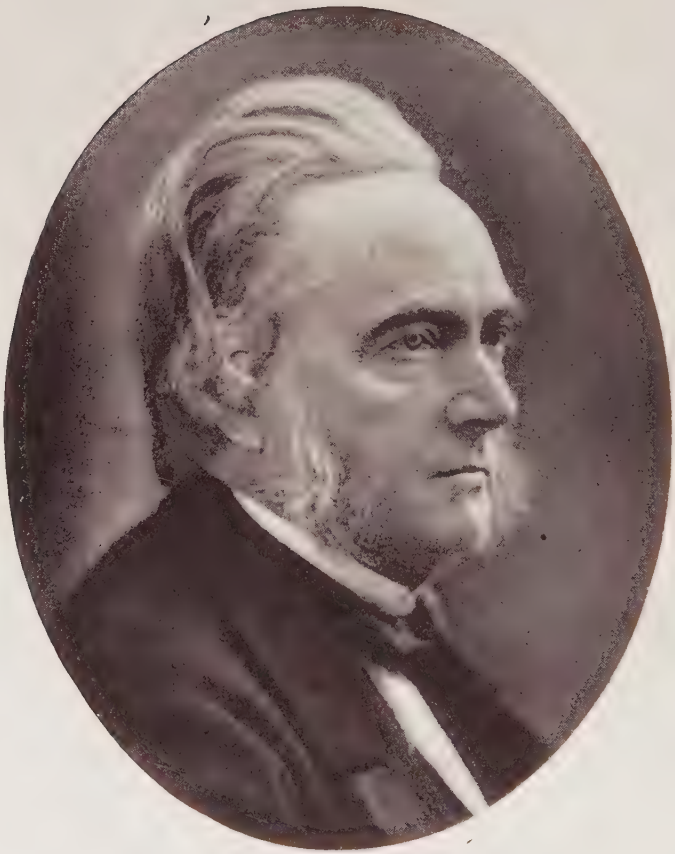
Parent of good! Since all thy laws are just,
Say, why permits thy judging Providence
Oppression's hand to bow meek Innocence,
And gives prevailing strength to Fraud and Lust;
Who steels with stubborn force the arm unjust,
That proudly wars against Omnipotence?
Who bids thy faithful sons, that reverence
Thine holy will, be humbled in the dust?" —
Amid the din of Joy fair Virtue sighs,
While the fierce conqueror binds his impious head
With laurel, and the car of triumph rolls. —
Thus I, when radiant 'fore my wondering eyes
A heavenly spirit stood, and smiling said:
"Blind moralist! is Earth the sphere of souls?"

Translation of Herbert.

ARGENSOLA, Lupercio Leonardo 'Y, a Spanish dramatist and poet, brother of the preceding; born at Barbastro, Aragon, December 14, 1565; died at Naples, March, 1613. He became Chamberlain to the Archbishop of Toledo, Secretary to the widowed Empress Maria of Austria, was made Historiographer of Aragon, and subsequently went to Naples as Secretary of War and of State to the Viceroy, the Count de Lemos, where he founded the famous Accademia degli Oziosi. He wrote three tragedies which were highly praised by Cervantes, but which were lost for a century and a half after the death of Argensola, when the manuscript of two of them was accidentally discovered, and first appeared in print in 1772. He also wrote satires, sonnets, and canzones, which were published in connection with the poems of his brother. "Both brothers," says Mr. Ticknor, "are to be placed high in the list of Spanish lyric poets: next, perhaps, after the great masters. The elder shows, on the whole, more of original power; but he left only half as many poems as his brother did." Lope de Vega, speaking of the purity of their style, says: "It seemed as though they had come from Aragon to reform Castilian verse."

MARY MAGDALEN.

Blessed, yet sinful one, and broken-hearted!
The crowd are pointing at the thing forlorn.
In wonder and in scorn
Thou weepest days of innocence departed,
Thou weepest, and thy tears have power to move
The Lord to pity and to love.



DUKE OF ARGYLL.

The greatest of thy follies is forgiven,
Even for the least of all the tears that shine
On that pale cheek of thine.
Thou didst kneel down to him who came from heaven,
Evil and ignorant, and thou shalt rise
Holy, and pure, and wise.

It is not much that too the fragrant blossom
The ragged brier should change; the bitter fir
Distil Arabia's myrrh;
Nor that, upon the wintry desert's bosom,
The harvest should rise plenteous, and the swain
Bear home abundant grain.

But come and see the bleak and barren mountains
Thick to their top with roses; come and see
Leaves on the dry, dead tree:
The perished plant, set out by living fountains,
Grows fruitful, and its beauteous branches rise
Forever towards the skies.

— *Translation of* BRYANT.

ARGYLL, GEORGE DOUGLAS CAMPBELL, DUKE OF; a British author and politician; born in Dumbartonshire, April 30, 1823; died at London, September 24, 1900. He succeeded to the dukedom upon the death of his father in 1847; previous to which he had borne the courtesy title of Marquis of Lorne, which has since been borne by his son, who in 1871 was married to the Princess Louise, daughter of Queen Victoria. Before his accession to the dukedom he had become known as an author, public speaker, and politician. He wrote several pamphlets

bearing upon the "Free Church" controversy in Scotland, which was vehemently agitated about 1842, and was a warm advocate of the principles maintained by Dr. Thomas Chalmers. After his accession to the peerage the Duke was an earnest supporter of "Liberal" measures in the House of Lords. In 1852 he entered the cabinet of the Earl of Aberdeen, as Lord Privy Seal, and held office under several successive administrations, with brief intervals, when his party was out of power. In 1881 he resigned the office of Lord Privy Seal in Mr. Gladstone's cabinet, on account of a disagreement with his colleagues concerning some provisions of the Irish Land Bill. In 1851 the Duke was elected Chancellor of the University of St. Andrew's, and in 1854 Rector of the University of Glasgow. In 1855 he presided over the annual meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and in 1861 was elected President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. His writings, mainly upon current topics of the day, are numerous; but some of his works of a more permanent character have passed through several editions, and have been republished in the United States. Among these are: *The Reign of Law* (1866); *Primeval Man* (1869); *The Unity of Nature* (1883); *Scotland as It Was, and as It is* (1887); *The Unseen Foundations of Society* (1892) and *The Burdens of Belief* (1894).

ANALOGY BETWEEN MAN'S WORKS AND THOSE OF THE CREATOR.

Whatever difficulty there may be in conceiving of a Will not exercised by a visible Person, it is a difficulty which cannot be evaded by arresting our conceptions

at the point at which they have arrived in forming the idea of the Laws or Forces. That idea is itself made up out of elements derived from our own consciousness of Personality. It is perfectly true that the Mind does recognize in Nature a reflection of itself. But if this be a deception, it is a deception which is not avoided by transferring the idea of Personality to the abstract idea of Force, or by investing combinations of Force with the attributes of Mind.

We need not be jealous then, when new domains are claimed as under the Reign of Law — an agency through which we see working everywhere some Purpose of the Everlasting Will. The mechanisms devised by Man are in this respect only an image of the more perfect mechanism of Nature, in which the same principle of Adjustment is always the highest result which Science can ascertain or recognize. There is this difference, indeed — that in regard to our works our knowledge of Natural Laws is very imperfect, and our control over them is very feeble; whereas, in the machinery of Nature there is evidence of complete knowledge and of absolute control. The universal rule is that everything is brought about by way of Natural Consequence. But another rule is that all Consequences meet and fit into each other in endless circles of Harmony and Purpose; and this can only be explained by the fact that what we call Natural Consequence is always the conjoint effect of an infinite number of Elementary Forces, whose action and reaction are under the direction of the Will which we see obeyed, and of the Purposes which we see actually attained.

It is, indeed, the completeness of the analogy between our own works on a small scale, and the works of the Creator on an infinitely large scale, which is the greatest mystery of all. Man is constrained to adopt the principle of Adjustment, because the forces of Nature are external to and independent of his Will. They may be managed, but they cannot be disobeyed. It is impossible to suppose that they stand in the same relation to the Will of the Supreme; yet it seems as if

He took the same method of dealing with them — never violating them, never breaking them, but always ruling them by that which we call Adjustment, or Contrivance. Nothing gives us such an idea of the Immutability of Laws as this; nor does any thing give us such an idea of their pliability to use. How imperious they are, yet how submissive! How they reign, yet how they serve! — *The Reign of Law, Chap. II.*

THE ORIGIN OF MAN.

The Human Race has no more knowledge or recollection of its own origin than a child has of its own birth. But a child drinks in with its mother's milk some knowledge of the relation in which it stands to its own parents, and as it grows up it knows of other children being born around it. It sees one generation going and another generation coming; so that long before the years of childhood close, the ideas of Birth and Death are alike familiar. Whatever sense of mystery may, in the first dawnings of reflection, have attached to either of these ideas is soon lost in the familiar experience of the world. The same experience extends to the lower animals: they too are born and die. But no such experience ever comes to us, casting any light on the Origin of our Race, or of any other.

Some varieties of form are effected, in the case of a few animals, by domestication, and by constant care in the selection of peculiarities transmissible to the young. But these variations are all within certain limits; and wherever human care relaxes or is abandoned, the old forms return, and the selected characters disappear. The founding of new forms by the union of different species, even when standing in close natural relation to each other, is absolutely forbidden by the sentence of sterility which Nature pronounces and enforces upon all hybrid offspring.

And so it results that Man has never seen the origin of any species. Creation by birth is the only kind of creation he has ever seen; and from this kind of creation he has never seen a new species come. And yet

he does know (for this is the science of Palæontology has most certainly revealed) that the introduction of new species has been a work carried on constantly and continuously during vast but unknown periods of time. The whole face of animated nature has been changed — not once, but frequently, not suddenly for the most part — perhaps not suddenly in any case — but slowly and gradually, and yet completely.

When once this fact is clearly apprehended — whenever we become familiar with the idea that Creation had a History — we are inevitably led to the conclusion that Creation has also had a Method. And then the further question arises, "What has this Method been?" It is perfectly natural that men who have any hopes of solving this question should take that supposition which seems the readiest; and the readiest supposition is, that the agency by which new species are created is the same agency by which new individuals are born. The difficulty of conceiving any other compels men, if they are to guess at all, to guess upon this foundation. —*Primeval Man, Part II.*

PERPETUITY OF MAN.

Such as Man now is, Man, so far as we yet know, has always been. Two skeletons at least have been found respecting which there is strong ground for believing that they belong to the very earliest race which lived in Northern Europe. One of these skeletons indicates a coarse, perhaps even what we should call — as we might fairly some living specimens of our race — a Brutal Man; yet even this skeleton is, in all its proportions, strictly Human; its cranial capacity indicates a volume of brain, and some peculiarities of shape, not materially different from many skulls of savage races, now living. The other skeleton — respecting which the evidence of extreme antiquity is the strongest — is not only perfectly Human in all its proportions, but its skull has a cranial capacity not inferior to that of many modern Europeans. This most ancient of all known human skulls is so ample in its dimensions that it might have contained

the brains of a Philosopher. So conclusive is this evidence against any change whatever in the specific characters of Man since the oldest Human Being yet known was born, that Prof. Huxley pronounces it to be clearly indicated that "the first traces of the primordial stock whence Man has proceeded need no longer be sought, by those who entertain any form of the doctrine of Progressive Development, in the newest tertiaries [that is in the oldest deposits yet known to contain human remains at all]; but they may be looked for in an epoch more distant from the age of those tertiaries than that is from us."

So far, therefore, the evidence is on the side of the originality of Man as a Species — nay, even, as a Class, by himself — separated by a gulf practically immeasurable from all the creatures that are, or that are known ever to have been, his contemporaries in the world. In the possession of this ground, we can wait for such further evidence in favor of transmutation as may be brought to light. Meanwhile, at least, we are entitled to remain incredulous, remembering — as Prof. Phillips has said — that "everywhere we are required by the hypothesis to look somewhere else; which may fairly be interpreted to signify that the hypothesis everywhere fails in the first and most important step. How is it conceivable that the second stage should be everywhere preserved, but the first nowhere?" — *Primeval Man, Part II.*

THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN.

In passing from the subject of Man's Origin to the subject of his Antiquity, we pass from almost total darkness to a question, which is comparatively accessible to reason and open to research. Evidence bearing upon this question may be gathered along several walks of science; and these are all found tending in one direction, and pointing to one general result.

First comes the evidence of *History* — embracing under that name all Literature, whether it professes to record events, or does no more than allude to them in

LUDOVICO ARIOSTO.

poetry and song. Then comes *Archæology* — the evidence of Human Monuments, belonging to times or races whose voice, though not silenced, has become inarticulate to us. Piercing on to this evidence, comes that which *Geology* has recently afforded from human remains associated with the latest physical changes on the surface and in the climates of the globe. Then comes the evidence of *Language,* founded on the facts of Human Speech, and the laws which regulate its development and growth. And lastly, there is the evidence afforded by the existing *Physical Structure* and the existing *Geographical Distribution* of the various Races of Mankind.

One distinction, however, it is important to bear in mind; Chronology is of two kinds: *First,* Time measurable by Years; and secondly, Time measurable only by an ascertained Order or Succession of Events. The one may be called Time-absolute, the other Time-relative.

Now, among all the sciences which afford us any evidences on the Antiquity of Man, one — and only one — gives us any knowledge of Time-absolute; and that is History. From all the others we can gather only the less definite information of Time-relative. They can tell us nothing more than the order in which certain events took place. But of the length of interval between those events, neither Archæology, nor Geology, nor Ethnology can tell us anything. Even History, that is, the records of Written Documents, carries us back to times of which no contemporary account remains, and the distance of which from any known epoch is, and must be, a matter of conjecture.— *Primeval Man, Part III.*

ARIOSTO, Ludovico, an Italian poet; born at Reggio, September 8, 1474; died at Ferrara, June 6, 1533. He was of a noble family, and early displayed a high poetic capacity. He entered the service of the Cardinal Ippolito d'Este,

brother of Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara, by whom he was sent on important embassies to the Court of the warlike Pope Julius II. When the papal forces, in conjunction with those of Venice, were sent against Ferrara, Ariosto bore a prominent part in the defence of his adopted city. Cardinal Ippolito took offence at Ariosto, in 1518, because he declined to go with him to Hungary, and dismissed him from his service. Ariosto soon afterward entered the service of Duke Alfonso, in whose favor and confidence he rose high, and showed marked capacity when made Governor of the Province of Garfagnana, which was in a disturbed condition. Returning to Ferrara, Ariosto was employed by the Duke to direct the dramatic representations there, and a magnificent theatre was constructed after designs suggested by the poet. This theatre was burned in 1532.

The works of Ariosto include comedies, satires, sonnets, and other writings. But his principal work is the romantic epic *Orlando Furioso,* a sort of continuation of Bojardo's *Orlando Inamorato.* This poem was originally published in 1516, but was considerably enlarged in later editions, the last of which appeared in 1532, a year before the death of the author, and has been many times reprinted. The poem became very popular in Italy, and is recognized as the greatest work of the kind in any language. Bernardo Tasso, in 1559, wrote of it: "There is neither scholar nor artisan, boy nor girl, nor old man, who is contented with reading it only once. Do you not hear people every day singing these stanzas in the streets and in the fields? I do not believe that in the same length of time as has passed since this poem was given to the world, there have been printed or published or seen so

many Homers or Virgils as *Furiosos.*" The poem consists of forty-six cantos, containing in all about 5,000 eight-line stanzas. Its subject is the numerous adventures of Orlando, who has become insane through love for Angelica. "This poetical romance," says a writer in the *North American Review,* "is a complete wilderness, in which there is no continued path; but in which are to be seen, at every step, the most magnificent scenes, the most picturesque prospects, the richest fruits, and the most brilliant flowers. Ariosto excels in narrative and description, and is distinguished by a nervous, expressive, and unaffected style."

ORLANDO'S BATTLE WITH THE TREES.

All night about the forest roved the Count,
And, at the break of daily light, was brought
By his unhappy fortune to the fount,
Where his inscription young Medoro wrought.
To see his wrongs inscribed upon that mount
Inflamed his fury so, in him was naught
But turned to hatred, frenzy, rage, and spite;
Nor paused he more, but bared his falchion bright;

Cleft through the writing, and the solid block
Into the sky in tiny fragments sped.
Woe worth each sapling, and that caverned rock
Where Medoro and Angelica were read!
So scathed that they to shepherd and to flock
Thenceforth shall never furnish shade or bed,
And that sweet fountain, late so clean and pure,
From such tempestuous wrath was ill secure.

For he turf, stone, and trunk, and shoot and lop,
Cast without cease into the beauteous source;
Till turbid from the bottom to the top,
Never again was clear the troubled course.

At length, for lack of breath, compelled to stop —
When he is bathed in sweat, and wasted force
Serves not his fury more — he falls, and lies
Upon the mead, and gazing upward sighs.

Wearied and woe-begone, he fell to ground,
And turned his eyes to heaven, nor spake he aught,
Nor ate, nor slept, till in his daily round
The golden sun had broken thrice, and sought
His rest anew; nor ever ceased his wound
To rankle, till it marred his sober thought.
At length, impelled by frenzy, the fourth day,
He from his limbs tore plate and mail away.

Here was his helmet, there his shield bestowed,
His arms far off; and farther than the rest,
His cuirass; through the green wood wide was strowed,
All his good gear, in fine; and next his vest
He rent; and, in his fury naked showed
His shaggy paunch, and all his back and breast,
And 'gan that frenzy act so passing dread:
Of stranger folly never shall be said.

So fierce his rage, so fierce his fury grew,
That all obscured remained the warrior's sprite;
Nor, for forgetfulness, his sword he drew,
Or wondrous deeds, I trow, had wrought the Knight.
But neither this, nor bill, nor axe to hew,
Was needed by Orlando's peerless might.
He of high prowess gave high proofs and full
Who a tall pine uprooted at a pull.

He many others, with as little let,
As fennel, wallwort-stem, or dill, uptore;
And ilex, knotted oak, and fir upset,
And beech, and mountain-ash and elm-tree hoar.
He did what fowler, ere he spreads his net,
Does, to prepare the champaigne for his lore,
By stubble, rush, and nettle stalk; and broke,
Like these, old sturdy trees and stems of oak.

The shepherd swains, who hear the tumult nigh,
Leaving their flocks beneath the greenwood tree,
Some here, some there, across the forest hie,
And hurry thither, all, the cause to see. —
But I have reached such point, my history,
If I o'erpass this bound, may irksome be;
And I my story will delay to end,
Rather than by my tediousness offend.

— *Canto XXIII; translation of* Rose.

ORLANDO RESTORED TO HIS SENSES.

Dudon, Orlando from behind embraced,
And with his foot the furious peer would throw;
Astolpho and the others seize his arms; but waste
Their strength in all attempts to hold the foe.
He who has seen a bull, by mastiffs chased,
That gore his bleeding ears, in fury lowe,
Dragging the dogs that bait him there and here,
Yet from their tusks unable to get clear;

Let him imagine, so Orlando drew
Astolpho and those banded knights along.
Meanwhile, up started Oliviero, who
By that fell fisticuff on earth was flung;
And, seeing they could ill by Roland do
That sought by good Astolpho and his throng,
He meditates and compasses a way
The frantic Paladin on earth to lay.

He many a hawser made them thither bring,
And running knots in them he quickly tied,
Which on the Count's waist, arms, and legs, they fling;
And then, among themselves, the ends divide,
Conveyed to this or that amid the ring,
Compassing Roland upon every side.
The warriors thus Orlando flung par force,
As farrier throws the struggling ox or horse.

As soon as down, they all upon him are,
And hands and feet more tightly they constrain.
He shakes himself, and plunges here and there;
But all his efforts for relief are vain.
Astolpho bade them thence the prisoner bear:
For he would heal, he said, the warrior's brain.
Shouldered by sturdy Dudon is the load,
And on the beach's furthest brink bestowed.

Seven times Astolpho makes them wash the Knight;
And seven times plunged beneath the brine he goes.
So that they cleanse away the scurf and blight
Which to his stupid limbs and visage grows.
This done, with herbs, for that occasion dight,
They stop his mouth, wherewith he puffs and blows.
For, save his nostrils, would Astolpho leave
No passage whence the Count might air receive.

Valiant Astolpho had prepared the vase
Wherein Orlando's senses were retained,
And to his nostrils in such mode conveys,
That, drawing his breath, the Count drained
The mystic cup withal. — Oh, wondrous case!
The unsettled mind its ancient seat regained;
And in its glorious reasonings, yet more clear
And lucid waxed his reason than whilere.

As one that seems in troubled sleep to see
Abominable shapes, a horrid crew;
Monsters which are not, and which cannot be;
Or seems some strange unlawful thing to do;
Yet marvels at himself, from slumber free,
When his recovered senses play him true;
So good Orlando, when he is made sound,
Remains yet full of wonder and astound.

Then said — as erst Silenus said, when seen,
And taken sleeping in the cave of yore —
Solvite me! with visage so serene,
With look so much less wayward than before,

That him they from his bonds delivered clean,
  And raiment to the naked warrior bore;
All comforting their friend with grief opprest,
For that delusion which had him possest.

When to his former self he was restored,
  Of wiser and of manlier mind than e'er,
From love as well was freed the enamored lord;
  And she, so gentle deemed, so fair whilere,
And by renowned Orlando so adored,
  Did but to him a worthless thing appear,
What he through love had lost, to re-acquire
Was his whole study, was his whole desire.

— *Canto XXXIX.; translation of* Rose.

ARISTOPHANES, the most famous of the Greek comic dramatists — the only one, indeed, of whose works more than fragments are extant — was born, probably at Athens, about 448 B.C., and died there about 385 B.C. Of his early life little has been recorded except that he seems to have inherited a competent estate, and that he began writing for the stage while quite young. His earliest work, *The Revellers,* not now extant, is said to have been produced when the author was about seventeen, and received the second prize. His career as a dramatist lasted some forty years, during which he produced between forty and fifty comedies, of which eleven still exist in a condition tolerably perfect. All of these have been translated into English, by different hands and with varying degrees of success.

The comic dramatists of Athens exercised a function in some manner equivalent to that of the popular jour-

nalists of our day. Their purpose at its best, as of Aristophanes, was to hit at the scholastic, social, and political foibles of their time. Any head that offered itself was thought a fair mark. The comic dramatist of Athens, had he lived in our day, would have girded with equal readiness at Gladstone or Disraeli, at Lincoln or Davis, at Tennyson or Poe, at Tupper or Milton. Aristophanes gibed alike at Cleon and Alcibiades, at Socrates or Euripides. The philosophy, theology, and politics of the time afforded ready marks for the humor and satire of Aristophanes. His satire sometimes degenerates to buffoonery, and not unfrequently there is a vein of coarseness running through it. Yet when we compare him with the English comic dramatists — not to say of the period of the Restoration, but with those of our own day — we can hardly characterize his comedies as grossly indecent. Scattered through them — and put mainly into the mouths of the chorus — are bits of lyrics which remind us, and at no very wide interval, of the best things of the kind to be found in Shakespeare. Four of the comedies of Aristophanes may be selected as affording the fairest idea of their varied character. These are *The Birds; The Clouds; The Frogs;* and *The Knights.*

The Birds is one of the longest of the comedies of Aristophanes, and the one which he is said to have considered the best of them all. At first view it reads to us like an extravaganza, or a burlesque upon the popular mythology. But there are not wanting critics who find an esoteric meaning couched beneath the surface. Thus the Rev. W. Lucas Collins says: "There is also a deeper political meaning under what appears otherwise a mere fantastic trifling. It may be that the great Sicilian expedition, and the ambitious project of Alci-

biades for extending the Athenian empire, form the real point of the play; easily enough comprehended by contemporaries, but become obscure to us." So critics have treated of *Gulliver's Travels;* but it is safe enough for us to read *The Birds* as most of us read *The Voyage to Liliput,* to which it bears a sort of likeness, without trying to dive below the surface.

The plot of the comedy of *The Birds* is briefly this: Peisthetærus ("Plausible") and Euelpides ("Hopeful") are two citizens of Athens, who have become disgusted with the way things are going on at home, and resolve to find a new abode where there are no lawsuits and no informers. They have learned that there is somewhere a Bird-Kingdom, ruled over by King Epops ("Hoopoe"), who had formerly been no other than Tereus, King of Thrace, but had been transformed into that magnificently crested feathered biped which he now was. Guided by a raven and a jackdaw the Athenians reach the royal abode of King Epops, with which they are well pleased, and where they are themselves transformed into birds. With the assent of the King they resolve to build a new bird-city, to which they give the name of *Nephelococcygia* ("Cloud-cuckooville"), where they expect to hold the balance of power in the universe. If Zeus and the other gods of Olympus venture to offend the Birds, they will "blockade them, cut off their supplies, and starve them into submission." Here comes in a long choral song by the Birds:

THE BIRD CHORUS.

Ye children of Man, whose life is a span,
Protracted with sorrow from day to day,
Naked and featherless, feeble and querulous,

Sickly calamitous creatures of clay!
Attend to the words of the sovereign Birds,
Immortal, illustrious Lords of the Air;
Who survey from on high, with a merciful eye,
Your struggles of misery, labor, and care.
Whence you may learn, and clearly discern,
Such truths as attract your inquisitive turn;
Which is busied of late, with a mighty debate,
A profound speculation about the creation,
And organical life, and chaotical strife,
With various notions of heavenly motions
And rivers and oceans and valleys and mountains,
And stars in the sky. . . . We propose by and by
(If you'll listen and hear) to make it all clear.

The Birds go on, at some length, to set forth their predominance in the general scheme of the universe, and then pass on to show how they have been the instructors of man in almost all that he knows which is worth the knowing.

All lessons of primary daily concern
You have learned from the Birds, and continue to learn;
Your best benefactors and early instructors,
We give you the warning of seasons returning:
When the Cranes are arranged, and muster afloat,
In the middle air, with a creaking note,
Steering away to the Libyan sands,
Then careful farmers sow their lands;
The crazy vessel is hauled ashore,
The sails, the ropes, the rudder, and oar
Are all unshipped, and housed in store.
The shepherd is warned, by the Kite reappearing,
To muster his flock, and be ready for shearing.
You quit your old cloak at the Swallow's behest,
In assurance of Summer; and purchase a vest.

The list is carried out to a long extent, winding up with the affirmation:

Unlucky or lucky, whatever has struck ye —
An ox or an ass that may happen to pass,
A voice in the street, or a slave that you meet,
A name or a word by chance overhead —
If you deem it an omen, you call it a *Bird;*
And if Birds are your omens, it clearly will follow
That Birds are a proper prophetic Apollo.

Under the direction of Peisthetærus, the Birds went on rapidly in the building of Cloudcuckooville. They flocked together from all regions of the earth; and a messenger thus reports the progress which they made:

There came a body of thirty thousand Cranes
(I won't be positive, there might be more)
With stones from Africa in their claws and gizzards,
Which the Stone-curlews and Stone-chatterers
Worked into shape and finished. The Sand-martens
And Mudlarks too were busy in their departments,
Mixing the mortar; while the Water-birds,
As fast as it was wanted, brought the water,
To temper and work it.

Then ensue a dozen scenes full of what was doubtless uproarious fun in Athens two and twenty centuries ago, but which sound rather heavily in our ears, the satire being aimed at things which have slept dead for many an age, the upshot, as we get at it near the close of the comedy, being about this: There has been great trouble upon Olympus ever since the building of the aërial city of Cloudcuckooville. Some of the Thracian gods are notably wrathful and threaten mutiny against Jove himself unless he will come to terms with this new Bird-Kingdom. Tidings of what is going on are brought to Cloudcuckooville by a personage who labors under no little embarrassment in making himself and his mission known. He keeps an

umbrella over his head, so that Jove may not by any chance get sight of him, but at last reveals himself as no other than Prometheus, the friend of man and the foe of Jove. The Prometheus of Aristophanes bears little resemblance to the Prometheus depicted by Æschylus. Perhaps the spirit of the scene which follows is fairly enough presented in the prose translation of Richard Cumberland. The interlocutors are Prometheus, Peisthetærus, now ruler in Cloudcuckooville, and the inevitable chorus of Birds:

PROMETHEUS AND PEISTHETÆRUS.

Prom. — Ah me! I tremble every inch of me, for fear Jove should clap eyes upon me. Where can Peisthetærus be?

Peisth. — Holla! What can this be? What's the meaning of this fellow's face being so disguised?

Prom. — Do you see any of the gods in the rear of me?

Peisth. — No, by Jove, not I. But who are you?

Prom. — Pray, how goes the time?

Peisth. — The time? The afternoon is just commencing. But who are you?

Prom. — Is it sunset or later than that?

Peisth. — I don't like you; we admit no dominos here.

Prom. — What is Jove doing? Is he busy collecting or dispersing his clouds?

Peisth. — I don't like to talk to people whom I don't know.

Prom. — If so, I'll disclose myself. Here I am — Prometheus, at your service.

Peisth. — Heaven bless you — Prometheus!

Prom. — Hush, hush! Not so loud!

Peisth. — Why so?

Prom. — Silence! Don't utter my name again. I'm dished if Jove finds out I am here. But hold; I have a good deal to tell you about what has been going on in

the upper stories of the sky. In the mean time take this umbrella and hold it over me, to screen me from the vengeance of the gods.

Peisth. — Good! Excellent! You have contrived this archly enough, and in true character. Haste, hie thee up under cover, so that thou may'st speak without fear.

Prom. — Attend then.

Peisth. — Proceed; I'm all attention.

Prom. — It's all up with that old fellow, the Thunderer.

Peisth. — From what time is his ruin to be dated?

Prom. — From the time you walled the air in. Since then the devil of a bit of flesh-meat has been offered to the gods by way of sacrifice. Since that day they have not so much as come within the smell of roast-beef. They are obliged to fast, as at the Thesmophoria. And as for the barbarian gods, they are reduced to such a state of starvation that — in a twangling Illyrian sort of style — they gabble vengeance against Jove himself; and swear that unless he will instantly throw the flesh-market open, and secure them access to the tag-rag and bobtail there, which they have always been accustomed to, they will immediately proceed to the recovery of their rights by force of arms.

There is some more talk, addressed to the galleries, or what represented them in the Athenian theatre, and then Prometheus comes to what was the essential thing which he had crept off to communicate to the King of the Birds, which Peisthetærus has come to be:

Prom. — I've got another thing to tell you besides. Jove and these fellows are going to despatch to you two ambassadors to sue for a treaty. But do you take my advice, and enter upon no treaty on any other terms than these: That Jove do resign his sceptre to the Birds, whose due it is; and, moreover, give to you Queeny in marriage, and all the appurtenances to so great a name.

Peisth. — And who is this Queeny?

Prom. — A damsel of exquisite beauty; the very same who forges Jove's thunderbolts, and, in fact, everything else: such as good counsel, impartial law, prudent management, docks, liberty to abuse superiors, the exchequer, fees for hanging, and so forth.

Peisth. — If so, she does him all his little odds and ends.

Prom. — No doubt of it. Get *her* then, and you've got everything. This is what I was so anxious to tell you; and you know I am partial to mortals; that is my character.

Peisth. — Aye, I know that well enough. 'Tis you that gave us fire to cook our victuals with.

Prom. — I hate the gods, as you well know.

Peisth. — By my faith, I don't think you ever liked them.

Prom. — Aye, aye, I'm Timon the No-godder, to the back-bone. But come, I must be going. Hold up this umbrella so that if Jove should chance to see me, he may think I am one of Athena's basket-bearers at her great feast.

Peisth. — And take you this camp-chair, and go ahead.

The embassy from Jove soon arrives. There are three members of it: Neptune, Hercules, and a Thracian deity, who talks very bad Greek, and of whom Neptune is rather ashamed. We give the metrical version of Frere.

NEPTUNE, HERCULES, AND THE THRACIAN GOD.

Nep. — There's Cloudcuckooville! That's the town,
The point we're bound to with our embassy. —
But you! what a figure have ye made of yourself!
What a way to wear your mantle! slouching off
From the left shoulder! Hitch it round, I tell ye,
On the left side. For shame — come — so; that's better;
These folds, too, bundled up; there, throw them round
Even and easy — so. Why, you're a savage —

A natural-born savage! Oh, Democracy!
What will it bring us to, when such a ruffian
Is voted into an embassy?
Thracian. — Come, hands off! Hands off!
Nep. — Keep quiet, I tell ye, and hold your tongue,
For a very beast. In all my life in heaven,
I never saw such another. Hercules,
I say, what shall we do? What should you think?
Herc. — What would I do? what do I think? I've told you
Already — I think to throttle him — the fellow
Whoever he is, that's keeping us blockaded.
Nep. — Yes, my good friend; but we were sent, you know,
To treat for peace. Our embassy is for peace.
Herc. — That makes no difference; or if it does,
It makes me long to throttle him all the more.

But Peisthetærus, King of the Birds, in the new Cuckoo State, serves up a capital dinner for the well-nigh starved envoys. Whereupon Hercules resolves upon peace on any terms. Neptune is otherwise minded, and the Thracian god will have the casting vote. Hercules takes him to one side, and promises him a sound thrashing in case he does not vote on his side. The Thracian god is open to argument of this convincing sort, and votes with Hercules. A formal treaty is thereupon made, in virtue of which Jove agrees to resign his sceptre to the King of the Birds, upon condition that there shall be no more embargo upon the sacrificial meats sent to Olympus, and that Peisthetærus shall have for wife the lovely Queen. There is a closing scene in which Queeny appears riding in procession by the side of her spouse, while the full chorus of Birds shout a wild epithalamium, evidently full of local hits, the points of which are hardly appreciable in our day, though commenta-

tors have exhausted their learning in the effort to elucidate them.

We now come to *The Clouds,* perhaps the best-known of all the comedies of Aristophanes. The satire is aimed at the science and the philosophy of the day. Socrates is presented in anything but a flattering light. He had, indeed, certain unsavory personal peculiarities, which rendered him a notable mark for satire. There is a story—quite as likely to be true as false—that upon the presentation of this satire he showed himself in "the boxes," as we should now say, so that the audience might see how cleverly he had been hit off. Another story, that the condemnation of Socrates to death grew out of this satire by Aristophanes, is quite easily disposed of by the bare fact that the condemnation of Socrates did not occur until twenty years after the production of *The Clouds,* a drama which, in fact, was very far from being successful at its production on the stage, and did not gain either the first or the second prize.

The Clouds is, in fact, a burlesque, although there are interspersed through it some of the finest bits of lyric poetry. Strepsiades, a stupid citizen, has fallen into pecuniary straits, and resolves to study eloquence in order to get the better of his creditors. He accordingly betakes himself to the "Thinking School" of Socrates. The great philosopher is discovered suspended in a basket. He comes down, and proceeds to give some elementary instruction, while the Clouds, apparently behind the scenes, occasionally sing in chorus. There is certainly no little of coarseness in this scene, but it is necessary to present portions of it in order to give a fair idea of the characteristics of Aristophanes. We take the translation of Mitchell:

IN THE SCHOOL OF SOCRATES.

Chorus of Clouds.

Hail, ancient old man, who hast ventured to hunt
For learning to visit thy rife ills!
And do You too inform us of all that you want,
Great priest of ingenious trifles.
There's not a philosopher living now
To whose prayers we would vouchsafe attention
Save Prodicus only, because we know
His learning and wit and invention,
And You, on account of your making a fuss
In the streets, and peeping and prying,
And travelling barefoot, and trusting to Us,
Mankind suspiciously eyeing.

Strepsiades.

Good Earth, what melodious music they brew —
How decorous and wondrous and holy.

Socrates.

It is they who alone are divinities true
And the rest are but nonsense and folly.

Strepsiades.

Come, is not Olympian Jove a god?

Socrates.

Jove! — Twaddle! — have done with your playing
The fool! — There's no such person — as odd
As you think it.

Strepsiades.

What's this you are saying?
Then who is it rains? First answer me that,
Before you go on with your treasons.

Socrates.

Why the Clouds, to be sure; and I'll prove it, that's flat,
By the most convincing of reasons:
When there is not a Cloud to be seen upon high,
Did you ever see Jupiter raining? —
Yet he ought to rain in the open sky,
When there is not a cloud remaining.

Strepsiades.

That explains your assertion right well, as I live;
You have glued most skilfully to it.
I used to imagine that Jove had a sieve,
And emptied his bladder-bag through it. —
But who is it thunders, and makes such a rout?
For that's what compels me to tremble.

Socrates.

'Tis the Clouds who thunder, when rolling about.

Strepsiades.

How comes that? You shall not dissemble.

Socrates.

When choakful of water and hung in the air,
They are forced into motion, they tumble
With fury, perforce, on each other, and there
They burst with a terrible rumble.

Strepsiades.

But is it not Jove, by whose arm from afar
They are forced, my good friend, into motion?

Socrates.

No, certainly not. 'Tis ethereal Jar.

Strepsiades.

Jar! — Well now, I had not a notion,
That Jove was deceased, and Jar was now king
In his place! — What an ignorant blunder!
But you have not taught me a single thing
Concerning the rumbling of thunder.

Socrates.

Now did you not hear me declare that the Clouds
Come tumbling with furious intenseness
On each other when filled with their watery loads,
And rumble because of their denseness?

Strepsiades.

What proof is there of it?

Socrates.

I'll prove it with ease,
From your own body, I tell ye:
Did you ever swill soup till it kicked up a breeze
And a vehement stir in your belly?

Strepsiades.

To be sure; and my belly is instantly roused
And lost in indignant wonder;
And the rascally jorum of soup I have boused
Groans, rumbles, and bellows like thunder;
First quietly — *pápax, pápax,* and then
Papápax, till at last the chap packs,
When he meets with a vent, from his flatulent den,
With a thundering loud *papapáppax.*

Socrates.

If a poor little Belly can utter such groans,
When it lets out a trumper from under,
How much more must the infinite Air? And the nouns
Are alike too — *Trumper* and *Thunder.*

Strepsiades.

But from whence are the fiery thunderbolts whirled,
That reduce us to ashes, and merely
Singe others alive? — They are hurled
By Jove at the perjurers, clearly.

Socrates.

You old-fashioned bekke-diluvian dolt!
If Jupiter hurls them to floor us
For forswearing, why does he not launch a bolt
At Cleonymus, Simon, Theoris?
They are terrible perjurers, every one knows;
Yet they never have met with their death hence,
But he blasts his own fane, in the place of his foes,
And "Sunium, headland of Athens,"
And the crests of the innocent oaks of the wood: —
And for what reason? — An oak can't be perjured.

Strepsiades.

I am sure I don't know; but your argument's good.
In what way is the thunderbolt nurtured?

Socrates.

When an arid wind is upraised from below,
And enclosed in the Clouds, its capacity
To inflate them like bladders is called in, and so
It bursts them in two, of necessity;
And rushes outside with a vehement force,
From its density when it has rent 'em;
Consuming and burning itself on its course
By its friction and noise and momentum.

Strepsiades.

I've been treated myself in the very same way,
By Apollo, on many occasions!
I neglected to nick a haggis one day

I was roasting to dine my relations;
When it puffed up, and suddenly to my surprise
Burst open in tatters, and nearly
Deprived me of sight by a spurt in my eyes,
And scalded my face most severely.

Chorus of Clouds.

O mortal, who longest for wisdom and wit,
I foresee by my powers of prescience
That you'll rise to be wealthy and fortunate yet,
Amongst the Athenians and Grecians;
If your memory's good, and you wish and desire
To be constantly thinking and talking;
And are furnished with patience, and never tire
Of standing, or running, or walking:
And are neither tormented by cold, nor pine,
Like poor silly wretches, for breakfast;
And abstain from the public walks and from wine,
And the follies that make one a rake fast;
And long for that most which is longed for among
The talented men of all nations:—
To conquer in fights that are fought with the tongue,
And intrigues and debates and orations.

Strepsiades.

As regards the reposing in comfortless huts,
And a spirit too sturdy to clamor,
And hard-living, thrifty, and mint-dining guts,
I can stand, like an anvil the hammer.

Socrates.

Of course then you'll only believe in the gods
That are owned by your newly-found brothers—
The Chaos you see, and the Tongue, and the Clouds;
These three we allow and no others.

Strepsiades.

I would not, Sir, even converse with the rest;
No, not if we met them in the city;
Or bestow on the rogues, at their earnest request,
Wines, victims, or incense, in pity.

Chorus of Clouds.

Now tell us what 'tis that you want us to do,
And don't be afraid; for we never
Will refuse to comply with your wishes, if you
Respect us, and try to be clever.

Strepsiades.

My adorable mistresses, grant to me, then,
This smallest of all requisitions: —
I wish to become the most eloquent man,
By a hundred miles, of all the Grecians.

Chorus of Clouds.

We will grant it you; so from the present day
Not a soul of the demagogue crew shall
Carry so many motions, by means of his sway
In the Public Assembly, as you shall.

Strepsiades.

No carrying motions for me, I entreat,
But there's nothing I long for so much as
To be able to wriggle through actions and cheat,
And slip through my creditors' clutches.

Chorus of Clouds.

You shall have what you wish, for your prayer and request
Is such as becomes our dependants.
So boldly deliver yourself to the best
Of instructors — our faithful attendants.

Strepsiades.

I will, in reliance on you: for I needs
Must act in the way that you bid me,
On account of those rascally I-branded steeds,
And the jade of a wife who undid me.

Strepsiades, however, proves a very dull pupil, and Socrates turns him out of the school as an incorrigible dunce, who cannot master the science of roguery. His son Pheidippides, who has an unmistakable turn for rascality, is admitted to the school, and becomes an adept in all the tricks of the Courts. He is never at a loss for legal means to fob off his own creditors and those of his father. Finally, however, he falls into a quarrel with the old gentleman, gives him a sound drubbing, and undertakes to justify his unfilial conduct on the plea that his father had often drubbed him when he was a child. Strepsiades responds as best he can; but gets better than he gave:

Strep. — Ay, but I did it for your good.
Pheid. — No doubt:
And pray, am I not also right to show
Good will to you — if beating means good will?
Why should your back escape the rod, I ask you,
Any more than mine did? Was not I forsooth,
Born like yourself a free Athenian? —
Perhaps you'll say, beating's the rule for children.
I answer, that an old man's twice a child;
And it is fair the old should have to howl
More than poor children, when they get into mischief,
Because there's ten times less excuse for the old ones.
Strep. — There never was a law to beat one's father.
Pheid. — Law? Pray who made the law? a man I suppose,
Like you or me and so persuaded others.
Why have not I as good a right as he had

To start a law for future generations
That sons should beat their fathers in return?
We shall be liberal too, if all the stripes
You laid upon us before the law was made
We make you a present of, and don't repay them. —
Look at the young cocks, and all other creatures:
They fight their fathers; and what difference is there
'Twixt them and us, save that they don't make laws?

Strepsiades has no argument in reply to this specious one of his hopeful son. He hies to the thinking-school, imprecates curses upon Socrates, and appeals to the Clouds, who, he says, have terribly misled him. The Clouds reply, in a mocking chorus, that he had got no more than he deserved; he had sought to be instructed in the arts of trickery, and the teachings had come back to roost at his own door. Strepsiades, however, gets the best of it in the end. He summons his slaves, who set fire to the school-building; and the comedy closes with a grand scenic tableau of the burning edifice, with Socrates and his half-smothered pupils shrieking from the windows.

In the comedy of *The Frogs* there is plenty of broad farce; but the satire is a serious one, the point of it being directed mainly against Euripides, though there are hits at Sophocles and Æschylus.

Bacchus, the patron divinity of the drama, is dissatisfied with the condition of the stage since the death of Euripides, and resolves to set out for Hades and bring back a tragedian. After an infinity of farcial adventures, especially at the passage of the Styx, Bacchus reaches the Court of Pluto, where he finds Euripides and Æschylus disputing as to which is the greater poet and shall have the chief seat at table. Pluto has made up his mind that there shall be a public disputa-

tion between the rivals; and now that Bacchus has opportunely turned up in the lower regions, he is the very one to settle the matter. Pluto, moreover, promises that the poet to whom Bacchus shall award the palm, shall be permitted to return with him to the upper world. The contest takes place in full divan, Bacchus presiding, and the Chorus of Frogs cheering on the competitors alternately. The contest is too long to be given in full. We present some of its main features, as translated by Frere. At the very outset Bacchus has to check the disputants:

BACCHUS, EURIPIDES, AND ÆSCHYLUS.

Bac.— Come, have a care, my friend.— You'll say too much.
Eur.— I know the man of old, I've scrutinized
And shown him long ago for what he is:
A rude unbridled tongue, a haughty spirit;
Proud, arrogant, and insolently pompous;
Rough, clownish, boisterous, and overbearing.
Æs.— Say'st thou me so? Thou bastard of the earth,
With thy patched robes and rags of sentiment,
Raked from the streets, and stitched and tacked together!
Thou mumping, whining, beggarly hypocrite!
But you shall pay for it.
Bac.— There now, Æschylus,
You grow too warm. Restrain your ireful mood.
Æs.— Yes; but I'll seize that sturdy beggar first,
And search and strip him bare of his pretensions.
Bac.— Quick! Quick! A sacrifice to the winds — make ready;
The storm of rage is gathering. Bring a victim.
Æs.— A wretch that has corrupted everything:
Our music with his melodies from Crete;
Our morals, with incestuous tragedies.
Bac.— Dear, worthy Æschylus, contain yourself;

And as for you, Euripides, move off
This instant, if you're wise; I give you warning,
Or else with one of his big thumping phrases,
You'll get your brains dashed out, and all your notions.
And thee, most noble Æschylus, I beseech
With mild demeanor, calm and affable,
To hear and answer. For it ill beseems
Illustrious bards to scold like market-women:
But you roar out, and bellow like a furnace.
Eur.— I'm up to it — I am resolved, and here I stand
Ready and steady — take what course you will.
Let him be first to speak, or else let me.—
I'll match my plots and characters against him;
My sentiments and language, and what not;
Aye, and my music too — my Meleager.
My Æolus, and my Telephus, and all.
Bac.— Well, Æschylus, determine. What say you?
Æs.— I wish the place of trial had been elsewhere:
I stand at disadvantage here.
Bac.— As how?
Æs.— Because *my* poems live on earth above,
And *his* died with him, and descended here,
And are at hand as ready witnesses.—
But you decide the matter; I submit.
Bac.— Come, let them bring me fire and frankincense,
That I may offer vows and make oblations
For an ingenious critical conclusion
To this same elegant and clever trial.

Incense is now offered by the two irate competitors, and there is a good deal of by-play by the chorus of Frogs, who seem to be looking out for fun. Bacchus gravely directs the rival tragedians to proceed, avoiding all offensive expressions.

Eur.— At the first outset, I forbear to state my own pretensions —
Hereafter I shall mention them when his have been refuted:

After I shall have fairly shown how he befooled and cheated
The rustic audience which he found. . . .
He planted first upon the stage a figure veiled and muffled —
An Achilles or a Niobe, that never showed their faces,
And kept a tragic attitude, without a word to utter.
Bac.— No more they did; 'tis very true.
Eur.— In the meanwhile the Chorus
Strung on ten strophes right-on-end; but they remained in silence.
Bac.— I liked that silence well enough; as well perhaps or better
Than these new talking characters.
Eur.— That's from want of judgment,
Believe me.
Bac.— Why, perhaps it is. But what was his intention?
Eur.— Why, mere conceit and insolence to keep the people waiting
Till Niobe should deign to speak, to drive his drama forward.
Æs.— Well then, thou paltry wretch, explain what were your own devices.
Eur.— When I received the Muse from you, I found her puffed and pampered
With pompous sentences and terms — a cumbrous huge virago.
My first attention was applied to make her look genteelly;
And bring her to a better shape by dint of lighter diet.
I fed her with plain household phrases, and cool familiar salad,
With water-gruel episode, and sentimental jelly,
With moral mincemeat, till at length I brought her into compass.
I kept my plots distinct and clear, and to prevent confusion,
My leading characters rehearsed their pedigrees for prologues.

Æs. — 'Twas well at least that you forbore to quote your own extraction.

Eur. — From the first opening of the scene all persons were in action.

The master spoke, the slave replied; the women, young and old ones,

All had their equal share of talk.

Æs. — Come then, stand forth and tell us

What forfeit less than death is due for such an innovation?

Eur. — I did it upon principle, from democratic motives.

Bac. — Take care, my friend, upon that ground your footing is but ticklish.

Eur. — I taught these youths to speechify.

Æs. — I say so too. — Moreover

I say that — for the public good — you ought to have been hanged first.

Eur. — The rules and forms of rhetoric, the laws of composition;

To prate, to state, and in debate to meet a question fairly;

At a dead-lift to turn and shift; to make a nice distinction.

Æs. — I grant it all. I make it all my ground of accusation.

The dispute goes on long and furiously. Æschylus avers that when the citizens passed from his tutelage to that of Euripides they were brave and manly, ready to do all service to the state, "with arms and equipments, bucklers, shields, and so forth."

Bac. — There he goes, hammering on; with his helmets,

He'll be the death of me some day.

Eur. — But how did you manage to make 'em so manly?

What was the method, the means that you took?

Bac.— Speak, Æschylus, speak, and behave yourself better,
And don't in your rage stand so silent and stern.
Æs.— A drama, brimful with heroical spirit.
Eur.— What did you call it?
Æs.— The Chiefs against Thebes,
That inspired each spectator with martial ambition,
Courage and ardor, and prowess and pride.
Bac.— But you did very wrong to encourage the Thebans;
Indeed, you deserve to be punished — you do;
For the Thebans are grown to be capital soldiers.
You've done us a mischief by that very thing.
Æs.— The fault was your own if you took other courses,
The lesson *I* taught was directed to *you*. . . .

Æschylus goes on to speak of other of his dramas, and to set forth the lofty lessons which they inculcated, contrasting them with those of Euripides, the tendency of which was very hurtful — that of the Phædra, for example.

Eur.— But at least you'll allow that *I* never invented it.
Phædra's affair was a matter of fact.
Æs.— A fact, with a vengeance! But horrible facts
Should be buried in silence, not bruited abroad,
Nor brought forth on the stage, nor emblazoned in poetry.
Children and boys have a teacher assigned them:
The bard is a master for manhood and youth,
Bound to instruct them in virtue and truth.

Poor Bacchus is greatly puzzled to arrive at a wise decision. He thinks that quantity, as well as quality, should be taken into consideration. He calls for a pair of scales, and in them weighs the manuscripts of the

rival poets. Those of the one are just about as heavy as those of the other. At length he propounds a political question to each competitor. Both answer ambiguously; but the reply of Æschylus seems to be the wisest, and so the pre-eminence is awarded to him. Pluto permits Æschylus to return to the upper world, and gives him some good advice:

Pluto.— Go forth with good wishes and hearty good will,
And salute the good people on Pallas's Hill.
Let them hear and admire Father Æschylus still,
In his office of old which he again must fill: —
You must guide and direct them
With a lesson in verse;
For you'll find them much worse;
Greater fools than before, and their folly much more,
And more numerous far than the blockheads of yore. . . .
Æs.— I shall do as you say; but while I'm away,
Let the seat that I held, by Sophocles be filled,
As deservedly reckoned my pupil, and second
In learning and merit, and tragical spirit.—
And take special care; —
Keep that reprobate there
Far aloof from the chair.
Let him never sit in it an hour or a minute,
By chance or design to profane what was mine.

Pluto, who, as conceived by Aristophanes, was a very good sort of a fellow, gives Bacchus and Æschylus a jolly send-off as they set out for the regions of upper air:

Pluto.— Bring forward the torches! The Chorus shall wait,
And attend on the Poet in triumphant state,
With a thundering chant of majestical tone,
To wish him farewell with a tune of his own.

Perhaps, after all, the first place among the comedies of Aristophanes should be accorded to *The Knights;* or, as we would designate it, "The Cavaliers." If not, as a whole, the best of the dramas, it contains beyond question the keenest of his political satire, and some of his noblest lyrics, which are sung by the Knights, who constitute the chorus. We take the translation of Frere:

THE CHORUS PRAISE THEIR FOREFATHERS.

Let us praise our famous fathers: let their glory be recorded,
On Minerva's mighty mantle consecrated and embroidered;
That with many a naval action, and with infantry by land,
Still contending, never ending, strove for empire and command.
When they met the foe, disdaining to compute a poor account
Of the number of their armies, of their muster and amount;
But whene'er at wrestling-matches they were worsted in the fray,
Wiped their shoulders from the dust, denied the fall, and fought away;
Then the generals never claimed precedence, or a separate seat,
Like the present mighty captains, or the public wine or meat. —
As for us, the sole pretension suited to our birth and years,
Is with resolute intention, as determined volunteers,
To defend our fields and altars, as our fathers did before,
Claiming, as a recompense, this easy boon and nothing more:

When our trials with peace are ended, not to view us
with malignity,
When we're curried, sleek and pampered, prancing in
our pride and dignity.

THE CHORUS PRAISE THEIR STEEDS.

Let us sing the mighty deeds of our illustrious noble
steeds,
They deserve a celebration for their service heretofore:
Charges and attacks — exploits enacted in the days of
yore.
(These, however, strike me less, as having been per-
formed ashore):
But the wonder was to see them when they fairly went
abroad,
With canteens, and bread, and onions, victualled and
completely stored;
Then they fixed and dipped their oars, beginning all to
shout and neigh,
Just the same as human creatures — "Pull away, boys!
pull away!
Bear a hand there, Roan and Sorrel! Have a care
there, Black and Bay!" —
Then they leapt ashore at Corinth; and the lustier
younger sort
Strolled about to pick up litter for their solace and dis-
port;
And devoured the crabs of Corinth; as a substitute for
clover;
So that a poet, named *Crabb* exclaimed in anguish —
"All's over!
What avails us, mighty Neptune, if we cannot hope to
keep
From pursuit and persecution on the land or in the
deep?"

From the comedies of Aristophanes we can really learn more of the real life of the Athenians of his day than from what is recorded by the gravest historians;

just as the dramas of Shakespeare and the novels of Scott are actually truer history than are the chronicles of Holinshed and the tomes of Hume. "If," says the Rev. Mr. Collins, "one great object of the study of the classics is to gain an accurate acquaintance with one of the most brilliant and interesting epochs in the history of the world, no pages will supply a more important contribution to this knowledge than those of the great Athenian humorist. He lays the flesh and blood, the features and the coloring, upon the skeleton which the historian gives us. His portraits of political and historical celebrities must of course be accepted with caution, as the works of a professional caricaturist; but, like all good caricatures, they preserve some striking characteristics of the men, which find no place in their historical portraits; and they let us know what was said of them by their irreverent contemporaries. It is in these comedies that we have the Athenians at home; and although modern writers of Athenian history have laid them largely under contribution in the way of reference and illustration, nothing will fill in the outline of the Athens of Cleon and Alcibiades so vividly as the careful study of one of these remarkable dramas. One is inclined to place more faith than is usually due to anecdotes of the kind in that which is told of Plato, that when the elder Dionysius, tyrant of Syracuse, wrote to him to request information as to the state of things at Athens, the philosopher sent him a copy of Aristophanes's *Clouds* as the best and most trustworthy picture of that marvellous republic."

Two of the most pleasant of the comedies of Aristophanes are the *Thesmophoriazusæ* ("Women's Festival") and the *Ecclesiazusæ* ("Female Parliament"), in which the woman's rights question is ventilated. In

the former of these is a lively chorus sung by women, which is thus rather freely rendered by the Rev. Mr. Collins:

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

They're always abusing the Women as a terrible plague to men:
They say we're the root of all evil, and repeat it again and again;
Of war, and quarrels, and bloodshed; all mischief, be it what it may:—
And, pray then, why do you marry us, if we're all the plagues you say?
And why do you take such care of us, and keep us so safe at home:
And are never easy a moment, if ever we chance to roam?
When you ought to be thanking heaven that your Plague is out of the way,
You all keep fussing and fretting — "Where is my Plague to-day?"
If a Plague peeps out of the window, up go the eyes of the men;
If she hides, then they all keep staring until she looks out again.

In the *Ecclesiazusæ* one of the speakers thus demonstrates that women are the true conservative element in society, and should therefore be at the head of public affairs, not only in peace but in war:

WOMEN'S CAPABILITIES.

They roast and boil after the good old fashion;
They keep the holidays that were kept of old;
They make their cheese-cakes by the old receipts;
They keep a private bottle like their mothers,
They plague their husbands — as they always did. . . .
Being mothers, they'll be chary of the blood

Of their own sons, our soldiers. Being mothers,
They'll take care their children do not starve
When they're on service. And for ways and means,
Trust us, there's nothing cleverer than a woman. —
And as for diplomacy, they'll be hard indeed
To cheat: — they know too many tricks themselves.

ARISTOTLE, a Greek philosopher, the founder of the school of Peripatetics; born at Stagira, a Greek colony in Macedonia (whence he is denominated "the Stagirite"), about the year 384 B. C.; died at Chalcis, on the island of Eubœa, in 322 B.C. At the age of seventeen he was sent to Athens to complete his education, and resided there during the ensuing twenty years. When he was about forty years old, Philip of Macedon invited Aristotle to become the tutor of his son, Alexander, afterward known as "the Great," then a boy of thirteen. He acquired a commanding influence over Philip and his son; and after the conquest of Persia, Alexander presented his former tutor with a sum of 800 talents in gold — equivalent to about $1,000,000 — and also sent to him specimens of all curious animals and plants which were discovered in his numerous expeditions. When he was about fifty years old, Aristotle took up his residence at Athens, bringing with him his vast scientific collections, and established his new school of philosophy in the Lyceum, a gymnasium near the city, surrounded by shady walks (*peripatoi*), in which he was wont to discourse to his pupils while walking about, whence his school of philosophy is styled the "Peripatetic School."

His friendly relations with Alexander were at length broken off, on account, it is said, of the admonitions which he addressed to the great conqueror upon the dissolute way of life into which he had fallen. The Athenians, however, charged him with still being a partisan of the Macedonian dynasty, accused him of impiety, and forced him to flee to Chalcis, where he died.

Aristotle was beyond question the best educated man of all antiquity. He seems to have grasped all the knowledge of his times, and to have made numerous important additions to almost every department of natural science — to say nothing of his undoubted merits as a metaphysical thinker. He was the first careful dissector and describer of animals; the first to divide the animal kingdom into classes. He described many species of animals hitherto wholly unknown to his countrymen, and came near to discovering the fact of the circulation of the blood. His entire philosophical method seems to be almost identical with that long after enunciated by Bacon. It rests upon the principle that all our thinking must be founded on the observation of facts.

Many of the writings of Aristotle are undoubtedly lost, but what remains of them exceed in bulk those of any other classic Greek author. Bekker's complete edition, in the original, contains eight large octavo volumes, nearly all of which is text. Taylor's quite inadequate English translation fills eleven folios. They cover an almost infinite range of topics in the domains of physics, metaphysics, ethics, and speculation. Perhaps the most striking of his works is the *Metaphysics,* which has been admirably translated by Rev. John H. McMahon, of the University of Dublin, who has great-

ly added to its usefulness by prefixing a copious analysis of the whole work. "The *Metaphysics*," he says, "open with a short preface, in which Aristotle seeks to introduce his readers to the philosophy which he is now about to develop for them, and which he implies is quite distinct in its aim from that found in the other portions of his works; though at the same time inseparately connected with them, as pieces of that vast edifice of knowledge, practical as well as speculative, which it was his ambition to build up and leave behind him for the service of mankind." Our citations from this work will be in the translation of McMahon:

SENSE, MEMORY, AND FORESIGHT.

All men by nature are actuated with the desire of knowledge, and an indication of this is the love of the senses; for even, irrespective of their utility, are they loved for their own sakes and pre-eminently above the rest, the sense of Sight. For not only for practical purposes, but also when not intent on doing anything, we choose the power of vision in preference, so to say, to all the rest of the senses. And a cause of this is the following: That this one of the senses particularly enables us to apprehend whatever knowledge it is the inlet of, and that it makes many distinctive qualities manifest.

By nature, then, indeed, are animals formed, endowed with sense; but in some of them Memory is not innate with sense, and in others it is. And for this reason are those possessed of more foresight, as well as a greater aptitude for discipline, than those which are wanting in this faculty of memory. Those furnished with foresight, indeed, are yet without the capability of receiving instruction, whatever amongst them are unable to understand the sounds they hear, as, for instance, bees, and other similar tribes of animals. But those are capable of receiving instruction as many

as, in addition to memory, are provided with this sense also.

The rest, indeed, subsist, then, through impressions and the operations of memory, but share Experience in a slight degree; whereas the human race exists by means of Art also and the power of Reasoning. — *Preface to Metaphysics.*

EXPERIENCE, ART, AND WISDOM.

Now Experience accrues to men from memory; for repeated acts of memory about the same thing done, constitute the force of a single experience: and experience seems to be a thing almost similar to Science and Art.

But Science and Art result unto men by means of Experience; for Experience, indeed, as Polus saith, and correctly so, has produced Art, but Inexperience, Chance. But an art comes into being when, out of many conceptions of experience, one universal opinion is evolved with respect to similar cases. For, indeed, to entertain the opinion that this particular remedy has been of service to Callias, while laboring under this particular disease, as well as to Socrates, and so individually to many — this is an inference of Experience; but that it has been conducive to the health of all — such as have been defined according to one species — while laboring under this disease, as for instance, to the phlegmatic or the choleric, or those sick of a burning fever — this belongs to the province of Art.

As regards, indeed, practical purposes, therefore, Experience seems in nowise to differ from Art; nay, even we see the experienced compassing their object more effectually than those who possess a theory without the experience. But a cause of this is the following: That Experience, indeed, is a knowledge of singulars, whereas Art, of universals. But all things in the doing, and all generations, are concerned about the singular; for he whose profession it is to practise medicine, does not restore Man to health save by accident; but Callias, or Socrates, or any of the rest so designated, to whom it

happens to be a man. If therefore, any one without the Experience is furnished with the Principle, and is acquainted with the Universal, but is ignorant of the Singular that is involved therein, he will frequently fall into error in the case of his medical treatment, for that which is capable of cure is rather the Singular.

But nevertheless, we are of opinion that, at least, knowledge and understanding appertain to Art rather than to Experience; and we reckon artists more wise than the experienced, inasmuch as Wisdom is the concomitant of all philosophers rather in proportion to their knowledge.

But this is so because some, indeed, are aware of the cause, and some are not. For the experienced, indeed, know that a thing is so, but they do not know wherefore it is so; but others — I mean the scientific — are acquainted with the wherefore and the cause. Therefore, also, we reckon the chief artificers in each case to be entitled to more dignity, and to the reputation of superior knowledge, and to be more wise than the handicraftsman, because the former are acquainted with the causes of the things that are being constructed; whereas the latter produce things, as certain inanimate things do, indeed; yet these perform their functions unconsciously — as the fire when it burns. Things indeed, therefore, that are inanimate, by a certain constitution of nature, perform each of these their functions; but the handicraftsman through habit, inasmuch as it is not according as men are practical that they are more wise, but according as they possess the *reason* of a thing, and understand *causes*.

And upon the whole, the proof of a person's having knowledge is even the ability to teach; and for this reason we consider Art rather than Experience, to be a science, for artists can, whereas handicraftsmen cannot, convey instruction.

And further, we regard none of the senses to be Wisdom, although, at least these are the most decisive sources of knowledge about singulars, but they make no affirmation of the *wherefore* in regard of anything: as,

for example, *why* fire is hot, but only the fact that it *is* hot.

Therefore, indeed, it is natural for the person who first discovers any art whatsoever, beyond the ordinary power of the senses, to be the object of human admiration, not only on account of something of the things that have been discovered being useful, but as one that is wise and superior to the rest of men. But when more arts are being discovered — both some, indeed, in relation to things that are necessary, and others for pastime — we invariably regard such more wise than those, on account of their sciences not being for bare utility. Whence all things of such a sort having been already procured, those sciences have been invented which were pursued neither for purposes of pleasure nor necessity, and first in those places where the inhabitants enjoyed leisure. Wherefore, in the neighborhood of Egypt the mathematical arts were first established, for there leisure was spared unto the sacerdotal caste. It has then, indeed, been declared in the *Ethics* what is the difference between an Art and a Science, and the rest of the things of the same description.

But, at present, the reason of our producing this treatise is the fact that all consider what is termed Wisdom to be conversant about First Causes and Principles, so that — as has been said on a former occasion — the experienced seem to be more wise than those possessing any sense whatsoever; and the artificer than the experienced; and the master-artist than the handicraftsman; and the speculative rather than those that are productive. That, indeed, Wisdom, therefore, is a science, conversant about certain Causes and First Principles, is obvious.— *Preface to Metaphysics.*

THE EXISTENCE AND ATTRIBUTES OF THE DEITY.

The Final Cause of anything resides in those things of which the one is in existence and the other is not. So that which first imparts motion does so as a thing that is loved; and that which has motion impressed upon it imparts motion upon other things. If, indeed,

therefore, anything is being moved, it is admissible also that it should subsist in a different manner. Wherefore, if the primary motion constitutes energy also, so far forth as the thing is moved, in this way it is likewise possible that it should subsist after a different mode in place though not in substance. Since, however, there is something that imparts motion, itself being immovable; and subsisting in energy, this does not by any means admit of subsisting in a different manner; for the primary motion belongs to the changes, and of this that which is circular; but this First Mover imparts motion to that.

Of necessity, in this case, must this original First Mover constitute an *entity;* and so far forth as it subsists necessarily, so far forth does it subsist after an excellent manner; and in this way constitutes a First Principle. For what is necessary subsists in thus many ways: In the first, by what is accomplished by violence, because it is contrary to free-will; and, secondly, as that without which a thing does not subsist in an excellent manner; and, thirdly, as that which could not be otherwise from what it is, but involves an absolute subsistence. From a First Principle, then, of this kind — I mean one that is involved in the assumption of a First Mover — hath depended the Heaven and Nature.

Now, the course of life of this First Mover — in like manner with our own for a limited period of time — is such, also, as is the most excellent; for in the present instance, doth that First Mover continue in the enjoyment of the Principles of Life forever; for with us, certainly, such a thing as this would be impossible; but not so with the First Mover, since even doth the energy or activity of this First Mover give rise unto pleasure or satisfaction on the part of such; and on this account vigilance, exercise of the senses, and perception in general, are what is most productive of pleasure or satisfaction; and with hopes and recollections is the case the same for these reasons. Now, essential perception is the perception of that which is essentially the most excellent, and that which is most

essential perception is the perception of that which is most essential. The mind, however, is cognizant of itself by participation in that which falls within the province of the mind as its object; for it becomes an object of perception by contrast and by an act of intellectual apprehension. So that the mind, and that which is an object of perception for the mind, are the same; for that which is receptive of impressions from what is an object of perception, and is substance, constitutes Mind, and when in possession of these impressions it energizes, or subsists in a condition of activity. Wherefore, that seems to belong to the First Mover rather than to the mind of man; and it is a Divine prerogative which the mind appears to possess; and contemplation contemplates what is most agreeable and excellent. If, therefore, God in this way possesses such an excellent mode of subsistence forever — as we do for a limited period of duration — the Divine Nature is admirable; and if he possesses it in a more eminent degree, still more admirable will be the Divine Nature.

In this way, however, is the Deity disposed as to existence; and the Principle of Life is, at any rate, inherent in the Deity; for the energy or active exercise of Mind constitutes life; and God — as above delineated — constitutes this Energy; and essential Energy belongs to God as is best and everlasting Life. Now, our statement is this: That the Deity is a Being that is everlasting and most excellent in nature; so that with Deity Life and Duration are uninterrupted and eternal; for this constitutes the very essence of God. — *Metaphysics, Book XI., Chap. VII.*

But the writings of Aristotle do not deal wholly, or even mainly, with these high transcendental themes. He treats in many of his works of things which relate to private, social, and political ethics. In the citations which follow, which are here grouped together from various works, the translations are mainly adopted as given by Crawford Tait Ramage.

THE IDEAL STATE.

It is evident that it is not a mere community of place; nor is it established that men may be safe from injury and maintain an interchange of good offices. All these things, indeed, must take place where there is a state, and yet they may all exist and there be no state. A state, then, may be defined to be a society of people joining together by their families and children to live happily, enjoying a life of thorough independence.

When a democracy is controlled by fixed laws, a demagogue has no power, but the best citizens fill the offices of state. When the laws are not supreme, there demagogues are found; for the people act like a king, being one body, for the many are supreme, not as individuals but as a whole. The supreme power must necessarily be in the hand of one person, or of a few, or of the many. When one, the few, or the many direct their whole efforts for the common good, such states must be well governed; but when the advantage of the one, the few, or the many is alone regarded, a change for the worse must be expected.

A pretension to offices of state ought to be founded on those qualifications that are a part of itself. And for this reason, men of birth, independence and fortune are right in contending with each other for office; for those who hold offices of state ought to be persons of independence and property. The multitude, when they are collected together, have sufficient understanding for the purpose of electing magistrates; and, mingling with those of higher rank are serviceable to the state, though separately each individual is unfit to form a judgment for himself; as some kinds of food, which would be poisonous by itself, by being mixed with the wholesome, makes the whole good. The free-born and men of high birth will dispute the point with each other, as being nearly on an equality, for citizens that are well-born have a right to more respect than the ignoble. Honorable descent is in all nations greatly esteemed; besides, it is to be expected that the children of men of worth

will be like their fathers; for nobility is the virtue of a family.

Education and good morals will be found to be almost the whole that goes to make a good man; and the same things will make a good statesman and good king. The truest definition of a complete citizen that can be given is probably this: that he shares in the judicial and executive part of the government. But it is a matter of high commendation to know how to command as well as to obey; to do both these things well is the peculiar quality of a good citizen. A state, consisting of a multitude of human beings, as we have before said, ought to be brought to unity and community by education; and he who is about to introduce education, and expects thereby to make the state excellent, will act absurdly if he thinks to fashion it by any other means than by manners, philosophy, and laws. The corruption of the best and most divine form of government must be the worst. There is no free state where the laws do not rule supreme; for the law ought to be above all. A government in a constant state of turmoil is weak. The only stable state is that where every one possesses an equality in the eye of the law, according to his merit, and enjoys his own unmolested.

CLASSES IN THE STATE.

In every state the people are divided into three kinds: The very rich, the very poor, and those who are between them. Since, then, it is universally acknowledged that the mean is the best, it is evident that even in respect to fortune a middle state is to be preferred; for that state is most likely to submit to reason. For those who are very handsome, or very strong, or very noble; or, on the other hand, those who are very poor, or very weak, or very mean, are with difficulty induced to obey reason; and this because the one class is supercilious, and the other rascally and mean; and the crimes of each arise respectively from insolence and servility.

THE MIDDLE CLASS SHOULD BE THE RULING ONE.

It is evident, then, that the most perfect political community is that which is administered by the Middle Classes, and those states are best carried on in which these are the majority, and outweigh the other classes; and if that cannot be, at least where they overbalance each separately; for being thrown into the balance, it will prevent either extreme from predominating. Wherefore it is the greatest happiness to possess a moderate and competent fortune; since where some possess too much; and others nothing at all, the government must be either an extreme Democracy or else a pure Oligarchy; or, from the excess of both, a Tyranny; for this springs from a headstrong Democracy or an Oligarchy; but far more seldom when the members of the community are nearly on an equality with each other.

It is clear that the state where the Middle Class predominate is the best; for it alone is free from seditious movements. Where such a state is large, there are fewer seditions and insurrections to disturb the peace, and for this reason: extensive states are more peaceful internally, as the middle ranks are numerous. In small states it is easy to pass to the two extremes, so as to have scarcely any middle ranks remaining; but all are either very poor or very rich. Should the number of husbandmen be predominant, it will be of the very best kind; if of mechanics, and those who work for pay, of the worst.

Scattered through the writings of Aristotle are brief and pregnant hints upon homely matters, than which it will not be easy to find anything wiser or more opposite from any social philosopher of later days. Thus, in regard to education by the state he says:

It would be best that the state should pay attention to education, and on right principles, and that it should have power to enforce it; but if it be neglected as a

public measure, then it would seem to be the duty of every individual to contribute to the virtue of his children and friends; or to make this his deliberate purpose.

And this upon the strict maintenance of law:

Particular care ought to be taken that nothing be done contrary to law; and this should be chiefly looked to in matters of small moment. For small violations of law advance by stealthy steps, in the same way, as in a domestic establishment trifling expenses, if often repeated, consume a man's whole estate.

And this upon the qualifications of a public officer:

There are three qualifications which ought to be possessed by a man who aspires to fill the high offices of state: Firstly, he must be well disposed, and prepared to support the established Constitution of his country; secondly, he ought to have a special aptitude for the office which he fills; and, thirdly, he should have the kind of virtue and love of justice which suits the particular state in which he lives.

And this comprehensive definition of happiness:

Let happiness be defined to be good fortune in union with virtue — or independency of life — or the life that is most agreeable, attended with security, or plenty of property and slaves; with the power to preserve and ornament it; for all men agree that one or more of these things amount nearly to happiness.

ARMSTRONG, JOHN, a British poet; born in Roxburghshire, Scotland, in 1709; died at London in 1779. He studied medicine at Edinburgh, and subsequently went to London, where he became intimate with the literary celebrities of the time. Thomson, in *The Castle of Indolence,* describes him as one who —

> Quite detested talk;
> Oft, stung by spleen, at once away he broke
> To groves of pine and broad o'ershadowing oak;
> There, inly thrilled, he wandered all alone,
> And on himself his pensive fury woke;
> Nor ever uttered word, save when first shone
> The glittering star of eve — "Thank Heaven, the day is done!"

He wrote several works in prose and verse, which had considerable repute in their day; but the only one by which he is remembered, the poem *The Art of Preserving Health* (1744), was praised for "its classical correctness and closeness of style." Of this work it has been said that "scarcely any English performance of its class can claim superior merit." One of the best passages in this poem is the following:

OVER-INDULGENCE IN WINE.

> But most, too passive when the blood runs low,
> Too weakly indolent to strive with pain,
> And bravely, by resisting, conquer fate,
> Try Circe's arts; and in the tempting bowl
> Of poisoned nectar sweet oblivion swill.
> Struck by the powerful charm the gloom dissolves
> In empty air; Elysium opens round,
> A pleasing frenzy buoys the lightened soul,

And sanguine hopes dispel your fleeting care·
And what was difficult, and what was dire,
Yields to your prowess and superior stars.
The happiest you of all that e'er were mad,
Or are, or shall be, could this folly last.
But soon your heaven is gone; a heavier gloom
Shuts o'er your head; and as the thundering stream,
Swollen o'er its banks with sudden mountain rain
Sinks from its tumult to a silent brook,
So when the frantic raptures in your breast
Subside, you languish into mortal man.
You sleep, and waking find yourself undone.
For, prodigal of life, in one rash night
You lavished more than might support three days.
A heavy morning comes; your cares return
With tenfold rage. — An anxious stomach well
May be endured; so may the throbbing head;
But such a dim delirium, such a dream,
Involves you; such a dastardly despair
Unmans your soul, as maddening Pentheus felt,
When, baited round Cithæron's cruel sides,
He saw two suns and double Thebes ascend.

The poem contains a really magnificent description of the famous "sweating sickness" which raged in England in the summer of 1485. An accurate medical diagnosis was never before so poetically phrased. The subjoined extract, however, perhaps exhibits Armstrong at his best:

THE MUTATIONS OF TIME.

What does not fade? The tower that long had stood
The crash of thunder and the warring winds,
Shook by the slow but sure destroyer Time,
Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its base,
And flinty pyramids and walls of brass
Descend. The Babylonian spires are sunk;
Achaia, Rome, and Egypt moulder down.
Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones

And tottering empires rush by their own weight.
This huge rotundity we tread grows old;
And all those worlds that roll around the sun;
The Sun itself shall die, and ancient Night
Again involve the desolate abyss,
Till the great Father, through the lifeless gloom,
Extend his arm to light another world,
And bid new planets roll by other laws.

ARNASON, JÓN, an Icelandic historian; born at Hof, November 13, 1819; died at Reykjavik, September 4, 1888. He received his education at the College of Bessestad, that being the only institution of learning in Iceland at that time. He devoted his attention principally to the study of history and literature, and was a recognized authority on those branches in his own country. In 1849 he was made custodian of the national library in Reykjavik. He had during his occupancy of this position devoted considerable time to the production of literary work of a general character. Working alone, and in collaboration with Grimson, he produced *Popular Legends of Iceland* in 1852. This was, however, only a preliminary work, for Arnason soon set about making a complete collection of the legends, songs, and folk-lore of his country, which was published in 1864, also under the name of *Popular Legends of Iceland*, earning for himself a permanent place in the literature of his country. This book is the most valuable of its kind which has come to us from Iceland. It is similar to the work done by the Grimms in Germany, and Arnason has often been alluded to as the "Grimm of Iceland." The

tales which comprise this collection have, many of them, been translated into English, German, French and Danish.

We can do no better, in order to give an exact estimate of Arnason, than to quote the following extract taken from *The Academy* of September 29, 1888:

"On September 4 died at Reykjavik, aged 70, Jón Arnason, the collector of the Icelandic fairy-tales and folk-tales. Two volumes, dedicated to Jacob Grimm, appeared at Leipzig in 1862-64; a third volume, the work of his latter years, containing riddles, games, children's rhymes, and the like, is announced. A quiet, unassuming man of the type, almost extinct, of the *stiller Gelehrter*, he accomplished his work of collecting very faithfully and patiently. A disciple of Dr. Egilsson, the translator of Homer, he piously wrote that scholar's biography. When, in 1877, it was intended to send two deputies to represent Iceland at the Upsala University Centenary, it was privately suggested (Mr. Sigurdsson being too ill) that Dr. William Finsen, the lawyer, and Jón Arnason would represent most worthily Icelandic letters; but the official mind of Copenhagen was horrified. 'What, would you send a porter?' Jón Arnason being janitor of the Iceland High School. But scholars recognized his worth; and the late Mr. J. Campbell, of Islay, who knew him personally, would often say that he envied him the leisure and quiet retirement of his little room in Iceland. Of modern Icelandic books, next to the prose translation of Homer by the master, the disciple's *Theodsögur* is certainly to be placed.

"He has left a widow (for he married after being a hardened bachelor for years). Their one child, a promising and clever lad, predeceased his father."

THE STROKES OF THE PEOPLE OF HÓLAR.

Twelve Northerners once went from Hólar, to the South, for fishing, but on the mountain called Trídœgra, they met with a fearful snowstorm, and all of them died

but one, who managed to get to the next farm, worn out with fatigue, and nearly frozen to death. The farmer, who had, the year before, been scoffed at and abused by the people from Hólar, remembered how they had dealt with him, and, instead of giving the man, needy as he was, a kind welcome, he said with a cold and mocking scorn to him, "Ah! now the loads of the people of Hólar are waxing somewhat light."

The other answered, although on the very eve of death: "But for all that, the strokes of the people of Hólar are no lighter;" and at the same moment he dealt the farmer a mighty blow with his fist, in the face. But he was so cold, that, at the blow, the frozen arm dropped off, and the man fell down dead on the spot. — *Translation of* POWELL *and* MAGNÚSSON.

ICELANDIC SUPERSTITION.

A man who cannot read or write, must not scribble or scrawl on panels, ice, or snow, for thus he writes himself to the devil. Once, a man was writing, as it is said, on ice with the pointed spike of his staff; and after he had done so for a while a stranger came to him, asking what he was about. He said that he was amusing himself by scribbling this spot of ice over. The stranger asked him to wait while he read what he had written already. The scribbler stopped, and the stranger looked for a while at the scrawlings, and then said: "Only a few letters are now wanting for you to have fully written yourself over to the devil." The stranger was no other than an angel from heaven. — *Translation of* POWELL *and* MAGNÚSSON.

ARNDT, Ernst Moritz, a German poet; born at Schoritz, on the island of Rügen, December 26, 1769; died at Bonn, January 29, 1860. He studied at Griefswald and Jena, travelled in Europe, and was appointed Professor at Griefswald, where he wrote a *History of Serfdom in Pomerania and Rügen.* In 1807 appeared the first volume of his *Spirit of the Time,* in which he made a severe attack upon Napoleon, which occasioned his expulsion from the country. He afterward, under an assumed name, taught languages in Sweden and Russia, and published numerous pamphlets arousing the public mind against Napoleon, and a book in which he claimed the Rhine as a German river. He also wrote many patriotic songs, one of which is *Was ist das Deutschen Vaterland?* Another of his most popular songs is *Was blasen die Trompeten?* In 1818 he became Professor of Modern Languages in the University of Bonn; but his liberal ideas gave offence to the Prussian Government, and he was tried upon a charge of treason; and although he could not be convicted, he was forbidden to continue to teach history in the kingdom. He was restored to his chair in the university in 1840. He subsequently took an active part in the political movements of 1848–49, and even then advocated a hereditary German Empire. A monument in his honor was erected at Bonn in 1865, and the house in which he had lived was purchased and presented to the city.

THE GERMAN FATHERLAND.

Which is the German's Fatherland?
Is't Prussia's or Swabia's land?
Is't where the Rhine's rich vintage streams?

Or where the Northern sea-gull screams? —
Ah, no, no, no!
His Fatherland's not bounded so!

Which is the German's Fatherland?
Bavaria's or Styria's land?
Is't where the Marcian ox unbends?
Or where the Marksman ron rends?
Ah, no, no, no!
His Fatherland's not bounded so!

Which is the German's Fatherland?
Pomerania's or Westphalia's land?
Is it where sweep the Dunian waves?
Or where the thundering Danube raves? —
Ah, no, no, no!
His Fatherland's not bounded so!

Which is the German's Fatherland?
O, tell me now the famous land!
Is't Tyrol, or the land of Tell?
Such land and people please me well: —
Ah, no, no, no!
His Fatherland's not bounded so!

Which is the German's Fatherland?
Come, tell me now the famous land.
Doubtless it is the Austrian State,
In honors and in triumphs great. —
Ah, no, no, no!
His Fatherland's not bounded so!

Which is the German's Fatherland?
So tell me now the famous land!
Is't what the Princes won by sleight
From the Emperor and the Empire's right?
Ah, no, no, no!
His Fatherland's not bounded so!

Which is the German's Fatherland?
So tell me now at last the land!
As far's the German accent rings,
And hymns to God in Heaven sings, —
That is the Land!
There, brother, is thy Fatherland!

There is the German's Fatherland,
Where oaths attest the graspèd hand;
Where truth beams from the sparkling eyes,
And in the heart love warmly lies; —
That is the land!
There, brother, is thy Fatherland!

That is the German's Fatherland,
Where wrath pursues the foreign band;
Where every Frank is held a foe,
And Germans all as brothers glow; —
That is the land!
All Germany's thy Fatherland!

— *Translation of* MACRAY.

ARNOLD, SIR EDWIN, an English poet and journalist; born at Gravesend, June 10, 1832; died at London, March 4, 1904. He studied at King's School, Rochester, and at King's College, London, whence he was elected to a scholarship at University College, Oxford, where in 1852 he gained the Newdigate prize for English poetry for his poem on *Belshazzar's Feast*, and in the following year was chosen to deliver the address to the Earl of Derby on his installation as Chancellor of the University. Having graduated with high honors in 1854, he was for a short time Second Master in King Edward the Sixth's

BUDDHA, BRONZE STATUE, KAMAKURA, JAPAN.

School at Birmingham, and was then appointed Principal of the Government Sanskrit College at Poonah in Western India. He held this position until 1860, when the death of his child and the sickness of his wife induced him to return to England, where he became one of the editors of the London *Daily Telegraph.* Besides contributing largely, in prose and verse, to literary periodicals, he wrote a treatise on *Education in India; The History of Lord Dalhousie's Administration in India; Griselda,* a drama; a volume of *Poems Narrative and Lyrical; After Death in Arabia* (1891); *Japonica* (1891); *Potiphar's Wife and Other Poems* (1892); *Adzuma, or the Japanese Wife,* a play (1893); *Wandering Words,* papers which first appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* and other papers and magazines (1894); *The Tenth Muse and Other Poems* (1895); *East and West* (1896), and *The Voyage of Ithobal* (1901). He translated *The Euterpe* of Herodotus from the Greek; and from the Sanskrit, the *Hitopadesha,* or "Book of Good Counsels," and two Books of the *Mahábhárata,* which has been styled "the Iliad of India." The works by which he is best known are the poems *Indian Song of Songs* and *The Light of Asia,* of which he says: "The time may come, I hope, when these books will preserve the memory of one who loved India and the Indian peoples." *The Light of Asia* is not Gautama or Buddha himself, but that doctrine of which he was the founder and promulgator, to the exposition of which the poem is devoted, and of the general character of which Mr. Arnold thus speaks in the preface of his work:

BUDDHA AND BUDDHISM.

The Buddha of this poem — if, as need not be doubted, he really existed — was born on the borders of Nepaul,

about 620 B.C., and died about 543 B.C. at Kusinagara in Oudh. In point of age, therefore, most other creeds are youthful when compared with this venerable religion, which has in it the eternity of a universal hope, the immortality of a boundless love, an indestructible element of faith in final good, and the proudest assertion ever made of human freedom. The extravagances which disfigure the record and practice of Buddhism are to be referred to that inevitable degradation which priesthoods always inflict upon the great ideas committed to their charge. The power and sublimity of Gautama's original doctrines should be estimated by their influence, not by their interpreters; nor by that innocent but lazy and ceremonious Church which has arisen on the foundations of the Buddhistic Brotherhood or Sangha.

More than a third of mankind owe their moral and religious ideas to this illustrious Prince, whose personality, though imperfectly revealed in the existing sources of information, cannot but appear the highest, gentlest, holiest, and most beneficent — with one exception — in the history of Thought. Discordant in frequent particulars, and sorely overlaid by corruptions, inventions, and misconceptions, the Buddhistical books yet agree in the one point of recording nothing — no single act or word — which mars the perfect purity and tenderness of this Indian Teacher, who united the truest princely qualities with the intellect of the sage and the passionate devotion of the martyr. Though Gautama discountenanced ritual, and declared himself, even when on the threshold of Nirvána, to be only what all other men might become, yet the love and gratitude of Asia, disobeying his mandate, have given him fervent worship. Forests of flowers are daily laid upon his stainless shrines, and countless millions of lips daily repeat the formula, "I take refuge in Buddha."

A generation ago little or nothing was known in Europe of this great faith of Asia, which had nevertheless existed during twenty-four centuries, and at this day surpasses, in the number of its followers and the

area of its prevalence, any other form of creed. Four hundred and seventy millions of our race live and die in the tenets of Gautama; and the spiritual dominions of this ancient teacher extend, at the present time, from Nepaul and Ceylon over the whole Eastern Peninsula to China, Japan, Tibet, Central Asia, Siberia, and even Swedish Lapland. India itself might fairly be included in this magnificent empire of belief; for though the profession of Buddhism has for the most part passed away from the land of its birth, the mark of Gautama's sublime teaching is stamped ineffaceably upon modern Brahmanism, and the most characteristic habits and convictions of the Hindus are clearly due to the benign influence of Buddha's precepts.

I have put my poem into a Buddhist's mouth, because to appreciate the spirit of Asiatic thoughts, they should be regarded from the Oriental point of view; and neither the miracles which consecrate this record, nor the philosophy which it embodies, could have been otherwise so naturally reproduced. The doctrine of Transmigration, for instance — startling to modern minds — was established and thoroughly accepted by the Hindus of Buddha's time; that period when Jerusalem was being taken by Nebuchadnezzar, when Nineveh was falling to the Medes, and Marseilles was founded by the Phocæans.

The exposition here offered of so antique a system is of necessity incomplete, and passes rapidly by many matters philosophically most important, as well as over the long ministry of Gautama. But my purpose has been obtained if any just conception be here conveyed of the lofty character of this noble Prince, and of the general purport of his doctrines. As to these there has arisen prodigious controversy among the erudite, who will be aware that I have taken the imperfect Buddhistic citations much as they stand in Spence Hardy's work, and have also modified more than one passage in the received narratives. The views, however, here indicated of Nirvána, Dharma, and the other chief features of Buddhism, are at least the fruits of considerable study, and also of a firm conviction that a third of mankind

would never have been brought to belief in blank abstractions, or in Nothingness, as the issue and crown of Being.

Buddha, "He by whom the truth is known," and Siddártha, "The Establisher," should be regarded rather as titles of Gautama, the founder of Buddhism, though they are used indiscriminately as his proper name. The poem *The Light of Asia* is comprised in eight books, containing in all something like 4,500 lines. It opens thus:

> The Scripture of the Saviour of the World,
> Lord Buddha — Prince Siddártha styled on earth,
> In earth and heavens and hells incomparable,
> All-honored, wisest, best, most pitiful;
> The teacher of Nirvána and the Law;
> Thus came he to be born again for men.

The poem then goes on to narrate the miraculous circumstances attending this rebirth of Buddha into the world. His father was Suddhôdana, "He whose food is pure," a just king, who ruled over the Sákyas, a pious people who lived "under the southward snows of Himalay." His mother, Maya, bore him without the usual pains of childbirth, and he was marked by the thirty-two greater and the eighty lesser tokens which denote the infant who is in time to become a Buddh. As the boy grew up he excelled all his mates in wisdom and in every manly exercise and accomplishment. When he was eighteen his father built for him three magnificent palaces, and began to cast about for a wife for the Prince. He appointed a festival where all the fairest maidens should present themselves, and at which the Prince should adjudge and bestow the prizes for beauty, hoping that some one of them would attract the love of his son. When all the prizes had been award-

ed, came the young Yasôdhara, fairer than any who had before presented themselves. Siddártha started as she approached; and she upon him

Gazed full — holding her palms across her breasts —
On the boy's gaze, her stately neck unbent.
"Is there a gift for me?" she asked and smiled.
"The gifts are gone," the Prince replied; "yet take
This for amends, dear Sister, of whose grace
Our happy city boasts." Therewith he loosed
The emerald necklace from his throat, and clasped
Its green beads round her dark and silk-soft waist;
And their eyes mixed, and from the look sprang love.

This, however, was not the first time that these two had met. They had been united in a previous state of existence. Of this the Prince had a dim consciousness; and long after, when he had received his full enlightenment, and could clearly recall all his innumerable existences, he told how it was that his heart took fire at the sight of this Sákya girl:

"We were not strangers, as to us
And all it seemed. In ages long gone by
A hunter's son, playing with forest girls,
By Yamun's springs, where Nandadevi stands
Sat umpire while they raced beneath the firs. . . .
But one who ran the last
Came first for him; and unto her the boy
Gave a tame fawn, and his heart's love besides,
And in the wood they lived many glad years,
And in the wood they undivided died —
Lo! as the hid seed shoots after rainless years,
So good and evil, pains and pleasure, hates
And loves, and all dead deeds, come forth again,
Bearing bright leaves or dark, sweet fruit or sour.
Thus I was he, and she Yasôdhara;
And while the wheel of Birth and Death turns round,
That which hath been must be between us two."

Nor was even that their first union. At their formal betrothal Yasôdhara wore upon her forehead a veil of black and gold, which she coyly withdrew for a moment, then drew it close again. After his enlightenment Siddártha explained why it was that Yasôdhara wore this black and gold adornment:

"Unto me
This was unknown, albeit it seemed half-known:
For while the wheel of Birth and Death turns round
Past things and thoughts, and buried lives come back.
I now remember, myriad rains ago,
What time I roamed Himála's hanging woods,
A tiger, with my striped and hungry kind;
I who am Buddh, couched in the kusa-grass,
Gazing with green blinked eyes upon the herds
Which pastured near and nearer to their death
Round my day-lair. . . .
Amid the beasts that were my fellows then,
Met in deep jungle or by reedy jheel
A tigress, comeliest of the forest, set
The males at war. Her hide was lit with gold,
Black-bordered like the veil Yasôdhara
Wore for me. Hot the strife waxed in that wood
With tooth and claw: while underneath a neem
The fair beast watched us bleed, thus fiercely wooed
And I remembered, at the end she came,
Snarling past this and that torn forest lord
Which I had conquered; and with fawning jaws,
Licked my quick-heaving flank, and with me went
Into the wild, with proud steps amorously. —
The wheel of Birth and Death turns low and high."

This doctrine of ceaseless transmigration underlies the Buddhist philosophy; and it will go on until, through perfect conformity to Dharma or the universal law, the Karma or sum and total of being through all its transmigrations is absorbed in Nirvána, that state

of existence which may perhaps be best expressed by the word "beatitude." The attainment of Nirvána is the aim of the Buddhistic system, which relates only to human beings, looking upon all the so-called gods as mere Mayas or "illusions." If we rightly apprehend the teachings of this philosophy, all human beings will sooner or later reach Nirvána, though it may be after a lapse of æons in comparison with which the ages of which our cosmogonies speak are but moments.

Two Books of *The Light of Asia* are devoted to this introductory portion of the life of Lord Buddha, who passes some time in his stately palace, "knowing not of woe, nor want, nor pain, nor plague, nor age, nor death." But he has ever and anon dim monitions of the high mission to which he is called. He starts oftentimes from slumber by the side of Yasôdhara, exclaiming, "My world! Oh! world! I hear! I know! I come!" One day they placed a wind-harp on the sill, and as the breezes sweep over its strings, he hears in the weird music the chanted words of the *Devas:*

"We are the voices of the wandering Wind,
Which moan for rest, and rest can never find;
Lo! as the Wind is, so is mortal Life,
A moan, a sigh, a sob, a storm, a strife.

"Wherefore and whence we are, ye cannot know,
Nor where Life springs, nor whither Life doth go,
We are as ye are, ghosts from the Inane,
What pleasure have we of our changeful pain?

"What pleasure hast thou of thy changeless bliss?
Nay, if Love lasted, there were joy in this:
But Life's way is the Wind's way; all these things
Are but brief voices breathed on shifting strings.

"O Maya's Son! because we roam the earth
Moan we upon these strings. We make no mirth,
So many woes we see in many lands;
So many streaming eyes and wringing hands.

"But thou that art to save, thine hour is nigh!
The sad world waiteth in its misery;
The blind world stumbleth on its round of pain:—
Rise, Maya's child! wake! slumber not again!

"We are the voices of the wandering Wind;
Wander thou too, O Prince, thy rest to find;
Leave Love for love of lovers; for Woe's sake
Quit state for sorrow, and Deliverance make."

Siddártha asks and obtains permission of his father to ride through the city, and see the people and how they live. The King issues a proclamation that nothing unpleasant shall meet the eyes of the Prince; that no one blind or maimed, sick or infirm, shall appear in the streets; that no funeral procession shall pass during that day. The city holds high festival, and the Prince is glad at the gladness which meets him everywhere. But he bids Channa, his charioteer, to drive outside the gates, that he may "see more of the gracious world he had not known." It is not long before he sees tottering out from a hovel an old man in the last stage of decrepitude, who faintly begs for alms. They would drive him away, but Siddártha cries:

"Let be! let be!
Channa! what thing is this who seems a man,
Yet surely only seems, being so bowed,
So miserable, so horrible, so sad?
Are men born sometimes thus? What meaneth he
Moaning 'To-morrow or next day I die?'
Finds he no food so that his bones jut forth?
What woe hath happened to this piteous one?"—

Then answer made the charioteer: "Sweet Prince,
This is no other than an aged man.
Some fourscore years ago his back was straight,
His eye bright, and his body goodly. Now
The thievish years have sucked his sap away,
Pillaged his strength and filched his will and wit.
What life he keeps is one poor lingering spark
Which flickers for the finish. Such is age;
Why should your Highness heed?" — Then spake the Prince:
"But shall this come to others, or to all?
Or is it rare that one should be as he?" —
"Most Noble," answered Channa, "even as he
Will all these grow, if they shall live so long." —
"But," quoth the Prince, "if I shall live as long
Shall I be thus? and if Yasôdhara
Live fourscore years, is this old age for her,
Jálíní, little Hastá, Gautami,
And Gunga, and the others?" — "Yea, great Sir,
The charioteer replied. Then spake the Prince;
"Turn back, and drive me to my house again;
I have seen that I did not think to see."

As yet Siddártha had seen nothing of death, and had no conception of what the word meant. But the next day he craves permission to see the city and its people in their every-day aspects. Their course takes them at last to the river-bank outside the walls. They come upon a wretch stricken with a sudden plague, who implores the bystanders to lift him up and aid him to reach his home. The Prince leaps from his chariot, and, in spite of the remonstrances of Channa, takes the head of the plague-stricken man upon his knee and tries to comfort him. Siddártha asks of the charioteer:

"And are there others, are there many thus?
Or might it be to me as now with him?"
"Great Lord," answered the charioteer, "This comes

In many forms to all men. Grief and wounds,
Sickness and tetters, palsies and leprosies,
Hot fevers, watery wastings, issues, blains
Befall all flesh and enter everywhere." —
"Come such things unobserved?" the Prince inquired;
And Channa said: "Like the sly snake they come
That stings unseen; like the striped murderer
Who waits to spring from the Karunda-bush,
Hiding beside the jungle-path; or like
The lightning, striking these and sparing those,
As chance may send." — "Then all men live in fear?"
"So live they, Prince!" — "And none can say, 'I sleep
Happy and whole to-night, and so shall wake?'" —
"None say it." — "And the end of many aches,
Which come unseen, and will come when they come,
Is this; a broken body and sad mind,
And so Old Age?" — "Yea, if men last as long." —
"But if they cannot bear their agonies,
Or if they will not bear, and seek a term;
Or if they bear and be as this man is,
Too weak except for groans, and so still live,
And growing old, grow older, then what end?" —
"They die, Prince." — "Die?" — "Yea, at the last comes
Death,
In whatsoever way, whatever hour.
Some few grow old, most suffer and grow sick;
But all must die. Behold, where comes the dead!"

A funeral procession comes in sight, wailing and lamenting. The corpse is placed upon the pile, which is lighted, and soon nothing is left of the dead man except a heap of ashes, with here and there a fragment of white bone.

Then spake the Prince: "Is this the end which comes
To all who live?" — "This is the end that comes
To all," quoth Channa; "he upon the pyre,
Ate, drank, laughed, loved, and lived, and liked life well.
Then came — who knows? —

And life was over, and the man is dead:
No appetites, no pleasures, and no pains
Hath such. The kiss upon his lips is naught,
The fire-scorch naught; he smelleth not his flesh
A-roast, nor yet the sandal and the spice
They burn. . . .
Here is the common destiny of flesh;
The high and low, the good and bad, must die;
And then, 'tis taught, begin anew, and live
Somewhere, somehow — who knows? — and so again
The pangs, the parting, and the lighted pile: —
Such is man's round."

This revelation of Death throws some light upon the soul of Siddártha. He has at least "some far-off vision, linking this and that; lost, past, but searchable," and exclaims:

"Oh! suffering world!
Oh! known and unknown of my common flesh,
Caught in this common net of Death and Woe,
And Life which binds to both! I see, I feel
The vastness of the agony of earth,
The vainness of its joys, the mockery
Of all its best, the anguish of its worst;
Since Pleasures end in Pain, and Youth in Age,
And Love in Loss, and Life in hateful Death;
And Death in unknown Lives, which will but yoke
Men to their wheel again, to whirl the round
Of false delights and woes that are not false. . . .
"The veil is rent
Which blinded me! I am as all these men
Who cry upon their gods and are not heard
Or are not héeded. Yet there must be help!
Perchance the gods have need of help themselves,
Being so feeble that when sad lips cry
They cannot save! *I* would not let one cry
Whom I could save! How can it be that Brahm
Would make a world and keep it miserable?
Since, if all-powerful, he leaves it so,

He is not Good; and if not powerful,
He is not God! — Channa, lead home again!
It is enough! mine eyes have seen enough!"

The fourth book now commences. The King has had a vision portending some mighty events involving the destiny of his son, and gives strict orders that for a certain number of days no one shall enter or leave the palace of the Prince:

But when the days were numbered, then befell
The parting of our Lord — which was to be —
Whereby came wailing in the Golden Home,
Woe to the King and sorrow o'er the Land;
But for all flesh Deliverance, and that Law
Which, whoso hears — the same shall make him free.

Siddártha kisses a tender farewell to his wife and their babe, and summons Channa to accompany him. The massive gates of the palace fly open of their own accord, and the two ride forth into the starlit night. When morning begins to dawn, the Prince dismounts, bids Channa to cut off his long bright curls and carry them with his sword and princely robes back to the King, his father:

"Give the King all and say,
Siddártha prays forget him till he come
Ten times a Prince, with royal Wisdom won
From lonely searchings and the strife for Light:
Where, if I conquer, lo! all earth is mine.
Mine by chief Service — tell him — mine by Love!
Since there is hope for Man only *in* Man;
And none hath sought for this as I will seek,
Who cast away my world to save my world."

The fifth book narrates Siddártha's long wanderings in quest of truth. He at length takes up his abode in

a cave not far from the capital of King Bimbasára, once a great city, but which has been in ruins for unknown centuries:

Lo! thou who comest thither, bare thy feet
And bow thy head! for all the spacious earth
Hath not a spot more dear and hallowed. Here
Lord Buddha sate the scorching summers through,
The driving rains, the chilly dawns and eves:
Wearing for all men's sakes the yellow robe;
Eating in beggar's guise the scanty meal
Chance-gathered from the charitable. At night
Couched on the grass, homeless, alone; while yelped
The sleepless jackals round his cave, or cough
Of famished tiger from the thicket broke
By day and night here dwelt the World-Honored,
Subduing that fair body born for bliss
With fast and frequent watch and search intense
Of silent meditation. . . .
Our Lord,
After the manner of a Rishi, hailed
The rising sun, and went — ablutions made —
Down by the winding path unto the town,
And in the fashion of a Rishi passed
From street to street, with begging-bowl in hand,
Gathering the little pittance of his need.
Soon was it filled. . . . Then he
Passed onward with the bowl, and yellow robed,
By mild speech paying all those gifts of hearts,
Wending his way back to the solitudes
To sit upon his hill with holy men,
And hear and ask of Wisdom and its roads.

Not far from the cave dwelt a company of devotees who inflicted upon themselves the utmost torments of which imagination can conceive, in the hope that their sufferings would win or extort a blessing from the reluctant gods:

Whom sadly eyeing, spake our Lord to one
Chief of the woe-begones: "Much-suffering, Sir,
These many moons I dwell upon the hill —
Who am a seeker of the Truth — and see
My brothers here, and thee, so piteously
Self-anguished. Wherefore add ye ills to life
Which is so evil?"

Answer made the sage:
"'Tis written, if a man shall mortify
His flesh till Pain be grown the life he lives,
And Death voluptuous rest, such woes shall purge
Sin's dross away, and the Soul, purified,
Soar from the furnace of its sorrow, winged
For glorious spheres and splendor past all thought."

Siddártha replied that the bright cloud rose up from the sea, and that it must in time flow back to the sea through manifold muddy ways, and asked:

"Knowest thou, my brother, if it be not thus
After their many pains, with saints in bliss?
Since that which rises falls, and that which buys
Is spent; and if ye buy Heaven with your blood
In Hell's hard market, when the bargain's through
The toil begins again."

"It may begin,"
The hermit moaned; "alas, we know not this,
Nor surely anything. Yet after night
Day comes, and after turmoil Peace; and we
Hate the accursed Flesh which clogs the Soul
That fain would rise. So, for the sake of Soul,
We stake brief agonies, in game with gods,
To gain the larger joys."

"Yet if they last
A myriad years," he said, "they fade at length,
Those joys. Or, if not, is there then some Life
Below, above, beyond, so unlike life
It will not change? Speak! do your gods endure
Forever, brothers?"

"Nay," the Yogis said,
"Only great Brahm endures; the gods but live."
Then spake Lord Buddha: "Will ye, being wise,
As ye seem holy and strong-hearted ones,
Throw these sore dice, which are your groans and moans,
For gains which may be dreams and must have end?
Will ye, for love of Soul, so loathe your Flesh,
So scourge and maim it that it shall not serve
To bear the Spirit on, searching for Home?
Dismantle and dismember this fair house,
Where we have come to dwell by painful pasts;
Whose windows give us light — the little light —
Whereby we gaze abroad to know if dawn
Will break, and whither winds the better road?"
Then cried they, "We have chosen *this* for road,
And tread it, Rajaputra, till the close —
Though all its stones were fire — in trust of Death
Speak, if thou knowest a way more excellent;
If not, peace go with thee!"
Onward he passed,
Exceeding sorrowful, seeing how men
Fear so to die they are afraid to fear;
Lust so to live they dare not love their life,
But plague it with fierce penances, belike
To please the gods, who grudge pleasure to man;
Belike to balk Hell by self-kindled hells;
Belike in holy madness, hoping Soul
May break the better through their wasted flesh.

Siddártha thenceforth passed on through many lands in quest of enlightenment. King Bimbasára urges him to abide with him and become his heir and successor upon the throne; but he declares that he is going onward "to build the Kingdom of the Law," and will not be stayed until the light comes — which he hopes will come to him amidst the "forest shades of Gáya," whither his steps are now bound. At length — six years after he had left his palace home — he comes to

a grove close by the peaceful village of which Senáni was lord.

There in the sylvan solitudes once more
Lord Buddha lived, musing the woes of men,
The ways of Fate, the doctrines of the Books,
The secrets of the Silence whence all come,
The secrets of the Gloom whereto all go;
The life which lies between, like that arch flung
From cloud to cloud across the sky, which hath
Mists for its masonry, and vapory piers
Melting to void again, which was so fair
With sapphire hues, garnet, and chrysoprase.
Moon after moon our Lard sate in the wood,
So meditating these that he forgot
Ofttimes the hour of food; rising from thoughts
Prolonged beyond the sunrise and the noon
To see his bowl unfilled, and eat perforce
Of wild fruit fallen from the boughs o'erhead,
Shaken to earth by chattering ape, or plucked
By purple parokeet. Therefore his grace
Faded; his body, worn by stress of Soul,
Lost day by day the marks, thirty-and-two,
Which testify the Buddha.

One day when Buddha was almost exhausted, and longed for food to give him strength — "For," said he, "without it, I shall die, whose life was all men's hope" — a woman came bearing her babe of three months, and carrying upon her head a bowl. It was Sujáta, the wife of the lord of the village. In spite of his wasted form there was something so benign in the aspect of Buddha, that Sujáta thought he must be the divinity of the grove, visible in human form. She begged him to accept her dish of snowy curds. He ate; his strength was renewed, and he asked her what was the food which she had brought him:

"Holy one,"
Answered Sujáta, "from our droves I took
Milk of a hundred mothers, newly calved,
And with that milk I fed fifty white cows,
And with their milk twenty-and-five, and then
With theirs twelve more; and yet again with theirs
The six noblest and best of all our herds.
That yield I boiled with sandal and fine spice
In silver lotas, adding rice well-grown
From chosen seed, set in new-broken ground,
So picked that every grain was like a pearl.
This did I of true heart, because I vowed
Under my tree, if I should bear a boy
I would make offering for my joy; and now
I have my son, and all my life is bliss."

Buddha laid his hand in blessing upon the head of the babe, and said to the mother:

"Long be thy bliss!
And lightly fall on him the load of life!
For thou hast holpen me who am no god,
But one, thy brother; heretofore a Prince,
And now a wanderer, seeking, night and day,
These six hard years, that Light which somewhere shines
To lighten all men's darkness, if they knew!
And I shall find the Light; yea now it dawned
Glorious and helpful, when my weak flesh failed,
Which thus pure food, fair sister, hath restored,
Drawn manifold through lives to quicken Life,
As Life itself passes by many births
To happier heights and purging off of sins.
Yet dost thou truly find it sweet enough
Only to live? Can Life and Love suffice?"
Answered Sujáta: "Worshipful! my heart
Is little, and a little rain will fill
The lily's cup which hardly moists the field.
It is enough for me to feel life's sun
Shine in my lord's grace and my baby's smile,
Making the loving summer of our home.

Pleasant my days pass, filled with household cares. . . .
And what the Books say, that I humbly take,
Being not wiser than those great of old
Who spake with gods, and knew the hymns and charms,
And all the ways of virtue and of peace.
Also I think that good must come of good,
And ill of evil — surely unto all,
In every time and place. . . .
Therefore fear I not,
And therefore, Holy Sir, my life is glad,
Nowise forgetting yet those other lives
Painful and poor, wicked and miserable,
Whereon the gods grant pity! But for me,
What good I see humbly I seek to do,
And live obedient to the Law in trust
That what will come, and must come, shall come well."
Then spake our Lord: "Thou teachest them who teach;
Wiser than wisdom is thy simple lore.
Be thou content to know not, knowing thus
Thy way of Right and Duty. Grow, thou flower!
With thy sweet kind in shade; the light
Of Truth's high noon is not for tender leaves
Which must spread broad in other suns, and lift
In later lives a crowned head to the sky.
As the dove is, which flyeth home by Love,
In thee is seen why there is hope for Man,
And where we hold the wheel of life at will.
Peace go with thee, and comfort all thy days!
As thou accomplishest, may I achieve!
He whom thou thoughtest God bids thee wish this."

But that full enlightenment, through the attainment of which Buddha was to become the great teacher, was not to be attained without an inward struggle with the powers of darkness, who were bent on preventing him from accomplishing his mission. He felt that the supreme hour was at hand; and so —

He bent his footsteps where a great tree grew,
The Bódhí-tree — thenceforth in all the years
Never to fade, and ever to be kept
In homage of the world — beneath whose leaves
It was ordained that Truth should come to Buddh;
Which now the Master knew. Wherefore he went
With measured pace, steadfast, majestical,
Unto the Tree of Wisdom. Oh, ye worlds,
Rejoice! our Lord wended unto the tree!

The narrative of the trial and temptation of Buddha forms the conclusion of the sixth book of the poem. It lasted but a single night, as measured by the stars; but in those few hours were concentrated ages of endurance and experience; while the earth and all living things looked on awaiting the momentous issue. As tempters came the "ten chief sins:" the demons of Self, of Doubt, of Superstition, of Pleasure, of Hate, of Lust of Life, of Lust of Fame, of Pride, of Self-Righteousness, of Ignorance. All these presented their allurements or their threatenings; but Buddha put them aside with words which remind us not a little of the temptations put aside by a greater One than Siddártha. All these demons fled discomfited, and at the third watch of the night Buddha attained "Perception," so that he could survey all his five hundred and fifty previous lives. At the middle watch he gained "Intuition of the Universe" and all the mysteries of all worlds and æons. At the fourth watch he gained "Knowledge of all the Illusions of Time and Sense." When dawn came all the earth broke out in exultation at the perfect victory which Buddha had won, and he chanted his Song of Triumph:

Many a house of life
Hath held me — seeking Him who wrought
These prisons of the senses, sorrow-fraught;
Sore was my ceaseless strife!
But now,
Thou Builder of this Tabernacle — Thou!
I know Thee! Never shalt thou build again
These walls of pain,
Nor raise the roof-tree of Deceits, nor lay
Fresh rafters on the clay;
Broken thy House is, and the ridge-pole split!
Delusion fashioned it!
Safe pass I thence.

That is, he has outpassed all further transmigration, and in due time will be

Aroused and same
As is a man wakened from hateful dreams:
Until — greater than Kings, than Gods more glad —
The aching craze to live ends, and Life glides,
Lifeless, to nameless Quiet, nameless Joy,
Blessed Nirvána — sinless, stirless Rest —
That change which never changes.

The seventh book touches briefly upon the first few weeks or months of the mission of Buddha; tells how the seven years since he had set out on his journeyings had passed at his old home; until at last tidings reach the royal court that the wanderer had become a Buddh. The King sends messengers to him urging him to return. He accedes to this urgency, and comes back, still wearing the yellow robe of a mendicant, and carrying the beggar's bowl for offerings of food. — The eighth and last book gives the sublime discourse of Buddha in which he speaks first of the mysteries of *Amitaya*, the "Immeasurable:"

THE IMMEASURABLE.

Oh *Amitaya!* Measure not with words, the Immeasurable: nor sink the string of Thought
Into the Fathomless. Who asks doth err; who answers errs. Say naught.

The Books teach Darkness was, at first of all, and Brahm, sole meditating in that night:
Look not for Brahm and the Beginning there! Nor him, nor any light.

Shall any gazer see with mortal eyes, or any searcher know by mortal mind;
Veil after veil will lift; but there must be veil upon veil behind. . . .

This is enough to know — the Phantasms are the Heavens, Earths, Worlds, Changes changing them —
A mighty whirling wheel of Strife and Stress, which none can stay or stem.

Pray not! the Darkness will not brighten! Ask naught from the Silence, for it cannot speak!
Vex not your mournful minds with pious pains! Ah, Brothers, Sisters, seek

Naught from the helpless gods by gift or hymn; nor bribe with blood, nor feed with fruit and cakes:
Within yourselves deliverance must be sought; each man his prison makes.

Each hath such lordship as the loftiest ones; nay, for with Powers above, around, below,
As with all flesh and whatsoever lives, Act maketh Joy and Woe. . . .

Higher than Indra's ye may lift your lot; and sink it lower than the worm or gnat:
The end of many myriad lives is this; the end of myriads that.

Only, while turns this wheel invisible, no pause, no peace, no staying-place can be:
Who mounts will fall, who falls may mount; the spokes go round unceasingly!

If ye lay bound upon the wheel of Change, and no way were of breaking from the chain,
The heart of boundless Being is a curse; the Soul of Things fell Pain.

Ye are not bound! The Soul of Things is sweet; the Heart of Being is celestial Rest;
Stronger than Woe is Will: that which was Good doth pass to Better — Best.

The idea of Dharma, or Universal Law, is perhaps the fundamental feature of the Buddhist philosophy, corresponding in a measure with, but going beyond, the Greek idea of *Moira* or *Fate,* to which the gods themselves were subject. To express the thought in modern phrase, Dharma is not a Being so much as a Principle, a Force, a Power, and so is altogether different from our conception of God. Yet, as we understand it, Buddhism recognizes no other God than this Dharma.

DHARMA.

Before Beginning, and without an End, as Space eternal and as Surety sure,
Is fixed a Power divine, which moves to good only its Laws endure.

This is its touch upon the blossomed rose; the fashion of its hand-shaped lotus-leaves,
In dark soil and the silence of the seeds, the robe of Spring it weaves. . . .

Out of the dark it wrought the heart of man; out of dull shells the pheasant's pencilled neck.
Ever at toil, it brings to loveliness, all ancient wrath and wreck. . . .

The ordered music of the marching orbs it makes in viewless canopy of sky;
In deep abyss of earth it hides up gold, sards, sapphires, lazuli. . . .

It slayeth and it saveth, nowise moved except unto the working out of doom.
Its threads are Love and Life, and Death and Pain the shuttles in its loom. . . .

Unseen, it helpeth ye with faithful hands; unheard, it speaketh stronger than the storm.
Pity and Love are man's, because long stress moulded blind mass to form. . . .

It seeth everywhere, and marketh all. Do right, it recompenseth; do one wrong.
The equal retribution must be made, though Dharma tarry long.

It knows not Wrath nor Pardon: utter-true its measures mete, its faultless balance weighs.
Times are as naught; to-morrow it will judge, or after many days. . . .

Such is the Law which moves to righteousness, which none at last can turn aside or stay:
The heart of it is Love, the end of it is Peace and Consummation sweet. — Obey!

The doctrine of the *Karmá* is essentially that the life of each man is the outcome of all his former lives throughout all his transmigrations. "Bygone wrongs bring forth sorrows and woes; bygone right breeds bliss. Man reaps what he has sown."

KARMÁ.

This is the doctrine of the Karmá: Learn! only when
all the dross of sin is quit,
Only when Life dies like a white flame spent, Death
dies along with it.

Say not "I am," "I was," or "I shall be;" think not
ye pass from house to house of flesh,
Like travellers who remember and forget, ill-lodged or
well-lodged. Fresh

Issues upon the Universe that sum which is the latter-
most of lives. It makes
Its habitation as the worm spins silk, and dwells therein.
It takes

Function and substance, as the snake's egg hatched, takes
scale and fang; as feathered reed-seeds fly
O'er rock and loam and sand, until they find their marsh,
and multiply.

Also it issues forth to help or hurt. When Death the
bitter murderer doth smite,
Red roams the unpurged fragment of him, driven on
wings of plague and blight.

But when the mild and just die, sweet airs breathe; the
world grows richer, as if desert stream
Should sink away to sparkle up again, purer with
broader gleam.

So Merit won winneth the happier age, which by
Demerit halteth short of end.
Yet must this Law of Love reign King of all, before
the Kalpas end.

Nirvána — which, whatever it may or may not be, is the very antithesis of Annihilation — is the ultimate

goal and end of all human being. It is to be attained by mastering the "Four Noble Truths," treading the successive stages of progress, and slaying the "Ten Chief Sins," by which Buddha was tempted under "the Tree of Life." This state of being is described negatively, not positively. We are not told what it *is*, but merely what it is *not:*

NIRVÁNA.

As one who stands on yonder snowy horn, having naught
o'er him but the boundless blue,
So, these sins being slain, the man is come Nirvána's
verge unto.

Him the Gods envy from their lower seats; him the
Three Worlds in ruin should not shake:
All Life is lived for him, all Deaths are dead. Karmá
no more will make

New houses. Seeking nothing, he gains all; foregoing
Self, the Universe grows "I."
If any teach Nirvána is To CEASE, say unto such, they
lie.

If any teach Nirvána is To LIVE, they err; not knowing this,
Nor what Light shines beyond their broken lamps, nor
lifeless, timeless Bliss.

Enter the Path! There is no grief like Hate; no pains
like Passions; no deceits like Sense!
Enter the Path! far hath he gone whose foot treads down
one fond offence.

Enter the Path! There spring the healing streams
quenching all thirst! There bloom the immortal
flowers
Carpeting all the way with joy! There throng swiftest
and sweetest hours!

The poem tells briefly of the more special teachings of Buddha during the remaining forty-five years of his human life; how in many lands and many tongues he gave Light to Asia, and how in the fulness of time he died.

> Even as a man 'mongst men, fulfilling all;
> And how a thousand-thousand Crors since then
> Have trod the path which leads whither he went
> Unto Nirvána where the Silence lives.

The following poem needs a word of explanation: "*Azan*" is a Mohammedan festival, corresponding somewhat to our Easter.

AFTER DEATH IN ARABIA.

He who died at Azan sends
This to comfort all his friends:

Faithful friends! *It* lies, I know.
Pale and white and cold as snow;
And ye say, "Abdallah's dead!"
Weeping at the feet and head.
I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your sighs and prayers;
Yet I smile, and whisper this:
I am not the thing you kiss;
Cease your tears, and let it lie;
It was *mine,* it is not *I.*
Sweet friends! What the women lave
For its last bed of the grave,
Is but a hut which I am quitting;
Is a garment no more fitting;
Is a cage, from which, at last,
Like a hawk, my Soul hath past.
Love the inmate, not the room —
The wearer, not the garb — the plume
Of the falcon, not the bars

Which kept him from those splendid stars.
Loving friends! Be wise, and dry
Straightway every weeping eye:
What ye lift upon the bier
Is not worth a wistful tear.
'Tis an empty sea-shell — one
Out of which the pearl is gone;
The Shell is broken, it lies there;
The Pearl, the All, the Soul is here.
'Tis an earthen jar, whose lid
Allah sealed, the while it hid
That treasure of his treasury,
A mind that loved Him: let it lie!
Let the shard be earth's once more,
Since the gold shines in His store!
Allah glorious! Allah good!
Now thy world is understood;
Now the long, long wonder ends.
Yet ye weep, my erring friends,
While the man whom ye call dead,
In unspoken bliss instead,
Lives and loves you; lost, 'tis true,
By such light as shines for you;
But in the light ye cannot see
Of unfulfilled felicity,
In enlarging Paradise,
Lives a life that never dies.
Farewell, friends! Yet not farewell;
Where I am, ye too shall dwell.
I am gone before your face,
A moment's time, a little space.
When ye come where I have stepped
Ye will wonder why ye wept;
Ye will know, by wise love taught,
That *here* is all, and there is *naught*.
Weep awhile, if ye are fain —
Sunshine still must follow rain;
Only not at death; for death,
Now I know, is that first breath
Which our souls draw when we enter

Life, which is of all life centre.
Be ye certain all seems love,
Viewed from Allah's throne above;
Be ye stout of heart, and come
Bravely onward to your home!
La Allah illa Allah! yea!
Thou Love divine! thou Love alway!

He that died at Azan gave
This to those who made his grave.

ARNOLD, MATTHEW, an English poet and essayist; the son of Dr. Thomas Arnold of Rugby; born at Laleham, December 24, 1822; died at Liverpool, April 15, 1888. He studied in several schools, lastly at Balliol College, Oxford, of which he was elected scholar in 1840; and gained the Newdigate prize for English verse in 1843, his subject being *Cromwell.* He was graduated with honors; and from 1847 to 1851 acted as private secretary to Lord Lansdowne. After about 1848 Matthew Arnold became a frequent contributor to current literature, at first mainly in verse; afterward more usually in prose. In 1857 he was elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford, a position which he held for the ensuing ten years, during which he wrote and published no little prose and verse. A favorable specimen of his verse is the following, from *Tristram and Iseult:*

CHILDREN ASLEEP.

They sleep in sheltered rest
Like helpless birds in the warm nest,
On the castle's southern side,

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Where feebly comes the mournful roar
  Of buffeting wind and surging tide
Through many a room and corridor.
Full on their window the moon's ray
Makes their chamber bright as day;
It shines upon the blank white walls,
And on the snowy pillow falls,
And on two angel heads doth play; —
Turned to each other — the eyes closed,
The lashes on the cheeks reposed,
Round each brow the cap close-set,
  Hardly lets peep the golden hair;
  Through the soft-opened lips the air
Scarcely moves the coverlet,
One little wandering arm is thrown
  At random on the counterpane,
And often the fingers close in haste
As if their baby owners chased
  The butterflies again.

Some of the poems touch pleasantly upon themes common to all versifiers. As this, of which only a part of the stanzas are quoted:

LINES WRITTEN IN KENSINGTON GARDEN.

In this lone open glade I lie,
  Screened by deep boughs on either hand,
And at its head to stay the eye,
  Those dark-crowned, red-boled pine-trees stand.

Here at my feet what wonders pass!
  What endless active life is here!
What blowing daisies, fragrant grass!
  An air-stirred forest, fresh and clear.

In the huge world which roars hard by
  Be others happy if they can;
But in my helpless cradle, I
  Was breathed on by the rural Pan.

I, on men's impious uproar hurled,
  Think often, as I hear them rave,
That Peace has left the upper world,
  And now keeps only in the grave.

Yet here is Peace forever new!
  When I, who watch them, am away,
Still all things in this glade go through
  The changes of their quiet day.

Calm Soul of all things! make it mine
  To feel, amid the city's jar,
That there abides a peace of thine,
  Man did not make, and cannot mar.

The will to neither strive nor cry,
  The power to feel with others, give!
Calm, calm me more; not let me die
  Before I have begun to live.

Matthew Arnold's prose writings cover a wide field in manifold departments, the theological element being rather predominant. Thus we have *St. Paul and Protestantism* (1870); *Literature and Dogma* (1873); *Last Essays on Church and Religion* (1877); *Irish Essays, and Others* (1882); *Discourses in America* (1885); *Essays in Criticism,* second series (1888). In 1884 he made a tour in America, delivering several discourses, some of which embody his best and most matured thought. One of these discourses bears the title, *Numbers; or, the Majority and the Remnant.* He takes partially as a text the saying of Isaiah, "Though thy people Israel be as the sand of the sea, only a remnant of them shall return." After speaking of this "remnant" as existing in various ancient and modern peoples, he thus applies the teaching to the United States of America:

THE REMNANT IN THE UNITED STATES.

In these United States you are fifty millions and more. I suppose that, as in England, as in France, as everywhere else, so likewise here, the majority of the people doubt very much whether the majority is unsound; or, rather, they have no doubt at all about the matter — they are sure that it is not unsound. But let us consent to-night to remain to the end in the ideas of the sages and prophets whom we have been following all along, and let us suppose that in the present actual stage of the world, as in all the stages through which the world has past hitherto, the majority be in general unsound everywhere. Where is the failure? I suppose that in a democratic community like this — with its newness, its magnitude, its strength, its life of business, its sheer freedom and equality — the danger is in the absence of the discipline of respect; in hardness and materialism, exaggeration and boastfulness; in a false smartness, a false audacity, a want of soul and delicacy. "Whatsoever things are *elevated*"— Whatsoever things are noble, serious, have true elevation — that, perhaps, in our mind is the maxim which points to where the failure of the unsound majority, in a great democracy like yours, will probably lie. At any rate, let us for the moment agree to suppose so. And the philosophers and the prophets — whom I at any rate am disposed to believe — and who say that moral causes govern the standing and the falling of states, will tell us that the failure to mind whatsoever things are elevated must impair with an inexorable fatality the life of a nation, just as the failure to mind whatsoever things are just, or whatsoever things are pure, will impair it; and that in the failure to mind whatsoever things are elevated should be real in your American democracy, and should grow into a disease, and take firm hold on you, then the life of even these great United States must inevitably be impaired more and more until it perish.

Then from this hard doctrine we will betake ourselves

to the more comfortable doctrine of *the remnant.* "The remnant shall return;" shall convert and be healed itself first, and shall then recover the unsound majority. And you are fifty millions, and growing apace. What a remnant yours may be surely! A remnant of how great numbers, how mighty strength, how irresistible efficacy! Yet we must not go too fast, either, nor make too sure of our efficacious remnant. Mere multitudes will not give us a saving remnant with certainty. The Assyrian empire had multitude, the Roman empire had multitude! yet neither the one nor the other could produce a sufficing remnant, any more than Athens or Judah could produce it; and both Assyria and Rome perished like Athens and Judah.

But you are something more than a people of fifty millions. You are fifty millions mainly sprung — as we in England are mainly sprung — from that German stock, which has faults indeed — faults which have diminished the extent of its influence, diminished its power of attraction, and the interest of its history. Yet of that German stock it is, I think, true — as my father said more than fifty years ago — that it has been a stock "of the most moral races of men that the world has yet seen, with the soundest laws, the least violent passions, the fairest domestic and civil virtues." You come, therefore, of about the best parentage which a modern nation can have.

Then you have had, as we in England have also had — but more entirely than we and more exclusively — the Puritan discipline. Certainly I am not blind to the faults of that discipline. Certainly I do not wish it to remain in possession of the field forever, or too long. But as a stage and a discipline, and as means for enabling that poor, inattentive and immoral creature, man, to love and appropriate, and make part of his being, divine ideas, on which he could not otherwise have laid or kept hold, the discipline of Puritanism has been invaluable; and the more I read history, the more I see of mankind, the more I recognize its value.

Well, then, you are not merely a multitude of fifty

millions; you are fifty millions sprung from this excellent Germanic stock, having passed through this excellent Puritan discipline, and set in this enviable and unbounded country. Even supposing, therefore, that by the necessity of things your majority must in the present stage of the world probably be unsound, what a remnant, I say — what an incomparable, all-transforming remnant — you may fairly hope, with your number — if things go happily — to have.

Matthew Arnold visited America not very long after the death of Ralph Waldo Emerson; and he delivered a discourse upon the philosopher and poet of Concord. The two men had certainly very much in common in the fibre of their minds. Perhaps for that very reason Arnold was not the man best fitted to take the measure of Emerson; but he has certainly done his best in this regard. We quote certain characteristic passages.

MATTHEW ARNOLD UPON EMERSON.

And, in truth, one of the legitimate poets, Emerson, in my opinion, is not. His poetry is interesting, it makes one think; but it is not the poetry of one of the born poets. I say it of him with reluctance, although I am sure that he would have said it of himself; but I say it with reluctance, because I dislike giving pain to his admirers, and because all my own wish too, is to say of him what is favorable. But I regard myself not as speaking to please Emerson's admirers, not as speaking to please myself; but rather as communing with Time and Nature concerning the productions of this beautiful and rare spirit. . . .

Milton says that poetry ought to be simple, sensuous, impassioned. Well, Emerson's poetry is seldom either simple, or sensuous, or impassioned. In general it lacks directness; it lacks correctness; it lacks energy. His grammar is often embarrassed; in particular, the want of clearly marked distinction between the subject and

the object of his sentence is a frequent cause of obscurity in him. A poem which shall be a plain, forcible, inevitable whole he hardly ever produced. Such good work as the noble lines graven on the Concord Monument is the exception with him; such ineffective work as the *Fourth of July Ode* or the *Boston Hymn* is the rule. Even passages and single lines of thorough plainness and commanding force are rare in his poetry. They exist, of course; but when we meet with them they give us to them. . . .

I do not, then, place Emerson among the great poets. But I go further, and say that I do not place him among the great writers, the great men of letters. Who are the great men of letters? They are men like Cicero, Plato, Bacon, Pascal, Swift, Voltaire — writers with, in the first place, a genius and instinct for style; writers whose prose is by a kind of native necessity true and sound. Now the style of Emerson, like the style of his transcendentalist friends, and of *The Dial,* so continually — the style of Emerson is capable of falling into a strain like this, which I take from the beginning of his essay on *Love:* "Every soul is a celestial being to every other soul. The heart has its sabbaths and jubilees, in which the world appears as a hymeneal feast, and all the natural sounds and the circle of the seasons are erotic odes and dances." Emerson altered this sentence in the later editions. Like Wordsworth, he was in later life fond of altering; and in general his later alterations, like those of Wordsworth, are not improvements. He softened the passage in question, however, though without really mending it. I quote it in its original and strongly marked form. . . .

Not with the Miltons and Grays, not with the Platos and Spinozas, not with the Swifts and Voltaires, not with the Montaignes and Addisons, can we rank Emerson. His work of different kinds — when one compares it with the work done in a corresponding kind by these masters, fails to stand the comparison. No man could see this clearer than himself. It is hard not to feel despondency when we contemplate our failures and short-

comings; and Emerson, the least self-flattering and the most modest of men, saw so plainly what was lacking to him, and he had his moments of despondency. "Alas, my friend," he writes in reply to Carlyle, who had exhorted him to creative work — "Alas, my friend, I can do no such gay thing as you say. I do not belong to the poets, but only to a low department of literature — the reporters. . . . When I see how much work is to be done, what room for a poet, for any spiritualist, in this great, intelligent, sensual, and avaricious America, I lament my fumbling fingers and stammering tongue. . . . But 'the strong hours conquer us;' and I am the victim of miscellany — miscellany of designs, vast debility, and procrastination." . . .

And now I think I have cleared up the ground. I have given to envious Time as much of Emerson as Time can fairly expect ever to obtain. We have not in Emerson a great poet, a great writer, a great philosophy-maker. His relation to us is not that of one of those personages; yet it is a relation of, I think, even superior importance. His relation to us is more like that of the Roman emperor, Marcus Aurelius. Marcus Aurelius is not a great writer, a great philosophy-maker; he is the friend and the aider of those who would live in the spirit. Emerson is the same. He is the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit. All the points in thinking which are necessary for this purpose he takes; but he does not combine them into a system, or present them by a regular philosophy. Combined in a system by a man with the requisite talent for this kind of thing, they would be less useful than as Emerson gives them to us; and the man with the talent so to systematize them would be less impressive than Emerson. They do very well as they now stand — like "boulders" — as he says — "in paragraphs incomprehensible, each sentence an infinitely repellant particle." In such sentences his main points recur again and again, and become fixed in the memory. . . .

Happiness in labor, righteousness and veracity; in all the life of the spirit; happiness and eternal hope: that

was Emerson's gospel. I hear it said that Emerson was too sanguine; that the actual generation in America is not turning out so well as he expected. Very likely he was too sanguine as to the near future. Very possibly the present generation may prove unworthy of his high hopes; even several generations succeeding this may prove unworthy of them. But by his conviction that in the life of the spirit is happiness, and by his hope that this life of the spirit will come more and more to be understood, and to prevail, and to work for happiness: — by this conviction and hope Emerson was great; and he will surely prove in the end to have been right in them. . . .

Many of your writers are over-sanguine, and on the wrong grounds. But you have two men who in what they have written show their sanguineness in a line where courage and hope are just, where they are also infinitely important, but where they are not easy. These two men are Franklin and Emerson. These two are, I think, the most distinctively and honorably American of your writers; they are the most original and the most valuable. Wise men everywhere know that we must keep up our courage and our hope. Franklin and Emerson maintained theirs with a convincing ease, an inspiring joy. Franklin's confidence in the happiness with which industry, honesty, and economy will crown the life of this work-day world is such that he runs over with felicity. With a like felicity does Emerson run over when he contemplates the happiness eternally attached to the true life in the spirit. You cannot prize him too much, nor heed him too diligently. He has lessons for both branches of our race. To us he shows for guidance his lucid freedom, his cheerfulness and hope, to you his dignity, delicacy, serenity, devotion.

ARNOLD, THOMAS, an English educator and historian; born at East Cowes, Isle of Wight, June 13, 1795; died at Rugby, June 12, 1842. He was educated at various schools, and in 1811 was elected a scholar of Corpus Christi College, Oxford; and subsequently a fellow of Oriel College, where he gained, in 1815 and 1817, the Chancellor's prize for two University essays, the one in Latin, the other in English. He received deacon's orders in 1818; married soon after, and took up his residence at Laleham, where he devoted himself for nine years to the preparation of students for the great schools and the universities. In 1828 he took priest's orders, and was chosen to the head-mastership of Rugby School. Probably no English educator ever exercised so powerful a personal influence over his pupils as did Thomas Arnold. His cardinal principle was that no "black sheep" should find place at Rugby. "It is not necessary," he said, "that this should be a school of three hundred, or one hundred, or of fifty boys; but it is necessary that it should be a school of Christian gentlemen." In 1841, still retaining the head-mastership of Rugby, he was made Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford, and delivered an inaugural lecture which awakened the highest anticipations of the future which lay before him in this department. He had hardly passed middle age, and his apparently robust frame gave every indication that he would attain the extremest limit of human life. But on the evening of June 11, 1842, he was seized with a sudden spasm of the heart, and died early the next morning. His *Life and Correspondence,* edited by Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, is justly esteemed as

among the best of English biographies. From the voluminous Correspondence we select a single passage, written near the close of his life:

TAKING LIFE IN EARNEST.

I meet with a great many persons in the course of a year, and with many whom I admire and like; but what I feel daily more and more to need, as life every year rises more and more before me in its true reality, is to have intercourse with those who take life in earnest. It is very painful to me to be always on the surface of things; and I feel that literature, science, politics, many topics of far greater interest than mere gossip or talking about the weather, are yet, as they are generally talked about, still upon the surface; they do not touch the real depths of life. It is not that I want much of what is called religious conversation; that, I believe, is often on the surface, like other conversation. But I want a sign, which one catches by a sort of masonry, that a man knows what he is about in life; whither tending, in what cause engaged; and when I find this, it seems to open my heart as thoroughly, and with as fresh a sympathy, as when I was twenty years younger.

Arnold published several volumes of *Sermons,* mainly preached at Rugby; wrote the *History of the Later Roman Commonwealth;* and prepared eight *Introductory Lectures on Modern History,* which, however, were not published until after his death. We quote a single passage from these *Lectures:*

THE SIEGE OF GENOA IN 1800.

In the Autumn of 1799 the Austrians had driven the French out of Lombardy and Piedmont. Their last victory of Fossano, or Genola, had won the fortress of Coni or Cuneo, close under the Alps, and at the very extremity of the plain of the Po. The French clung to

Italy only by their hold of the Riviera of Genoa — the narrow strip of coast, between the Apennines and the sea; which extends from the frontiers of France almost to the mouth of the Arno. Hither the remains of the French force were collected, commanded by General Massena, and the point of chief importance to his defence was the city of Genoa.

Napoleon had just returned from Egypt, and was become First Consul; but he could not be expected to take the field until the following Spring and till then Massena was hopeless of relief from without; everything was to depend upon his own pertinacity. The strength of his army made it impossible to force it in such a position as Genoa; but its very numbers, added to the population of a great city, held out to the enemy the hope of reducing it by famine; and as Genoa derives most of its supplies by sea, Lord Keith, the British naval Commander-in-Chief, in the Mediterranean, lent the assistance of his naval force to the Austrians; and by the vigilance of his cruisers the whole coasting trade right and left along the Riviera was effectually cut off. It was not at once that the inhabitants of a great city, accustomed to the sight of well-stored shops and an abundant market, began to realize the idea of scarcity; or that the wealthy classes of society, who have never known any other state than one of abundance and luxury, began seriously to conceive of famine. But the shops were emptied, and the storehouses began to be drawn upon, and no fresh supply, or hope of supply, appeared.

Winter passed away, and Spring returned, so early and so beautiful on that garden-like coast, sheltered as it is from the north winds by its belt of mountains, and opened to the full range of the southern sun. Spring returned, and clothed the hillsides with its fresh verdure. But that verdure was no longer the mere delight of the careless eye of luxury, refreshing the citizens with its liveliness and softness when they rode or walked up thither from the city, to enjoy the surpassing beauty of the prospect. The green hillsides were now visited

for a very different object. Ladies of the highest rank might be seen cutting up every plant which it was possible to turn to food, and bearing home the common weeds of our roadsides as a most precious treasure.

The French General pitied the distress of the people; but the lives and strength of his garrison seemed to him more important than the lives of the Genoese; and such provisions as remained were reserved in the first place for the French army. Scarcity became utter want, and want became famine. In the most gorgeous palaces of that gorgeous city, no less than in the humblest tenements of its humblest poor, death was busy. Not the momentary death of battle or massacre, nor the speedy death of pestilence, but the lingering death of famine. Infants died before their parents' eyes; husbands and wives lay down to expire together. A man whom I saw at Genoa in 1825, told me that his father and two of his brothers had been starved to death in this fatal siege. So it went on till, in the month of June — when Napoleon had already descended from the Alps into the plains of Lombardy — the misery became unendurable, and Massena surrendered. But before he did so, twenty thousand innocent persons, old and young, women and children, had died by the most horrible of deaths which humanity can endure.— *Lectures on Modern History.*

The greatest work which Thomas Arnold ever lived to complete, even partially, was his *History of Rome;* and that, though the work of the scanty leisure of several years, and extending to three large volumes, is but a torso. His design had been to write the History of Rome from the foundation of the city until the fall of the Western Empire, about A.D. 476; but the work was brought down only to the close of the second Punic War, about 200 B.C. This *History* is throughout brilliant and picturesque. Its most striking passages are those in which he portrays the char-

acters of several men who played notable parts in the great events of the times.

HANNIBAL THE CARTHAGINIAN.

Hannibal's genius may be likened to the Homeric god, who, in his hatred of the Trojans, rises from the deep to rally the fainting Greeks, and to lead them against the enemy; so the calm courage with which Hector met his more than human adversary in his country's cause, is no unworthy image of the unyielding magnanimity displayed by the aristocracy of Rome. As Hannibal utterly eclipses Carthage, so, on the contrary, Fabius, Marcellus, Claudius, Nero, and even Scipio himself, are as nothing when compared to the spirit and wisdom and power of Rome. The Senate, which voted its thanks to the political enemy, Varro, after his disastrous defeat, because he had not despaired of the Commonwealth, and which forbore either to solicit, or to reprove, or to threaten, or in any way to notice the twelve colonies which had refused their accustomed supplies of men for the army, is far more to be honored than the conqueror of Zama.

This we should the more carefully bear in mind, because our tendency is to admire individual greatness far more than national; and as no single Roman will bear comparison with Hannibal, we are apt to murmur at the event of the contest, and to think that the victory was awarded to the least worthy of the combatants. On the contrary, never was the wisdom of God's providence more manifest than in the issue of the struggle between Rome and Carthage. It was clearly for the good of mankind that Hannibal should be conquered. His triumph would have stopped the progress of the world. For great men can only act permanently by forming great nations; and no one man — even though it were Hannibal himself — can in one generation effect such a work. But where a nation has been merely enkindled for awhile by a great man's spirit, the light passes away with him who communicated it; and the

nation, when he is gone, is like a dead body, to which magic power had for a moment given an unnatural life; when the charm has ceased, the body is cold and stiff as before.

He who grieves over the battle of Zama should carry on his thoughts to a period thirty years later, when Hannibal must, in the course of nature, have been dead, and consider how the isolated Phœnician city of Carthage was fitted to receive and to consolidate the civilization of Greece, or by its laws and institutions to bind together barbarians of every race and language into an organized empire, and prepare them for becoming, when that empire was dissolved, the free members of the Commonwealth of Christian Europe.— *History of Rome.*

Thomas Arnold was beyond all doubt a man much greater than any or all of his published works. Indeed we imagine that he must have begun to feel that there was higher work for him to do than to write the history of those Romans who had lived and wrought, whether wisely or unwisely, a score of centuries before his time. Nay, that there was something greater for him to do than to be — as he certainly was — the "Great Schoolmaster" of England. In one of his letters he speaks of a work which he had in contemplation:

CHRISTIAN POLITICS.

I have long had in my mind a work on Christian Politics, or the application of the Gospel to the state of man as a citizen, in which the whole question of a Religious Establishment, and the education proper for Christian members of a Christian Commonwealth would naturally find a place. It would embrace also an historical sketch of the pretended conversion of the Kingdoms of this World to the Kingdom of Christ, in the fourth and fifth centuries, which I look upon as one of the greatest *tours d'adresse* that Satan ever played.

. . . I mean that by inducing Kings and nations to get into their hands the direction of Christian Societies he has in a great measure succeeded in keeping out the peculiar principles of that society from any extended sphere of operation, and insuring the ascendency of his own.—*Life and Correspondence.*

ARREBO, ANDERS CHRISTENSEN, a Danish poet, the father of modern Scandinavian poetry; born at Æræskjöbing, Denmark, in 1587; died in 1637. He became an ecclesiastic, and in 1618 he was chosen Bishop of Drontheim. It was during his stay in Norway that he is supposed to have composed his great poem, *The Hexaëmeron.* In 1622 he was ejected from his bishopric for disorderly conduct; or, as one biographer puts it, for too much love of song and stringed instruments, for amorous discourse, and for too copious joviality at weddings and junketings. He never fully retrieved his reputation; but in 1626 he is said to have become pastor at Vordingborg. It was not until 1661, nearly a quarter of a century after his death, that *The Hexaëmeron,* which stamped him as the greatest poet that Denmark had produced, was printed. The work is largely imitative of *La Première Semaine* of Du Bartas, of whom Arrebo was a disciple. The lines on the Maelström, which we take in Gosse's translation, from *The Hexaëmeron,* propounded a theory which was universally received for at least a century, and which made the poet more famous, perhaps, than even his verses.

THE MAELSTRÖM.

In Loufod far to north on Norway's distant shore,
A flood is found that hath no like the wide world o'er,
Entitled Moske-flood, from that high Mosker rock
Round which in seemly rings the obsequious waters flock;
When this with hasty zeal performs the moon's designs,
If any man comes near, the world he straight resigns;
In spring its billows rear like other mountains high,
But through their sides we see the sun, the earth's bright eye;
Then, if the winds should rise against the flood's wild way,
Two heroes rush and meet in crash of war's array.
Then tremble land and house, then doors and windows rattle,
The earth is fain to cleave before that monstrous battle;
The vast and magic whale dares not its breach essay,
But turns in fear to flight, and roaring speeds away.
Now my belief is this: that underneath the sea,
A belt of lofty rock is forged immutably,
Which hath an entrance, but is solid stone elsewhere,
And in the centre sends a peak high up to air.
When now the flood is come, with angry voice it calls,
And rushes inward like a thousand waterfalls,
And can no exit find to rule its rugged shock,
So madly whirls around the lofty central rock,
And rumbles like a quern when man doth grind therein.

ARTHUR, TIMOTHY SHAY, an American novelist; born near Newburg, N. Y., in 1809; died at Philadelphia, March 6, 1885. His parents removed to Baltimore, Md., while he was a child; here he was apprenticed to a trade, afterward became clerk in a mercantile house, and in 1833 went to the West

as agent for a banking company. This enterprise proving unsuccessful he returned to Baltimore, where he became associate editor of a newspaper, and entered upon the career of authorship. In 1841 he took up his residence in Philadelphia, which was thenceforth his home. For several years he conducted a periodical which bore his name, and in which many of his writings first appeared; but he also contributed largely to other periodicals. He was an earnest member of the "New Jerusalem" (Swedenborgian) Church. His writings usually took the form of fiction, all having a direct moral aim, several of them relating directly to the temperance question. Among these are *Ten Nights in a Bar Room,* and *Six Nights with the Washingtonians.* The list of his works is a long one, comprising in all some 100 volumes, mostly, however, of small size. Many of them are grouped into series; such as *Tales from Real Life* (3 vols.); *Tales of Married Life* (3 vols.); *Stories of Domestic Life* (3 vols.); *Heart Histories and Life Pictures* (6 vols.); *Library for the Household* (12 vols.); *Cottage Library* (6 vols.); *Arthur's Juvenile Library* (12 vols.). Besides these there is a collection of his novelettes in a cheap form, embracing twenty or thirty volumes. The following sketch, belonging to the middle period of his long career, is a fair specimen of Mr. Arthur's best manner:

GENTLE HAND.

When and where it matters not now to relate; but "once upon a time," as I was passing through a thinly-peopled district of country, night came down upon me almost unawares. Being on foot I could not hope to gain the village towards which my steps were directed,

until a late hour; and I therefore preferred seeking shelter and a night's lodging at the first humble dwelling that presented itself.

Dusky twilight was giving place to deeper shadows, when I found myself in the vicinity of a dwelling, from the small uncurtained windows of which the light shone with a pleasant prospect of good cheer and comfort. The house stood within an enclosure, and a short distance from the road along which I was moving with wearied feet. Turning aside, and passing through the ill-hung gate, I approached the dwelling. Slowly the gate swung on its wooden hinges; and the rattle of its latch, in closing, did not disturb the air until I had nearly reached the little porch in front of the house, in which a slender girl, who had noticed my entrance, stood awaiting my arrival. A deep, quick bark answered, almost like an echo, the sound of the shutting gate, and, sudden as an apparition, the form of an immense dog loomed in the doorway. At the instant when he was about to spring, a light hand was laid upon his shaggy neck, and a low word spoken:

"Go in, Tiger," said the girl, not in a voice of authority; yet in her gentle tones was the consciousness that she would be obeyed. And as she spoke, she lightly bore upon the animal with her hand; and he turned away, and disappeared within the dwelling.

"Who's that?"—A rough voice asked the question; and now a heavy-looking man took the dog's place in the door.

"How far is it to G——?" I asked, not deeming it best to say, in the beginning, that I sought a resting-place for the night.

"To G——!" growled the man, but not so harshly as at first. "It's good six miles from here."

"A long distance! and I'm a stranger, and on foot," said I. "If you can make room for me until morning, I will be very thankful."

I saw the girl's hand move quickly up his arm, until it rested on his shoulder; and now she leaned to him still closer.

"Come in. We'll try what can be done for you."

There was a change in the man's voice that made me wonder. I entered a large room in which blazed a brisk fire. Before the fire sat two stout lads, who turned upon me their heavy eyes, with no very welcome greeting. A middle-aged woman was standing at a table, and two children were amusing themselves with a kitten on the floor.

"A stranger, mother," said the man who had given me so rude a greeting at the door; "and he wants us to let him stay all night."

The woman looked at me doubtingly for a few moments, and then replied coldly, "We don't keep a public house."

"I am aware of that, ma'am," said I; "but night has overtaken me, and it's a long way yet to ——"

"Too far for a tired man to go on foot," said the master of the house, kindly; "so it's no use talking about it, mother; we must give him a bed."

So unobtrusively that I scarcely noticed the movement, the girl had drawn to the woman's side. What she said to her I did not hear, for the brief words were uttered in a low voice; but I noticed, as she spoke, one small, fair hand rested on the woman's hand. Was there magic in that gentle touch? The woman's repulsive aspect changed into one of kindly welcome, and she said —

"Yes, it's a long way to G——. I guess we can find a place for him."

Many times more during that evening did I observe the magic power of that hand and voice; the one gentle and yet potent as the other.

On the next morning, breakfast being over, I was preparing to take my departure, when my host informed me that if I would wait for half an hour, he would give me a ride in his wagon to G——, as business required him to go there. In due time the farmer's wagon was driven into the road before the house, and I was invited to get in. I noticed the horse as a rough-looking Canadian pony, with a certain air of stubborn endurance. As

the farmer took his seat by my side, the family came to the door to see us off.

"Dick!" said the farmer in a peremptory voice, giving the rein a quick jerk as he spoke. But Dick moved not a step. "Dick! you vagabond, get up;" and the farmer's whip cracked sharply by the pony's ear.

It availed not, however, this second appeal. Dick stood firmly disobedient. Next, the whip was brought down upon him, with an impatient hand; but the pony only reared up a little. Fast and sharp the strokes were next dealt, to the number of half-a-dozen. The man might as well have beaten his wagon, for all that his end was gained.

A stout lad now came out into the road, and catching Dick by the bridle, jerked him forward, using at the same time the customary language on such occasions. But Dick met this new enemy with increased stubbornness, planting his fore-feet more firmly, and at a sharper angle with the ground. The impatient boy now struck the pony on the side of his head with his clenched hand, and jerked cruelly at his bridle. It availed nothing, however; Dick was not to be wrought upon by any such arguments.

"Don't do so, John!"

I turned my head as the maiden's sweet voice reached my ear. She was passing through the gate into the road; and, in the next moment, had taken hold of the lad, and drawn him away from the animal. No strength was exerted in this; she took hold of his arm, and he obeyed her wish as readily as if he had no thought beyond her gratification. And now that soft hand was laid gently on the pony's neck, and a single low word was spoken. How instantly were the tense muscles relaxed; how quickly the stubborn air vanished.

"Poor Dick!" said the maiden, as she stroked his neck lightly, or softly patted it with a child-like hand. "Now, go along, you provoking fellow!" she added in a half-chiding yet affectionate voice, as she drew up the bridle.

The pony turned toward her, and rubbed his head

against her arm for an instant or two. Then, pricking up his ears, he started off at a light, cheerful trot, and went on his way as if no silly crotchet had ever entered his stubborn brain.

"What a wonderful power that hand possesses," said I, speaking to my companion, as we rode away.

He looked at me for a moment, as if my words had occasioned surprise. Then a light came into his countenance, and he said briefly, "She's good! Everything and everybody loves her!"

Was that, indeed, the secret of her power? Was the quality of her soul perceived in the impression of her hand, even by the brute beasts? The father's explanation was, doubtless, the true one. Yet have I ever since wondered — and do still wonder — at the potency which lay in that maiden's magic touch. I have seen something of the same power showing itself in the loving and the good, but never to the extent as instanced in her, whom — for want of a better name — I must still call "Gentle Hand."

ASBJÖRNSEN, PETER KRISTEN, a Norwegian zoölogist and author; born at Christiania, January 15, 1812; died there January 6, 1885. He was educated at the University of Christiania, where he studied medicine and zoölogy, but applied himself particularly to the latter. In 1842, in collaboration with the poet Moe, he published a volume of folk-lore entitled *Norwegian Popular Tales,* a book that made little impression at the time, but which has grown to be one of the bulwarks of Norwegian literature, and which, besides winning for him a world-fame, has had a profound influence on the younger poets of our day. His later works, be-

sides various translations, include: *Tales of the Mountain Spirits* (1845); *Natural History* (6 vols., 1849); *Christmas-Tree Story-Books* (4 vols., 1850-66); *Norwegian Stories* (1871).

From 1868 to 1871 he held the office of peat-commissioner; and in this connection he wrote his *Torf og Torfdrift.* Asbjörnsen, though not himself a poet, was the herald of the new national poetry of Norway, and the father, in a sense, of the folk-songs of Moe, the historical dramas of Ibsen, and the peasant romances of Björnstjerne Björnson. Taking his inspiration from the national life around him, searching for the wealth of old songs and sagas that lay in the inner heart of his countrymen, he strolled through the magnificent passes of Justedal and the Romsdal, and explored the valleys of Osterdal, drinking in the wild beauty of the scenery till it became a part of his being, and gossiping with every peasant he could meet with. Crossing some dark fjord he would coax from the ferrymen a story about the spirits that haunt the waters; from the post-boys he got fantastic tales of the trolls and the wood-spirits; while the dames around the fire would murmur ancient rites and the horrors of by-gone superstition.

THE HARE AND THE HEIRESS.

Once on a time there was a hare, who was frisking up and down under the greenwood tree.

"Oh! hurrah! hip, hip, hurrah!" he cried, and leapt and sprang, and all at once he threw a somersault, and stood upon his hind legs. Just then a fox came slouching by.

"Good-day, good-day," said the hare; "I'm *so* merry to-day, for you must know I was married this morning."

"Lucky fellow you," said the fox.

"Ah, no! not so lucky after all," said the hare, "for she was very heavy handed, and it was an old witch I got to wife."

"Then you were an unlucky fellow," said the fox.

"Oh, not so unlucky either," said the hare, "for she was an heiress. She had a cottage of her own."

"Then you were lucky after all," said the fox.

"No, no! not so lucky either," said the hare, "for the cottage caught fire and was burnt, and all we had with it."

"That I call downright unlucky," said the fox.

"Oh, no; not so very unlucky after all," said the hare, "for my witch of a wife was burnt along with her cottage."— *Translation of* G. W. DASENT.

ASCHAM, ROGER, an English classical scholar; born at Kirby, Yorkshire, in 1515; died at London, December 30, 1568. His father was house-steward in the family of Lord Scroope. At the age of fifteen he entered St. John's College, Cambridge, where he distinguished himself in Greek and Latin, and was three years after chosen a fellow of his College. In 1544 he became public orator of the University, and was made Latin Secretary to the boy-king, Edward VI., then only seven years old. In 1548 he was invited by the Princess Elizabeth, afterward Queen, to direct her studies in Latin and Greek. In 1550 he became secretary to Sir Richard Morysine, who had been appointed ambassador to the Emperor Charles V., and remained abroad for three years. Upon the accession of Queen Mary, in 1553, Ascham was appointed her Latin Secretary, and he was continued in this office upon the accession of Elizabeth,

three years later. When he died, Elizabeth said that she would rather have lost ten thousand pounds than her tutor. Ascham has been styled, perhaps somewhat too emphatically, "the father of English prose." The following extract from one of his earlier writings, *Toxo'phílus,* a work in praise of archery, will give a fair idea of his style. In this extract the original spelling has been preserved. Philologus, one of the interlocutors in the dialogue, says:

STUDY AND AMUSEMENT.

How moche in this matter is to be giuen to ye auctoritie either of Aristotle or Tullie, I can not tel, seeing sad men may wel ynough speke merily for a merie matter, this I am sure, whiche thing this faire wheat (God save it!) maketh me remembre yat those husbandmen which rise erliest, and come latest home, and are content to have their diner and other drinckinges broughte into the fielde to them, for feare of losing of time, haue fatter barnes in haruest than they which will either slepe at none time of the daye, or els make merie with their neighbours at the ale. And so a scholer yat purposeth to be a good husband and desireth to repe and enjoy much fruite of learning, must tylle and sowe thereafter. Our beste seede tyme, which be scholers, as it is verie tymelye, and whan we be yonge; so it endureth not overlonge, and therefore it may not be let slippe one houre, oure grounds is verye harde, and full of wedes, our houre, oure grounds is verye harde, and full as Plato sayth. And infinite other mo lettes whiche wil make a thriftie scholer take hede how he spendeth his tyme in sporte and playe.

After no little colloquy upon this general subject, in which Toxophilus has waxed warm in the praise of archery, Philologus winds up by saying:

How you have handled this matter, Toxophile, I may

not wel tel you myselfe now, but for your gentlenesse and good-wil towards learninge and shootinge, I wil be content to shewe you anye pleasure whensoever you wil; and nowe the sunne is downe, therefore if it plese you we wil go home and drincke in my chamber, and then I wil tel you plainlye what I thincke of this communication, and also what daye we will appointe at your request, for the other matter to meete here againe.

The principal work of Ascham, which, however, was not printed until after his death, is *The Schoolmaster,* which, Dr. Johnson said, is "perhaps the best advice that was ever given for the study of languages." The somewhat quaint title of this treatise reads thus, as originally printed:

"The Schole Master, or plaine and perfite way of teaching children to understand, write, and speak, the Latin Tonge, but specially purposed for the private bringing up of Youth in Ientlemen and Noblemen's houses, and commodious also for all such as have forgot the Latin Tonge, and would, by themselves, with a schole master, in short time, and with small paines recouer a sufficient habilitie to understand, write, and speak Latin."

In *The Schoolmaster* occurs that fine passage in which Ascham describes his interview with Lady Jane Grey, then in her fourteenth year. The spelling here has been made to conform to modern usage.

INTERVIEW WITH LADY JANE GRAY.

One example, whether love or fear doth work more in a child for virtue and learning, I will gladly report; which may be heard with some pleasure, and followed with more profit. Before I went into Germany, I came to Broadgate, in Leicestershire, to take my leave of that noble Lady Jane Gray, to whom I was exceeding much beholden. Her parents, the duke and duchess, with all the household, gentlemen and gentlewomen,

were hunting in the park. I found her in her chamber reading *Phædon Platonis* in Greek, and that with as much delight as some gentlemen would read a merry tale in Bocace. After salutation and duty done, with some other talk, I asked her why she would lose such pastime in the park. Smiling, she answered me: "I wiss, all their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure that I find in Plato. Alas! good folk, they never felt what true pleasure meant." "And how came you, madam," quoth I, "to this deep knowledge of pleasure? And what did chiefly allure you unto it, seeing not many women, but very few men, have attained thereunto?" "I will tell you," quoth she, "and tell you a truth which, perchance, ye will marvel at. One of the greatest benefits that ever God gave me, is, that he sent me so sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a schoolmaster. For when I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merry or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing anything else, I must do it, as it were in such weight, measure, and number, even so perfectly as God made the world, or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened; yea, presently, sometimes with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other ways, which I will not name for the honor I bear them, so without measure misordered, that I think myself in hell, till time come that I must go to Mr. Elmer; who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing, whiles I am with him. And when I am called from him, I fall on weeping, because, whatever I do else, but learning, is full of grief, trouble, fear, and whole misliking unto me. And thus my book hath been so much my pleasure, and bringeth daily to me more pleasure and more, that, in respect of it, all other pleasures, in very deed, be but trifles and troubles unto me."

Ascham also wrote a *Report and Discourse* concerning what he had observed during his diplomatic sojourn in Germany, which is characterized as "one of

the most delicate pieces of history that ever was penned in our language, evincing its author to have been a man as capable of shining in the cabinet as in the closet."

ATHENÆUS, a Greek philosopher and general writer of the second and third centuries, was born in Naucratis, Egypt. He is supposed to have written on grammar, rhetoric, and philosophy; but his greatest work, and that by which alone he is known to modern readers, is his *Deipnosophistæ*, otherwise known as *The Feast of the Learned*. This is an immense storehouse of miscellaneous information, in fifteen books, in which about two thousand five hundred separate works of some eight hundred writers of antiquity are referred to or quoted. Thus it becomes an invaluable repertory in information of writers of whom otherwise we would have no remains. Müller, in his *History of the Literature of Ancient Greece*, thus describes this work, of which he says the main object is the ventilation of the author's learning: "It is a polyhistorical work chiefly made up of extracts from books in the library of Alexandria, and put into the form of a dialogue, or series of dialogues, supposed to have been carried on in the house of a learned and opulent Roman named Larensius, or Laurentius, during an entertainment prolonged through many days. These learned guests pour forth an unbroken stream of quotations touching on every subject which could be suggested by a banquet, and many others which are brought in

by the head and shoulders; so that the work is a complete treasury of information on Greek literature, especially poetry, natural history, medicine, public and social usages, philology and grammar." Schweighaeuser says that if we look into any collection of the fragments of Greek poets we shall see how large a proportion is due to the Deipnosophists.

PLATO'S "LAWS" AND "POLITY."

As to the book of the Laws composed by him, and the Polity which was written before the Laws, what good have they done us? And yet he ought (as Lycurgus did the Lacedæmonians, and as Solon did the Athenians, and Caleucus the Thurians), if they were excellent, to have persuaded some of the Greeks to adopt them. For a law (as Aristotle says) is a form of words decided on by the common agreement of a city, pointing out how one ought to do everything. And how can we consider Plato's conduct anything but ridiculous; since, when there were already three Athenian lawgivers who had a great name,— Draco, and Plato himself, and Solon,— the citizens abide by the laws of the other two, but ridicule those of Plato? And the case of the Polity is the same. Even if his Constitution is the best of all possible constitutions, yet, if it does not persuade us to adopt it, what are we the better for it? Plato, then, appears to have written his laws, not for men who have any real existence, but rather for a set of men invented by himself; so that one has to look for people who will use them. But it would have been better for him to write such things as he could persuade men of; and not to act like people who only pray, but rather like those who seize hold of what offers itself to them.— YONGE'S *Translation of Deipnosophistæ.*

ATHERSTONE, Edwin, an English poet and prose-writer; born at Nottingham, April 12, 1788; died at Bath, January 29, 1872. Of his biography almost nothing is recorded. He wrote three poems in blank verse, which aroused much attention as manifesting "power and vigor, splendid diction, and truly poetic feeling." These poems were: *The Last Days of Herculaneum, Abradates and Panthea* (1821), and *The Fall of Nineveh* (1828). These were all written before he had reached the age of forty. He afterward wrote *Israel in Egypt* (1861), and two romances, *The Sea-Kings in England,* and *The Handwriting on the Wall.* Perhaps the finest passage in his poems is that in *The Fall of Nineveh* in which he describes the banquet of Sardanapalus:

THE BANQUET OF SARDANAPALUS.

The moon is clear, the stars are coming forth,
The evening breeze falls pleasantly. Retired
Within his gorgeous hall, Assyria's king
Sits at the banquet, and in love and wine
Revels delighted. On the gilded roof
A thousand golden lamps their lustre fling,
And on the marble walls, and on the throne
Gem-bossed, that on high jasper-steps upraised,
Like to one solid diamond quivering stands,
Sun-splendors flashing round. In woman's garb
The sensual King is clad, and with him sit
A crowd of beauteous concubines. They sing
And roll the wanton eye, and laugh, and sigh,
And feed his ear with honeyed flatteries,
And laud him as a god. . . .
Like a mountain stream,
Amid the silence of the dewy eve

Heard by the lonely traveller through the vale,
With dream-like murmuring melodious,
In diamond showers a crystal fountain falls. . . .
Sylph-like girls and blooming boys
Flower-crowned, and in apparel bright as Spring,
Attend upon their bidding. At the sign,
From bands unseen, voluptuous music breathes:
Harp, dulcimer, and, sweetest far of all,
Woman's mellifluous voice. . . .
Through all the city sounds the voice of joy
And tipsy merriment. On the spacious walls,
That, like huge sea-cliffs, gird the city in,
Myriads of wanton feet go to and fro;
Gay garments rustle in the scented breeze —
Crimson and azure, purple, green, and gold;
Laugh, jest, and passing whisper are heard there;
Timbrel, and lute, and dulcimer, and song;
And many feet that tread the dance are seen;
And arms upflung, and swaying heads plume-crowned,
So is that city steeped in revelry. . . .
Then went the king
Flushed with the wine, and in his pride of power
Glorying; and with his own strong arm upraised
From out its rest the Assyrian banner broad,
Purple and edged with gold; and standing then
Upon the utmost summit of the mount —
Round and yet round — for two strong men a task
Sufficient deemed — he waved the splendid flag,
Bright as a meteor streaming.— At that sight
The plain was in a stir; the helms of brass
Were lifted up, and glittering spear-points waved,
And banners shaken, and wide trumpet mouths
Upturned; and myriads of bright-harnessed steeds
Were seen uprearing, shaking their proud heads;
And brazen chariots in a moment sprang,
And clashed together. In a moment more
Up came the monstrous universal shout,
Like a volcano's burst. Up, up to heaven
The multitudinous tempest tore its way,
Rocking the clouds; from all the swarming plain

And from the city rose the mingled cry,
"Long live Sardanapalus, King of Kings!
May the King live forever!" Thrice the flag
The monarch waved; and thrice the shouts arose
Enormous, that the solid walls were shook,
And the firm ground made tremble.

ATHERTON, GERTRUDE FRANKLIN HORN, an American novelist; born at San Francisco, Cal., in 1857. She is the daughter of Thomas L. Horn, and a great-grandniece of Benjamin Franklin. She was educated at St. Mary's Hall, Benecia, Cal., and Sayre Institute, Lexington, Ky. She married George H. B. Atherton, and after his death in 1890, she devoted herself to literary pursuits. She first wrote of the Old California Missions in *Los Cerritos* (1891). Her novels include *The Doomswoman* (1892); *Before the Gringo Came* (1894); *A Whirl Asunder* (1895); *Patience Sparhawk and Her Times* (1897); *American Wives and English Husbands* (1898); *The Californians* (1898); *A Daughter of the Vine* (1899); *The Valiant Runaways* (1899); *Senator Worth* (1800); *The Aristocrats* (1901); *The Conqueror* (1902); *The Splendid Idle Forties*, a revision of *Before the Gringo Came* (1902); *Mrs. Pendleton's Four-in-Hand* (1903), and *The Bell in the Fog* (1905). Mrs. Atherton is something of a philosopher, and in *Patience Sparhawk and Her Times* she writes of Christianity and Civilization:

MODERN CHRISTIANITY.

"There is some tremendous spiritual force in the Universe which projects itself into us, making man and nature correlative. What wonder that man — particularly an imaginative and intelligent child — should be affected and played upon by this Mystery? What wonder that the heathens have gods, and the civilised a symbol called the Lord God? — a concrete something which they can worship, and upon which unburden the load of spirituality which becomes oppressive to matter? It is for the same reason that women fall in love and marry earlier than men, who have so many safety-valves. On the other hand, men who have a great deal of emotional imagination and who can neither love nor accept religion take refuge in excess. It is all a matter of temperament. Cold-blooded people — those that have received a meagre share of this great vital force pervading the Universe, which throws a continent into convulsions or a human being into ecstasy — such, for instance, are religious only because their ancestors were,— their brain is pointed that way. Their blood has nothing to do with it, as is the more general case — for Christianity is pre-eminently sensuous.

"What do you suppose will take its place? The world is bound to become wholly civilised in time; but still human nature will demand some sort of religion (which is another word for ideality), some sort of lodestar.

"A superlative refinement, I think; a perfect æstheticism which shall by no means eradicate the strong primal impulses; which shall, in fact, create conditions of higher happiness than now exist. Do we not enjoy all arts the more as they approach perfection? Does not a nude appeal with more subtle strength to the senses the more exquisite its beauty, the more entire its freedom from coarseness? When people strive to place human nature on a level with what is highest in art and in nature itself, the true religion will have been discovered. So far, man himself is infinitely below what man has achieved. It is hard to believe that genius is the result

of any possible combination of heredity. It would seem that it must, like its other part, imagination, be the direct and more permanent indwelling of the supreme creative force — as if the creator would lighten his burden occasionally, and shakes off rings which float down to torment favoured brains."— *Patience Sparhawk and Her Times.* (Copyright by JOHN LANE.)

Mrs. Atherton in *The Conqueror* essays to write the story of the life of Alexander Hamilton with the enthusiasm of hero-worship. In the preparation of this volume she visited the West Indies and elsewhere in search of new material concerning Hamilton.

Her descriptions of California life are particularly vivid. Of the old Spanish Capital, Monterey, she gives us this delightful view:

OLD MONTEREY.

Every house had its history, and Patience knew them all. She wandered along the dusty streets, lingered before the garden walls, over which she could see and smell the nasturtiums and the sweet Castilian roses. But gone were the *caballeros* and the *doñas.* They lay in the little cemetery of the *padres* on the hill, over beyond the yellow church which marked a corner of the old *presidio,* and well on the road to a great hotel whose typical life was vastly different from that old romantic time. They lay under their stones, forgotten. The thistles and wild oats rioted under the gnarled old oaks. The new-comer never paused to glance at the worn carvings on the thick rough slabs. Behind the garden walls a few brown old women lived alone, too practical to brood upon an enchanted past. Cows nibbled in the *plaza* where once the bull and the bear had fought while the gay jewelled people screamed with delight. Gone was the tinkle of the guitar, the flutter of fan, the graceful woman hastening down the street half hidden in her mantilla, the lovely face behind the grating. The screaming of the sea-gulls, the moaning of the pines, the roar

of the surf, alone remained the same, careless of change or decay. Wooden houses crowded between the old adobes. Most of the Spanish families were half American: their women had preferred the enterprising intruder to the indolent *caballero*. Arcadia was no more. The old had kissed the hand of the new, and spawned a hybrid.—*Patience Sparhawk and Her Times.* (Copyright by JOHN LANE.)

THE PLAZA AT MONTEREY.

We were followed in a moment by the Governor, adjusting his collar and smoothing his hair. As he reached the doorway at the front of the house he was greeted with a shout from assembled Monterey. The plaza was gay with beaming faces and bright attire. The men, women and children of the people were on foot, a mass of color on the opposite side of the plaza, the women in gaudy cotton frocks girt with silken sashes, tawdry jewels and spotless camisas, the coquettish reboso draping with equal grace faces old and brown, faces round and olive, the men in glazed sombreros, short calico jackets and trousers, Indians wound up in gala blankets. In the foreground were caballeros and donas on prancing silver-trapped horses, laughing and coquetting, looking down in triumph upon the duenas and parents who rode older and milder mustangs and shook brown knotted fingers at heedless youth. The young men had ribbons twisted in their long black hair and silver eagles on their soft grey sombreros. Their velvet serapes were embroidered with gold; the velvet knee-breeches were laced with gold or silver chord over fine white linen; long deer-skin botas were gartered with vivid ribbon; flaunting sashes bound their slender waists, knotted over the hip. The girls and young married women wore black or white mantillas, the silken lace of Spain, regardless of the sun which might darken their Castilian fairness. Their gowns were of flowered silk or red or yellow satin, the waist long and pointed, the skirt full; jeweled buckles of tiny slippers flashed beneath the hem. A few Americans were there in the ugly garb of their country — a blot on the picture.—*The Doomswoman.*

EDWARD ATKINSON.

ATKINSON, EDWARD, an American statistician and economist; born at Brookline, Mass., February 10, 1827. He was educated at Dartmouth College. He is best known by his many contributions to current literature on various economic subjects. He is the author of *Cheap Cotton by Free Labor* (1861); *Collection of Revenue* (1866); *Reform of the Legal-Tender Act* (1874); *The Distribution of Products* (1885); *The Margin of Profit* (1887); *Industrial Progress of the Nation* (1889); *Science of Nutrition* (1892). Among his smaller works are: *The Railway, the Farmer, and the Public* (1885); *Food and Feeding* (1890); *Taxation and Work* (1892); and, in collaboration with Elmer C. Rice, *Every Boy His Own Cook* (1893). He has delivered addresses before the American Bankers' Association, the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and numerous other organizations.

TAXATION AND ITS ASSESSMENT.

Taxation means work; the method of taxation is only a method of distributing the products of work. This work may be the work of the head, of the hand, or of the machine, or of all combined. It is measured when in the process of distribution in terms of money, but the money itself stands for work or is derived from work. Wages, profits, salaries, rents, and also taxes are alike derived from the annual product of the four seasons, constituting the result of a year's work of the whole community. In this respect it matters not where the tax may be imposed in the first instance, somebody must work in order that the products may be brought forth from the mine, the forest, the field, or the factory, of which the tax constitutes a part. The work of govern-

ment is as much a part of the work of the community as any other. In this work men, women, and boys, are employed, from the president of the nation to the page in the House of Congress, including all the officials in the custom-houses, courts, post-offices, and the like. These public servants must be supplied with shelter, food, and clothing, and in order to supply them others must work in the production of buildings, grain, meat, fibres, and factories, from which the taxes are paid. In the city, the mayor, the common council, the firemen, the police, and the women who scrub the floors of the public buildings must be supplied with shelter, food, and clothing, and those who pay the city taxes do the work which is necessary to furnish this supply. The main question at issue must therefore be limited to one principal point. At what point, on what product, in what place, on what subject, or on what process of work, mental, mechanical, or manual, that can be taxed, ought the taxes to be placed in the first instance? How can the taxes be imposed so that the money shall be secured with the least injurious effect upon the occupations of the people, and so that the burden of the taxation shall be most equitably distributed among those who must do the work, mental, manual, and mechanical, from the product of which these taxes are derived! How shall taxes be assessed so as to be in proportion to the ability of those upon whom they fall, in the first instance, to pay them? When this view of taxation as a mode of work is presented, a wide field is opened for the choice of subjects for taxation. . . .

It will doubtless be admitted by all competent persons that the taxes should be imposed so as not to impair the productive power of the community as a whole. In what does this productive power consist? May it not be held that it is divided into three parts, representing different directions of mental, mechanical, or manual force? . . .

If these three phases of productive energy be considered in ratio to their relative effect upon the joint product, does it not become evident at once that those who

occupy the third position, or lowest plane, although most numerous, will be capable of producing the least quantity of exchangeable products in ratio to the quantity of work, labor, or time which each may devote to a specific branch of industry? Is it not also evident that those who are in the second and third classes, or in the various gradations by which one class merges into the other, may obtain results or products of greater and greater value, somewhat in inverse proportion to the mere manual or physical effort, or to the time which each may devote to his respective branch of work? Does it not follow that those who are capable of taking position in the higher planes may, in a few hours' work, produce vastly more than is required for their own subsistence, while those in the lowest plane may only be capable in long hours of work of producing enough for a bare subsistence? If, then, heavy taxes should be imposed upon those who occupy the lowest plane, taking from them by taxation a part of that meagre product which is necessary, even to their bare subsistence, that system of taxation might reduce them to pauperism.

On the other hand, if the same amount of taxation should be imposed, in the first instance, upon those who are in the higher planes, all of whom produce much more than is necessary for their own subsistence, may not such taxes only take from them a small part of that which they can spare without in any way affecting their productive ability or diminishing their necessary consumption, either of their own products or what their own products can be exchanged for? Does it not then follow that taxes should be imposed as nearly as may be in ratio to the productive capacity of those upon whom the taxes are assessed, sparing, as much as possible, those whose productive capacity barely suffices for their own support? — *Industrial Progress of the Nation.*

THE MEASURE OF SUCCESS.

The law of life is the law of service. We are members, one of another, and the very existence of society rests upon the interdependence of its members. The only

factors which are or can be placed at the disposal of each and all alike, without distinction of race, color, or condition, are time and opportunity. These being given, and equal rights being secured under just laws, the measure of your own success will be the measure of the services which you are capable of rendering to your fellow-men. —*Industrial Progress of the Nation.*

ATTERBOM, Peter Daniel Amadeus, a Swedish poet; born at Asbo, Ostergötland, Sweden, January 19, 1790; died at Upsala, July 21, 1855. He was educated at the University of Upsala, and early became a champion for the German, or "Romantic," school of poetry, in opposition to the French, or "Realistic," school. In 1828 he received the appointment of Professor of Metaphysics in the University of Upsala. His principal poetic work is the *Lycksalighetens,* "The Island of the Blest," in which he depicts the adventures of King Asdolf, who sets out upon a journey to discover a land of unalloyed happiness, leaving the Princess Svanhvit, to whom he is betrothed, and his kingdom, to take care of themselves. The poem, which is dramatic in form, is divided into five "Adventures" or books. The first is the "Aërial Journey," in which Asdolf is borne by Zephyr to the Island of the Blest. The second book is "Love," when Asdolf is united in marriage with Felicia, the Queen of the Happy Island. This union lasts three hundred years, though to Asdolf it seems of brief duration. The third book is "The Farewell," when Asdolf goes back from Fairyland to Earth, and

finds everything much changed during his absence of three centuries. His former subjects have come to be altogether democratic in their ideas; and Asdolf resolves to return to Felicia and the Island of the Blest. This forms the theme of the fourth "Adventure." The fifth book is "The Return," which tells of Asdolf's death, and the final destruction of the Island of the Blest. The pervading idea of the poem is that Death, as a metamorphosis of the soul, is needful in order to conduct it to immortal bliss; and that happiness is not to be found in this earthly life. Underlying this romantic element of the poem there is, as in Swift's *Gulliver's Travels,* a vein of satire against the politics of the age. The poem embodies many beautiful passages, among which is Princess Svanhvit's song when Asdolf has left her to seek for the Blessed Land:

SVANHVIT'S SONG.

Hush thee, Oh, hush thee,
Slumber from snow and stormy sky
Lovely and lone one!
Now is the time for thee to die,
When vale and streamlet frozen lie.
Hush thee, Oh, hush thee.

Hours hasten onward;
For thee the last will soon be o'er.
Rest thee, Oh, rest thee,
Flowers have withered thus before;
And my poor heart, what would'st thou more?
Rest thee, Oh, rest thee!

Shadows should darkly
Enveil thy past delights and woes.
Forget, Oh, forget them!

'Tis thus that eve its shadow throws;
But now, in noiseless night's repose
Forget, Oh, forget them!

Slumber, Oh, slumber!
No friend hast thou like kindly snow;
Sleep is well for thee,
For whom no second spring will blow: —
Then why, poor heart, still beating so?
Slumber, Oh, slumber!

Hush thee, Oh, hush thee!
Resign thy life-breath in a sigh;
Listen no longer;
Life bids farewell to thee;— then die.
Sad one, good-night!— in sweet sleep lie!
Hush thee, Oh, hush thee!

Notable among Atterbom's minor poems is *The Hyacinth.* This flower, according to Greek fable, sprang from the blood of Ajax. To the poet the hyacinth, and the fable attached to it, were typical, and representative of persistent strength and unfailing endurance.

THE HYACINTH.

The heart's blood am I of expiring strength;
Engraved on mine urn is its cry.
My dark-glowing pangs, to thee are they known?
Art thou too a stranger 'mid life's shadows thrown
Deceived by its dreamery? —
Learn that youth-giving joy to the stars alone
Was allotted. Their youth in the sky
With circling steps they celebrate,
And our steps from the cradle illuminate
To the grave.

Why longer endeavors thine earnest glance
To a merciless Heaven to pray?
An adamant door bars its tower of light;

To earth's abyss from its dizzying height
What bridge may open a way? —
There Blessedness, Truth, may be throned in might;
But thou, canst thou destiny sway? —
Of suffering only can dust be secure;
Who rises thy happier lot to ensure,
From the grave?

Hope points, indeed, to a verdant shore,
Where the beautiful Sirens sing,
And waken their harps, while bright shines the sun;
But the bone-whitened coast shows where murder is done,
And treachery dwells on each string.
Illusions, on distaffs of Nornas spun,
To the feeble distraction bring.
He is wise who disdains to fear or implore;
But wisest he who desires nothing more
Than a grave.

Yet within thee, to battle with Time and Fate,
There blazes a fire divine:
Whate'er 's evanescent its flame shall consume;
And it clouded the course of the planets in gloom,
Thy star on the conflict shall shine;
And soon shall the long, happy night of the tomb,
With peace, and her laurels, be thine.
He, whose bosom of heaven and hell holds the fires,
Suffices himself, and no solace requires
But the grave.

ATTERBURY, FRANCIS, an English prelate, author, and politician; born at Milton, Buckinghamshire, March 6, 1662; died in exile at Paris, February 15, 1732. He was educated at Westminster School, from which he went to Christ

Church College, Oxford, where he gave proof of rare dexterity as a controversialist, and soon came into possession of several valuable preferments in the Church. In 1713 he was made, upon wholly political grounds, Bishop of Rochester, and, it is said, aspired to the primacy of England. But the death of Queen Anne in the next year put an end to his hopes in that direction. He was strongly opposed to the Hanoverian dynasty which then came to the throne; and at length took an active part in the schemes for placing "the Pretender" upon the throne. In 1722 he was formally indicted for high treason, and was committed to the Tower. The result of the trial was that he was deprived of all his ecclesiastical offices, and sentenced to perpetual banishment from the King's dominions. He betook himself to Paris, where he became a leading spirit in the councils of the exiled heir of the Stuarts, into whose feeble mind he vainly tried to instil something of energy.

The writings of Atterbury are quite numerous. In all they comprise about a dozen volumes, made up about equally of sermons and correspondence. The style of Atterbury has been highly extolled by competent critics. Doddridge declared of him, "In his writings we see language in its strictest purity and beauty. There is nothing dark, nothing redundant, nothing obscure, nothing misplaced." Dr. Johnson pronounced him "one of the best" of English sermonizers. One of the most readable of his sermons is the one in which he discourses of

THE USEFULNESS OF CHURCH-MUSIC.

The use of vocal and instrumental harmony in divine worship I shall recommend and justify from this consid-

eration: that they do, when wisely employed and managed, contribute extremely to awaken the attention and enliven the devotion of all serious and sincere Christians; and their usefulness to this end will appear on a double account, as they remove the ordinary hinderances of devotion, and as they supply us further with special helps and advantages towards quickening and improving it. By the melodious harmony of the Church the ordinary hinderances of devotion are removed, particularly these three: that engagement of thought which we often bring with us into the Church from what we last converse with; those accidental distractions that may happen to us during the course of divine service; and that weariness and flatness of mind which some weak tempers may labor under, by reason even of the length of it.

When we come into the sanctuary immediately from any worldly affair, as our very condition of life does, alas! force many of us to do, we usually come with divided and alienated minds. The business, the pleasure, or the amusement we left, sticks fast to us, and perhaps engrosses that heart for a time, which should be taken up altogether in spiritual addresses. But as soon as the sound of the sacred hymns strikes us, all that busy swarm of thoughts presently disperses; by a grateful violence we are forced into the duty that is going forward, and, as indevout and backward as we were before, find ourselves on the sudden seized with a sacred warmth, ready to cry out, with holy David: "My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed; I will sing and give praise." Our misapplication of mind at such times is often so great, and we are so deeply immersed in it, that there needs some very strong and powerful charm to rouse us from it; and perhaps nothing is of greater force to this purpose than the solemn and awakening airs of Church-music. . . .

Even the length of the service itself becomes a hinderance sometimes to the devotion which it was meant to feed and raise; for, alas! we quickly tire in the performance of holy duties; and as eager and unwearied as we are in attending upon secular business, and tri-

fling concerns, yet in divine offices, I fear, the expostulation of our Saviour is applicable to most of us: "What! can ye not watch with me one hour?" This infirmity is relieved, this hinderance prevented or removed, by the sweet harmony that accompanies several parts of the service, and returning upon us at fit intervals, keeps our attention up to the duties when we begin to flag, and makes us insensible of the length of it. . . .

But its use stops not here, at a bare removal of the ordinary impediments to devotion. It supplies us also with special helps and advantages towards furthering and improving it. For it adds dignity and solemnity to public worship; it sweetly influences and raises our passions whilst we assist at it; and makes us do our duty with the greatest pleasure and cheerfulness: — all of which are very proper and powerful means towards creating in us that holy attention and erection of mind, the most reasonable part of this our reasonable service. Such is our nature, that even the best things, and most worthy of our esteem, do not always employ and detain our thoughts in proportion to their real value, unless they be set off and greatened by some outward circumstances, which are fitted to raise admiration and surprise in the breasts of those who hear or behold them. And this good effect is wrought in us by the power of sacred music. To it we, in good measure, owe the dignity and solemnity of our public worship. . . .

Now it naturally follows from hence — which was the last advantage from whence I proposed to recommend Church-music — that it makes our duty a pleasure, and enables us, by that means, to perform it with the utmost vigor and cheerfulness. It is certain that the more pleasing an action is to us, the more keenly and eagerly are we used to employ ourselves in it; the less liable are we, while it is going forward, to tire, and droop, and be dispirited. So that whatever contributes to make our devotion taking — within such a degree as not at the same time to dissipate and distract it — does, for that very reason, contribute to our attention and holy warmth of mind in performing it. What we take delight in,

John J. Audubon

we no longer look upon as a task; but return to always with desire, dwell upon with satisfaction, and quit with uneasiness. And this it was which made holy David express himself in so pathetical a manner concerning the service of the Sanctuary: "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God! When, oh when shall I come to appear before the presence of God?"

The ancients do sometimes use the metaphor of an army when they are speaking of the joint devotions put up to God in the assembly of his saints. They say we there meet together in troops to do violence to heaven; we encompass, we besiege the throne of God, and bring such a united force as is not to be withstood. And I suppose we may as innocently carry on the metaphor as they have begun it, and say that Church-music, when decently ordered, may have as great uses in this army of supplicants as the sound of the trumpet has among the host of the mighty men. It equally rouses the courage, equally gives life, and vigor, and resolution, and unanimity to these holy assailants.

AUDUBON, JOHN JAMES LAFOREST, an American naturalist; born at Mandeville, La., of French parentage, May 4, 1780; died near New York city, January 27, 1851. At the age of fourteen he was sent to Paris, where he studied art under the direction of the painter David. But the whole bent of his mind was toward natural history, and especially toward birds. Returning to America in 1798, his father established him on a farm in Pennsylvania; but his vocation was not that of an agriculturist. In 1810, accompanied by his wife and

child, he boated down the Ohio River on a bird-sketching expedition. A year later he set out for Florida with like intent. For ten or a dozen years more one may find him traversing American forests in order to become acquainted with their winged inhabitants in their own habitats. He had during these years planned his great work, *The Birds of America,* and in 1826 he went to Europe in order to try to make arrangements for its publication. He received the warmest encouragement from all British men of letters and science. In two years the beginning of the mighty work was ready for the subscribers. It consisted of eighty-seven parts, in what is technically known as "elephant folio," a size sufficient to render it possible for the largest birds to be represented in life size. The work, as finally completed, consisted of five of these huge volumes of colored engravings, containing 448 plates of birds, and five octavo volumes of letter-press, which together constitute the *American Ornithological Biography.* The subscription price of the entire work was £182, 14s.— equivalent to a little less than $1,000. An edition much reduced in size, but with some additional plates, was issued in 1844. Audubon subsequently aided in the preparation of an illustrated work on *The Quadrupeds of North America.* A portion of the drawings were made by Audubon and his sons; but the descriptive matter was mainly the work of Dr. John Bachman, of Charleston, S. C.

Audubon's descriptions of birds and bird-life are among the most animated and picturesque in our literature. He looked at birds with a heart ready to admire them, and with eye wide open to take in all their characteristics. Thus we read:

THE HUMMING-BIRD.

No sooner has the returning sun again introduced the vernal season, and caused millions of plants to expand their leaves and blossoms to his genial beams, than the little humming-bird is seen advancing on fairy wings, carefully visiting every opening flower-cup, and, like a curious florist, removing from each the injurious insects that otherwise would ere long cause their beauteous petals to droop and decay. Poised in the air, it is observed peeping cautiously, and with sparkling eye, into their innermost recesses; whilst the ethereal motions of its pinions, so rapid and so light, appear to fan and cool the flower, without injuring its fragile texture, and produce a delightful murmuring sound, well adapted for lulling the insects to repose. . . .

The prairies, the fields, the orchards, and gardens — nay, the deepest shades of the forest — are all visited in their turn; and everywhere the little bird meets with pleasure and with food. Its gorgeous throat in beauty and brilliancy baffles all competition. Now it glows with a fiery hue, and again it is changed to the deepest velvety black. The upper parts of its delicate body are of resplendent changing green; and it throws itself through the air with a swiftness and vivacity hardly conceivable. It moves from one flower to another like a gleam of light — upwards, downwards, to the right and to the left. In this manner it searches the extreme northern portions of our country, following, with great precaution, the advances of the season; and retreats with equal care at the approach of Autumn.

Audubon's description — or rather reminiscence — of his first voyage down the Ohio in 1810 is one of his best bits. It must be borne in mind that the description was written fully a score of years after the voyage took place. The two periods between the actual voyage and the written description of it, give a sort

of reflected light upon each other. Audubon describes not merely what he saw in 1810, but in a measure what he would have seen in 1830:

THE DESCENT OF THE OHIO: 1810.

It was in the month of October. The autumnal tints already decorated the shores of that queen of rivers, the Ohio. Every tree was hung with long and flowing festoons of different species of vines, many loaded with clustered fruits of varied brilliancy, their rich bronze carmine mingling beautifully with the yellow foliage which now predominated over the yet green leaves, reflecting more lively tints from the clear stream than ever landscape-painter portrayed or poet imagined.

The days were yet warm. The sun had assumed the rich and glowing hue which at that season produces the singular phenomenon called there the "Indian Summer." The moon had rather passed the meridian of her grandeur. We glided down the river, meeting no other ripple of the water than that formed by the propulsion of our boat. Leisurely we moved along, gazing all day on the grandeur and beauty of the wild scenery about us. Now and then a large cat-fish rose to the surface of the water in pursuit of a shoal of fry, which, starting simultaneously from the liquid element, like so many silvery arrows, produced a shower of light, while the pursuer with open jaws seized the stragglers, and with a flash of his tail disappeared from our view. Other fishes we heard uttering beneath our bark a rumbling noise, the strange sounds of which we discovered to proceed from the white-perch; for, on casting our net from the bow, we caught several of that species, when the noise ceased for a time.

Nature, in her varied arrangements, seems to have felt a partiality toward this portion of our country. As the traveller ascends or descends the Ohio, he cannot help remarking that, alternately, nearly the whole length of the river, the margin on one side is bounded by lofty hills and a rolling surface; while on the other, extensive plains of the richest alluvial land are seen as far as the

eye can command the view. Islands of varied size and form rise here and there from the bosom of the water; and the winding course of the stream frequently brings you to places where the idea of being on a river of great length changes to that of floating on a lake of moderate extent. Some of these islands are of considerable extent and value; while others, small and insignificant, seem as if intended for contrast, and as serving to enhance the general interest of the scenery. These little islands are frequently overflowed during the great *freshets* or floods, and receive at their heads prodigious heaps of drifted timber. We foresaw with great concern the alteration that cultivation would soon produce along these delightful banks.

As night came, sinking in darkness the broader portions of the river, our minds became affected by strong emotions, and wandered far beyond the present moments. The tinkling of bells told us that the cattle which bore them were gently roving from valley to valley in search of food, or returning to their distant homes. The hooting of the great-owl, and the muffled noise of its wings as it sailed smoothly over the stream, were matters of interest to us. So was the sound of the boatman's horn, as it came winding more and more softly from afar.

When daylight returned, many songsters burst forth with echoing notes, more and more mellow to the listening ear. Here and there the lonely cabin of a squatter struck the eye, giving note of commencing civilization. The crossing of a stream by a deer foretold how soon the hills would be covered by snow. Many sluggish flatboats we overtook and passed: some laden with produce from the different head-waters of the small rivers that pour their tributary streams into the Ohio; others, of less dimensions, crowded with emigrants from distant parts, in search of a new home. . . .

When I think of the times, and call back the grandeur and beauty of those almost uninhabited shores; when I picture to myself the dense and lofty summits of the forest that everywhere spread along the hills, and overhung the margins of the stream, unmolested by the axe of the

settler; when I know how dearly purchased the safe navigation of that river has been by the blood of many worthy Virginians; when I see that no longer any aborigines are to be found there, and that the vast herds of elks, deer, and buffaloes, which once pastured on these hills and in these valleys, making for themselves great roads to the several salt-springs, have ceased to exist; when I reflect that all this grand portion of our Union, instead of being in a state of nature, is now more or less covered with villages, farms, and towns, where the din of hammers and machinery is constantly heard; that the woods are fast disappearing under the axe by day and the fire by night; that hundreds of steamboats are gliding to and fro over the whole length of the majestic river, forcing commerce to take root and to prosper in every spot; when I see the surplus population of Europe coming to assist in the destruction of the forest, and transporting civilization into its darkest recesses: when I remember that these extraordinary changes have all taken place in the short period of twenty years [1810–30] I pause, wonder, and — although I know all to be a fact — can scarcely believe its reality.

AUERBACH, BERTHOLD, a German novelist and poet; born at Nordstetten, Würtemberg, Black Forest, February 28, 1812; died at Cannes, France, February 8, 1882. His parents were Jews, were of the common people, and too poor to educate him, but they were not slow to perceive his unusual intelligence, and wished him educated for the synagogue. He was sent to the Talmud school at Hechingen, to Carlsruhe, and to the gymnasium at Stuttgart, completing his studies at the universities of Tübingen, Munich, and Heidelberg. But while at

these universities he began to neglect Hebrew theology for history, philosophy, and literature, and later wholly abandoned it for literature. His first published work, *Judaism and Recent Literature,* appeared in 1836; a biographical romance founded on the life of Spinoza, in 1837; a translation of Spinoza's works, 5 vols., in 1841; and the first series of *Village Stories of the Black Forest* in 1843; then followed *The Professor's Wife* (1847); *Barfüssele* (1856); *Joseph in the Snow* (1860); *Edelweiss* (1861); *The Villa on the Rhine* (1869); *On the Heights* (1871); *Waldfried* (1874); *The Head Forester* (1879); *Brigitta* (1880). Many of his stories have been translated into English and several European languages.

IRMA'S JOURNAL.

At last I know why I get up in the mornings. Something seems to say to me: "Thou shalt labor. To-day this will be finished; to-morrow, that." And when I lie down to rest, there is always something more in the world than there was at daybreak.

At last, I find myself obliged to be content without doing anything in the way of art.

Although wood is useful, and in many respects indispensable, it cannot be applied to serve beauty apart from usefulness. The substance with which my art, or rather trade, employs itself is unequal to the demands of art, except for decorative purposes. Bronze and marble speak a universal language, but a wooden image always retains a provincial character. It addresses us in dialect, as it were, and never attains to the perfect expression of the ideal. We can make wooden effigies of animals or plants with which we are familiar, and can even carve angels in *relievo,* but to make a life-size bust or human figure, of wood, were entirely out of the question.

Wood-carving is only the beginning of art, and is faltering, or, at best, monotonous, in its expression. What has

once existed as an organism cannot be transformed into a new organic structure. Stone and bronze, however, do not acquire organic shape, except at the hands of man.

If a Greek of the days of Pericles were to behold our images of the saints, how he would shudder at our barbarism!

I cannot look upon work as the noblest thing in life. The perfect man is he who does nothing, who cherishes himself; — such is the life of the gods, and what is man but the god of creation?

My heresy thus expresses itself. I have confessed and repented of it. But in the confessor's chair sits one who is in the right when he says: "Very well, my child! And so the noblest and most exalted life is simply existence, void of effort. But since no one can live unless some other being labors for him, it follows that all must do something. Nothing can be had without pay. The one class has not been sent into the world merely to exist, nor the other merely to labor."

For the first time in my life, I have seen a tree felled. I was filled with awe when I saw it topple for a moment, before the final crash. It reminded me of the fate of a man who is, at one blow, hurled from sunny heights into the depths of misery.

If a human being were to utter such inharmonious and disconnected tones as those produced by the mavis overhead, it would drive me to distraction. But why do these tones not affect me in the same way? Why do they almost please me? Because they are natural to the bird. But man, having the power to choose, must see to it that his tones are melodious.

I feel as if death might be conquered by the will. I am determined to live; I will not die. Is force of will the hidden thing within me, that I am ever seeking? And yet, I have no will. No one has. All our life, all our thoughts, are simply the necessary result of events and

experiences, of waking perception and nocturnal dreams. Like the beasts, we may change the scene; but, the greater one, the prison that confines us, we cannot change. We cannot quit the earth. The laws of gravitation and attraction hold our souls fast as well as our bodies. Far above me, move the stars, and I am nothing more than a flower or a blade of grass clinging to the earth. The stars look down at me, and I look up to them, and yet we cannot join each other. — *On the Heights.*

IRMA.

Nature shed its kindly influence upon her. She greeted the dews of early morn, and the dews of evening moistened her locks. Like surrounding nature, she was calm and happy, and without a wish. But in the night, when she looked up at the starry skies, which, from the mountain height, were clearer and brighter, her soul soared into the infinite. She gazed on the mountains, unchanged since the day of their creation, peaks which no human foot had ever trod, which only the clouds could touch, and on which the eagle's eye had rested. Familiar as she was with the life of plants and birds, she now scarcely regarded them. They seemed part of herself, just as her limbs were part of her body. Nature was no longer strange to her. She felt herself a part of it. She had reached that state of calm content in which life seemed a pure chain of natural consequences, in which daily doubts and questionings have ceased. The sun rises and sets, the grass grows, the cows graze, and the law of life bids man work and reflect. The world around thee is subject to law, and so is thine own life. To man alone is vouchsafed the knowledge of his duty, so that he may learn freely to obey the dictates of his own nature.— *On the Heights.*

AUERSPERG, ANTON ALEXANDER, COUNT VON, ("Anastasius Grün"), a German poet and statesman; born at Laybach, Carniola, April 11, 1806; died at Gratz, Styria, September 12, 1876. He was of a noble family, and was prominent in the Liberal movements of the revolutionary period of 1848, being a member of the Frankfort Parliament of that year, and later of the Austrian Reichsrath. He holds a high place among the German poets of the age. His poems have an essentially lyrical character, strongly marked, however, by strokes of humor and satire.

His works, published in a complete edition in 1877, include: *Der Letzte Ritter* (The Last Knight, 1830); *Spazier-gänge eines Wiener Poeten* (Promenades of a Viennese Poet, 1831); *Schutt* (Ruins, 1835); *Gedichte* (1837); *Volkslieder aus Krain* (1850); *Robin Hood* (1864); and, after his death, *In der Veranda: eine dichterische Nachlese* (1876).

THE CENSOR.

Many a hero-priest is shown us in the storied times of yore,
Who the truth, undaunted, through the world unceasing bore;
Who in halls of kings hath shouted, "Fie, I scent lost Freedom's grave!"
And to many a high dissembler bluntly cried, "Thou art a knave!"

Were I but such a Freedom's champion, shrouded in the monkish frock —
Straight into the Censor's dwelling I must hie, and loudly knock,

To the man must say: "Arch-scoundrel, down at once upon thy knees!
For thou art a vile offender; down, confess thy villainies!"

And I hear this wretch already how he wipes his vileness clean:
"Oh, your Reverence is in error; I am not the man you mean!
I omit no mass, no duty; fill my post with service true;
I am no lewd one, no blasphemer, murderer, thief, or godless Jew!"

But my zeal indignant flashes from my heart in flaming tones;
Like the thunder 'mid the mountains, in his ear my answer groans;
Every glance falls like an arrow, cutting through his guilty heart;
Every word is like a hammer, which makes bone and marrow part:

"Yes! thou art a stock-blind Hebrew! for thou hast not yet divined
That for us, like Christ, all-glorious rose too Freedom of the Mind!
Yes! thou art a bloody murderer! doubly cursed and doubly fell! —
Others merely murder bodies; thou dost murder souls as well:

"Yes! thou art a thief, a base one! or, by Heaven! a fouler wight —
Others to steal fruits do merely leap our garden-fence by night:
But thou, wretch! into the garden of the human mind hast broke,
And with fruit, and leaf, and blossom, fell'st the tree too at a stroke!

"Yes! thou art a base adulterer! but in shame are doubly base! —
Others burn and strive for beauties that their neighbor's garden grace;
But a crime inspired by beauty for thy grovelling soul's too poor;
Night, and frog, and vilest natures can alone thy heart allure!

"Yes! thou art a foul blasphemer! or, by Heaven! a devil born! —
Others wood and marble figures dash to pieces in their scorn;
But thy hand, relentless villain! strikes to dust the living frame,
Which man's soul, God's holy image, quickens with its thoughts of flame:

"Yes! thou art an awful sinner! True, our laws yet leave thee free;
But within thy soul, in terror, rack and gallows must thou see!
Smite thy breast, then, in contrition, thy bowed head strew ashes o'er;
Bend thy knee, make full confession; — go thy way and sin no more!"

THE LAST POET.

"When will your bards be weary of rhyming on, How long
Ere it is sung and ended, the old eternal Song?

"Is it not, long since empty, the horn of full supply;
And all the posies gathered, and all the fountains dry?" —

As long as the sun's chariot yet keeps its azure track,
And but one human visage gives answering glances back;

As long as skies shall nourish the thunderbolt and gale,
And, brightened at their fury, one throbbing heart shall quail;

As long as after tempest shall spring one showery bow,
One heart with peaceful promise and reconcilement glow;

As long as night the concave sows with its starry seed,
And but one man those letters of golden writ can read;

Long as a moonbeam glimmers, or bosom heaves a vow;
Long as the wood-leaves rustle to cool a weary brow;

As long as roses blossom, and earth is green in May,
As long as eyes shall sparkle, and smile in pleasure's ray;

As long as cypress shadows the graves more mournful make, —
Or one poor cheek is wet with weeping, or one poor heart can break: —

So long shall wander the goddess Poesy,
And with her one, exulting her votarist to be.

And singing on, triumphing, the old earth-mansion through,
Out marches the last Minstrel: — he is the last Man, too.

The Lord holds the creation forth in his hand meanwhile,
Like a fresh flower just opened, and views it with a smile.

Where once this Flower Giant begins to show decay,
And earths and suns are flying like blossom-dust away:

Then ask — if of the question weary yet — "How long,
Ere it is sung and ended, the old, eternal Song?"

Translation of FROTHINGHAM.

AUGIER, Guillaume Victor Emile, a French dramatist and poet; born at Valence, September 17, 1820; died at Croissy, October 25, 1889. Leaving college in 1839, he entered a notary's office, but shortly thereafter he became librarian to the Duc d'Aumale. At the age of twenty-four he gave to the Theatre Française a little comedy in verse entitled *La Ciguë* (The Hemlock), which immediately established his reputation. It was a reaction against the Romantic movement, which was already somewhat out of fashion. The versification of *La Ciguë* is pure and charming, but the play is without solidity. Clinias, a melancholy Athenian about to kill himself, finds a new reason for living in the beauty of a slave girl, Hyppolite. In *L'Aventurière,* which, with a modern setting, might have been called "The Demi-Monde," Augier advanced toward the foundation of the realistic school which has since acknowledged him as its head.

His *Gendre de M. Poirier,* one of the typical plays of the modern French theatre, is a contrast of the new society with what remains of the old. Nowhere, perhaps, has been shown more forcibly the contrast between the French bourgeois who has built up a great fortune by his labor, and the French nobleman who does not work but who thinks he is doing a great honor to the daughter of the bourgeois in marrying her. During the Second Empire Augier, who believed in the mysterious power of the Jesuits, produced *Le Fils de Giboyer,* whose true title, it is said, might have been "The Clericals." He was a friend of the bourgeoisie, a friend of Prince Napoleon and Princess

Mathilde, a conservative, never a partisan, and would have been a senator if 1870 had not brought the Revolution. Other works of Augier are: *Un Homme de Bien; Gabrielle; Philiberte; Les Affrontés; La Pierre de Touche,* and that which is considered his principal work, *La Jeunesse,* one of the best comedies of our epoch. Augier was elected a member of the Académie Française in 1857, in place of De Salvandy, and was succeeded by De Freycinet.

THE HAPPY SON-IN-LAW.

"Monsieur Poirier, I feel guilty; you make my life one long festival, and you give me no chance to return your kindness. Do think of something I can do for you."

"Well, if you desire it, give me about fifteen minutes; for I long to talk seriously with you."

"Begin, then, Monsieur Poirier."

"Gaston, you say you are happy; that is my greatest reward."

"I would I might double such a reward."

"But now, Gaston, that you have given three months to your honeymoon, has there not been romance enough; and is it not time to turn your attention to history?"

"Why, how like a book you talk, Monsieur Poirier! But let us think of history, if that is your wish."

"What do you mean to do, Gaston?"

"To-day?"

"Yes, to-day; and to-morrow; and thereafter. Surely you have some idea."

"Yes, I have made my plans. To-day, I will do what I did yesterday. To-morow, I will continue what I do to-day. For, as light as I seem I am not versatile; and if the future continues as the present, I am content."

"But, Gaston, you are too sensible to expect your honeymoon to go on without an end."

"And too good an astronomer, as well as too sensible. Have you read Heine?"

"Heine? Did he spend his life playing hookey?"

"When Heine was asked what became of all the full moons, he said they were all broken up, when they became old, and made into stars. And when our honeymoon is old, there will still be stars enough, if we break it up, to make a whole milky way."

"A very clever thought, Gaston."

"Yes, and its merit lies in its simplicity."

"But will not the happiness of the young household be jeopardized, Gaston, by the idle life you are living? . . . We all wish you to take some position which will be worthy of the name you bear."

"That name permits but one of three positions. Which shall it be: — warrior, bishop, or farmer?"

"We owe all to France. She is our mother. The nobles cannot remain neutral forever; and more than one great name has already set us an example: Monsieur de Valcherière, Monsieur de Chazerolles, Monsieur de Mont Louis ——"

"Yes, yes; these men have done what seemed best to themselves, and I am not their judge; but neither can I be their imitator."

"But, Monsieur ——"

"This is not a matter of politics, Monsieur Poirier. It is not a matter of opinion, but of sentiment; and one may not discuss one's sentiments. I may speak somewhat too strongly; but without knowing it you wound me, for this is a tender point with me. However, shake hands."

"You are very kind, Gaston. Tell them to wait a minute [*to a servant who announces some callers*]. Your creditors, my dear son-in-law."

"No, my dear father-in-law, they are your creditors; for I have turned them all over to you."

"For a wedding present."— *From Le Gendre de M. Poirier.*

AUGUSTINE, Aurelius Augustinus, Saint, the greatest of the Latin Fathers; born at Tagasta, in Numidia, Africa, November 13, A.D. 354, and died at Hippo, near Carthage, where he was bishop, August 28, A.D. 430. His father, Patricius, was a prominent and wealthy citizen of Tagasta, and a Pagan; his mother, Monica, was an earnest and devoted Christian. Augustine was intended by his father as a "Rhetorician," or, as we would say, a "Professor," and received the best education which the country and age afforded. His acquaintance with the Latin writers — at least with Cicero and the poets — was thorough; his knowledge of Greek was apparently about equivalent to that of an ordinary college professor in our time. He seems to have been well versed in the grammar of the language, and in the signification of words, as such, but could not readily read a Greek author — such as Plato — except in a Latin translation; and it is not at all certain that he knew anything of Hebrew. From a hasty reading of his *Confessions* it might be inferred that his early life was exceedingly immoral. He did, indeed, form a youthful and illicit intimacy with a woman, who bore him a son; but apart from this about the only specific moral offences with which he charges himself are that he was rather idle, kept loose company, was addicted to profanity, and once, when he was about sixteen, stole a few pears "for the fun of the thing." He can hardly be said to have had any religion of any kind, when at the age of about thirty, and having acquired a brilliant reputation, he went to Milan, where there was a

promising opening for a Professor of Rhetoric. He secured this position; and it was not long before he was brought under the influence of St. Ambrose, then Bishop of Milan. The result was that Augustine was converted to Christianity; not merely theoretically, but with the full resolve to lead thenceforth a holy life. The date of this conversion is fixed at the year 386, when Augustine was thirty-two years old. He threw up his professorship, and betook himself to the house of a friend in order to prepare to receive the rite of baptism. Among the sins of which he had to break himself, as he himself records, was that of profanity. He was baptized in the following year, together with his natural son, Adeodatus, for whom he cherished the most paternal affection. His mother, Monica, had in the meanwhile joined him, and she looked upon this conversion as a fulfilment of her long and devout prayers. She died soon afterward, beseeching her son to lay her body anywhere; but wherever he was, he should never cease to "remember her at the altar of the Lord."

Augustine went to Rome, where he remained only a short time, and then returned to his native town, where, with a few friends, he formed a small religious semi-monastic community, of which he was considered the head, and where he hoped to spend the remainder of his life in devout retirement. After the lapse of about three years, Augustine made a trip to Hippo, to confer with a friend who had in mind to embrace a "religious" life. There was then a very worthy Bishop of Hippo named Balerius; but the church there was in want of a "Presbyter." They took occasion of the quite accidental presence of Augustine to elect him to that position. He urgently

wished to be excused; but the Christian Community insisted upon his acceptance; he yielded, was made "Presbyter," and in a few years coadjutor to the Bishop, upon whose death he became Bishop of Hippo. Augustine became Coadjutor, and practically Bishop of Hippo in the year 395, he being then in the forty-first year of his age. His bishopric lasted about thirty-five years. Its close was accompanied by violent civil convulsions. The Vandals had burst into that part of the tottering Roman Empire, and had carried nearly everything before them. Early in 430 they appeared before Hippo, and laid siege to the town. Saint Augustine, now seventy-five years old, lay upon his death-bed. He passed away before the town was surrendered to the Vandals, by whom it was nearly destroyed.

Augustine was a voluminous writer. His extant works in the Benedictine edition (Paris, 1679–1800) fill eleven folio volumes. They were reprinted in a more compact form (1836–38) in twenty-two half volumes. An adequate translation into English of the most important of them is contained in the "Library of the Fathers." Many of them relate to the religious polemics of the age. But several are of permanent value. Upon the treatise on *The Trinity,* in fifteen books, he was occupied at intervals for nearly thirty years. The greatest of his works, in a theological point of view, is *The City of God* (*De Civitate Dei*), which was the main work of the last thirteen years of his life. It is a treatise in vindication of Christianity and of the Christian Church, which he conceives of as a new civic order rising on the ruins of the Roman Empire. It is also, says *The Encyclopædia Britannica,* "perhaps the earliest

contribution to the philosophy of history, as it is a repertory throughout of his cherished theological opinions." Of even higher interest are his *Confessions,* written about 397, shortly after he became a bishop, and which give a minute sketch of his early career. "To the devout utterances and aspirations of a great soul, they add the charm of personal disclosure, and have never ceased to excite admiration in all spirits of kindred piety." The *Confessions* are in thirteen "books," or chapters. Book III. describes his life from his sixteenth to his nineteenth year:

YOUTHFUL MISDOINGS.

To Carthage I came, where there sang all around me in my ears a cauldron of unholy loves. I loved not yet; yet I loved to love, and out of a deep-seated want, I hated myself for wanting not. I sought what I might love, in love with loving, and safety I hated, and a way without snares. For within me was a famine of that inward food, Thyself, my God; yet through that famine I was not hungered; but was without all longing for incorruptible sustenance, not because filled therewith, but the more empty, the more I loathed it. For this cause my soul was sickly and full of sores, it miserably cast itself forth, desiring to be scraped by the touch of objects of sense. Yet if these had not a soul they would not be objects of love. To love, then, and to be beloved, was sweet to me; but more when I obtained to enjoy the person I loved. I defiled, therefore, the spring of friendship with the filth of concupiscence, and I beclouded its brightness with the hell of lustfulness; and thus foul and unseemly I would fain, through exceeding vanity, be fine and courtly. I fell headlong then into the love wherein I longed to be ensnared. My God, my mercy, with how much gall didst Thou out of Thy great goodness besprinkle for me that sweetness! For I was both beloved and secretly arrived at the bond of enjoying; and was with joy fettered with

sorrow-bringing bonds, that I might be scourged with the iron burning rod of jealousy, and suspicions, and fears, and angers, and quarrels. . . .

And Thy faithful mercy hovered over me afar. Upon how grievous iniquities consumed I myself, pursuing a sacrilegious curiosity, that having forsaken Thee, it might bring me to the treacherous abyss, and the beguiling service of devils to whom I sacrificed my evil actions, and in all these things Thou didst scourge me! I dared even, while thy solemnities were celebrated within the walls of thy Church, to desire and to compass a business deserving death for its fruits, for which Thou scourgedst me with grievous punishments, though nothing to my fault. O Thou my exceeding mercy, my God, my refuge from those terrible destroyers, among whom I wandered with a stiff neck, withdrawing further from Thee, loving mine own ways, and not Thine; loving a vagrant liberty.

STUDIES IN PHILOSOPHY.

Those studies also, which were accounted commendable, had a view to excelling in the courts of litigation; the more bepraised, the craftier. Such is men's blindness, glorying even in their blindness. And now I was chief in the rhetoric school, whereat I enjoyed proudly and swelled with arrogancy, though (Lord, Thou knowest) far quieter and altogether removed from the subvertings of those "Subverters" (for this ill-omened and devilish name was the very badge of gallantry) among whom I lived, with a shameless shame that I was not even as they. With them I lived, and was sometimes delighted with their friendship, whose doings I ever did abhor, *i. e.*, their "subvertings," wherewith they wantonly persecuted the modesty of strangers, which they disturbed by a gratuitous jeering, feeding thereon their malicious mirth. . . .

Among such as these, in that unsettled age of mine, learned I books of eloquence, wherein I desired to be eminent out of a damnable and vainglorious end, a joy in human vanity. In the ordinary course of study, I fell upon a certain book of Cicero, whose speech almost all

admire, not so his heart. This book of his contains an exhortation to philosophy, and is called *Hortensius*. But this book altered my affections, and turned my prayers to Thyself, O Lord; and made me have other purposes and desires. Every vain hope at once became worthless to me; and I longed with an incredible burning desire for an immortality of wisdom, and began now to arise, that I might return to Thee. For not to sharpen my tongue (which thing I seemed to be purchasing with my mother's allowances, in that my nineteenth year, my father being dead two years before) — not to sharpen my tongue did I employ that book; nor did it infuse into me its style, but its matter.

SPIRITUAL YEARNINGS.

How did I burn, then, my God, how did I burn to remount from earthly things to Thee, nor knew I what Thou wouldest do with me. For with Thee is wisdom. But the love of wisdom is called in Greek "Philosophy," with which that book inflamed me. Some there be that seduce through philosophy, under a great, and smooth, and honorable name coloring and disguising their own errors; and almost all who in that and former ages were such, are in that book censured and set forth. There also is made plain that wholesome advice of Thy Spirit, by thy good and devout servant: "Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ. For in Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." And since at that time (Thou, O light of my heart, knowest) Apostolic Scripture was not known to me. I was delighted with that exhortation so far only that I was thereby strongly roused and kindled, and inflamed to love, and seek, and obtain, and hold, and embrace, not this or that sect, but wisdom itself, whatever it were, and this alone checked me, thus enkindled, that the name of Christ was not in it. For this name — according to Thy mercy, O Lord — this name of my Saviour, Thy Son, had my tender heart, even with my mother's milk devoutly drank in, and deeply treasured;

and whatsoever was without that name — though never so learned, polished, or true — took not entire hold of me.

I resolved then to bend my mind to the Holy Scriptures that I might see what they were. But behold I see a thing not understood by the proud, nor laid open to children; lowly in access, in its recesses lofty, and veiled with mysteries; and I was not such as could enter into it, or stoop my neck to follow its steps. For not as I now speak, did I feel when I turned to those Scriptures; but they seemed to me unworthy to be compared to the stateliness of Tully; for my swelling pride shrunk from their lowliness, nor could my sharp wit pierce the interior thereof. Yet were they such as would grow up in a little one. But I disdained to be a little one; and, swollen with pride, took myself to be a great one.

PHILOSOPHICAL SPECULATIONS.

Therefore I fell among men, proudly doting, exceeding carnal and prating, in whose mouths were the snare of the Devil, limed with the mixture of the syllables of Thy name, and of our Lord Jesus Christ, and of the Holy Ghost, the Paraclete, our Comforter. These names departed not out of their mouth: but so far forth as the sound only and the noise of the tongue, for the heart was void of truth. Yet they cried out "Truth, truth!" and spake much thereof to me, yet it was not in them; but they spake falsehood, not of Thee only (who truly art Truth), but even of those elements of this world, Thy creatures. And I indeed ought to have passed by even those philosophers who spake truth concerning them, for love of Thee my Father, supremely good, Beauty of all things beautiful. O Truth, Truth, how inwardly did even then the marrow of my soul pant after thee, when they often and diversely, and in many and large books, echoed to me of Thee — though it was but an echo. And these were the dishes wherein to me, hungering after Thee, they, instead of Thee, served up the Sun and Moon — beautiful works of Thine, but yet Thy works, not Thyself: no, nor Thy first works. For Thy spiritual works are before these corporeal works, celestial though they may be,

and shining. But I hungered and thirsted not even after these first works of Thine, but after Thee thyself, the Truth, "in whom there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." Yet they still set before me, in those dishes, glittering fantasies, than which better were it to love this very Sun (which is real to our sight at least), than those fantasies which by our eyes deceive our minds. Yet because I thought them to be Thee, I fed thereon; not eagerly, for Thou didst not in them taste to me as Thou art; for Thou wast not in these emptinesses, nor was I nourished by them, but exhausted rather. . . . Such empty husks was I then fed on, and was not fed. But Thou, my soul's Love, "in looking for whom I fail," that I may become strong, art neither those bodies which we see, though in heaven, nor those which we see not there; for Thou hast created them, nor dost thou account them the chiefest of Thy works. How far then art Thou from those fantasies of mine — fantasies of bodies which altogether are not — than which the images of those bodies which are, are far more certain; and more certain still the bodies themselves, which yet Thou art not; no, nor yet the soul, which is the life of the bodies. So, then, better and more certain is the life of the bodies than the bodies. But Thou art the life of souls, the life of lives, having life in Thyself; and changest not, life of my soul.

Where then wert Thou then to me, and how far from me? Far verily was I straying from Thee, barred from the very husks of the swine, whom with husks I fed. For how much better are the fables of poets and grammarians than these snares? For verses and poems, and "Medea flying," are more profitable truly than these men's "five elements," variously disguised, answering to five dens of darkness, which have no being, yet slay the believer. For verses and poems I can turn to true food, and "Medea flying," though I did sing, I maintained not; though I heard it sung, I believed not; but those things I did believe. Woe, woe, by what steps was I brought down to "the depths of hell," toiling and turmoiling through want of Truth, since I sought after Thee, my God (to Thee I confess it, who hadst mercy on me, not

yet confessing), not according to the understanding of the mind, wherein Thou willedst that I should excel the beasts, but according to the sense of the flesh. But Thou wert more in word to me than my most inward part, and higher than my highest. I lighted upon that bold woman "simple and knowing nothing," shadowed out by Solomon, "sitting at the door, and saying, Eat ye bread of secrecies willingly, and drink ye stolen waters which are sweet." She seduced me, because she found my soul dwelling abroad in the eye of my flesh, and ruminating on such food as through it I had devoured.

THE FINITE AND INFINITE.

For other than this, that which really is I knew not; and was, as it were through sharpness of wit, persuaded to assent to foolish deceivers, when they asked me, "Whence is evil?" "Is God bounded by a bodily shape, and has hairs and nails?" "Are they to be esteemed righteous, who had many wives at once, and did kill men, and sacrificed living creatures?" At which I in my ignorance, was much troubled, and departing from the truth, seemed to myself to be making toward it; because as yet I knew not that evil was nothing but a privation of good, until at last a thing ceases altogether to be; which how should I see the sight of, whose eyes reached only to bodies, and of my mind to a phantasm? And I knew not *God to be a Spirit,* not One who hath parts extended in length and breadth, or whose being was bulk. For every bulk is less in a part than in the whole; and if it be infinite, it must be less in such part as is defined by a certain space, than in its infinitude; and so is not wholly everywhere, as Spirit, as God. And what that should be in us, by which we were like to God, and might in Scripture be rightly said to be "after the Image of God," I was altogether ignorant. Nor knew I that true inward righteousness, which judgeth not according to custom, but out of the most rightful law of God Almighty, whereby the ways of places and times were disposed, according to those times and places; itself being the same, always and everywhere, not one thing in one place and

another in another; according to which Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and Moses, and David, were righteous, and all these commended by the mouth of God; but were judged unrighteous by silly men "judging out of man's judgment," and measuring by their own petty habits, the moral habits of the whole human race. — *Confessions; translation revised by* Dr. E. B. Pusey.

Saint Augustine, Bishop of Hippo, must not be confounded with another Saint Augustine (or Austin) who lived nearly two centuries later, and was in 596 sent by Pope Gregory I. to introduce Christianity among the Saxons in Britain, and who became the first Archbishop of Canterbury.

AURELIUS ANTONINUS, Marcus, a Roman emperor and philosopher; born A. D. 121; died A. D. 180. His original name was Marcus Annius Verus; but his father having died while he was an infant, he was adopted by his uncle, Aurelius Antoninus (surnamed Pius), who was himself the adopted son and successor of the Emperor Hadrian. When the young man grew up he dropped his last two names, assuming in their stead those of Aurelius Antoninus. At the age of twenty-five he married Faustina, the daughter of Antoninus Pius, with whom he had been associated in the government, and whom he succeeded in 161. His reign was upon the whole a prosperous one, though the empire was disturbed by hostilities with the Parthians on the one side, and upon the Danube on the other, and by questions growing out of the rapid extension of Christianity. He died in the neigh-

borhood of Vienna, while conducting a campaign against the Germanic tribes.

The education of Aurelius was carefully conducted. He early devoted himself to the study of the ethical philosophy of the Stoics, which he kept up to the close of his life. His *Meditations* are comprised in twelve books, some of them consisting of brief aphorisms. A fine translation is that of George Long (1862).

FOR WHAT HE THANKED THE GODS.

To the gods I am indebted for having good grandfathers, good parents, a good sister, good teachers, good associates, good kinsmen and friends. Further, I owe it to the gods that I was not hurried into any offence against any of them, though I had a disposition which, if opportunity had offered, might have led me to do something of this kind. But, through their favor, there never was such a convenience of circumstances as put me to the trial. . . .

Further, I am thankful to the gods that I was subjected to a ruler and [adoptive] father who was able to take away all pride from me, and to bring me to the knowledge that it was possible for a man to live in a palace without wanting either guards or embroidered dresses, or torches and statues, and such-like show; but that it is in such a man's power to bring himself very near to the fashion of a private person, without being for this reason either mean in thought, or more remiss in action, with respect to the things which must be done for the public interest in a manner that befits a ruler. . . .

I thank the gods that I did not make more proficiency in rhetoric, poetry, and the other studies in which I should perhaps have been completely engaged if I had seen that I was making progress in them; that I made haste to place those who brought me up in the station of honor which they seemed to desire, without putting them off with the hope of my doing it some time after.

I thank the gods that I received clear and frequent impressions about living in accordance with Nature, and what kind of a life that is; so that, so far as dependent on the gods, and their gifts and help and inspiration, nothing hindered me from forthwith living according to Nature; though I still fall short of it through my own fault, and not observing the admonition of the gods, and, I may almost say, their direct instructions.

I thank the gods that though it was my mother's fate to die young, she spent the last years of her life with me; that I have such a wife, so obedient, and so affectionate, and so simple; that I had abundance of good masters for my children; and that when I had an inclination to philosophy, I did not waste my time on scribblers, or in the resolution of syllogisms, or occupy myself about the investigations of appearances in the heavens: for all these things require the help of the gods and fortune.— *Meditations, I.*

THE PRESENT ALONE IS OURS.

Though thou shouldst be going to live three thousand years — and as many times ten thousand years — still remember that no man loses any other life than this which he now lives, nor lives any other than this which he now loses. The longest and the shortest are thus brought to the same. For the Present is the same to all, though that which is Past is not the same; and so that which is lost appears to be a mere moment. For a man cannot lose either the Past or the Future: for what a man has not, how can anyone take this from him?

These two things, then, thou must bear in mind: The first, that all things from eternity are of like forms, and come round in a circle; and that it makes no difference whether a man shall see the same things during a hundred years, or two thousand years, or an indefinite time. And the second, that the longest liver and he who will die soonest lose just the same. For the Present is the only thing of which a man can be deprived — if it is true that this is the only thing which he has, and that a man cannot lose a thing if he has it not.— *Meditations, II*

THE OVERRULING GODS.

If the gods have determined about me, and about the things which must happen to me, they have determined well: for it is not easy even to imagine a Deity without forethought. And as to doing any harm, why should they have any desire toward that? For what advantage would result to them from this, or to the whole which is the special object of their providence? But if they have not determined about me individually, they have certainly determined about the whole, at least, and the things which happen by way of sequence in the general arrangement; and I ought to accept with pleasure, and to be content with them.

But if they have determined about nothing (which is wicked to believe), or if we do believe it, let us neither sacrifice, nor pray, nor swear to them, nor do anything else which we do, as if the gods were present and lived with us. But if, however, the gods have determined about none of the things which concern us, I am able to determine about myself; and I can inquire about that which is useful to every man, and that which is conformable to his own constitution and nature. But my nature is rational and social; and my city and country — so far as I am Antoninus — is Rome; but so far as I am a man, it is the world. The things, then, which are useful to those cities are alone useful to me.— *Meditations, VI.*

DETACHED THOUGHTS.

Do not act as if thou wert going to live ten thousand years. Death hangs over thee. While thou livest — while it is in thy power — be good.

Love the art — poor as it may be — which thou hast learned, and be content with it; and pass through the rest of life like one who has intrusted to the gods, with his whole soul, all that he has — making thyself neither the tyrant nor the slave of any man. . . .

Be like the promontory against which the waves con-

tinually break, but it stands firm, and tames the fury of the water around it. . . .

Reverence that which is best in the Universe — and this is that which makes use of all things and directs all things. And, in like manner, also reverence that which is best in Thyself, and this is of the same kind as that. For in Thyself also, that which makes use of everything else is this, and thy life is directed by this. . . .

Let not future things disturb thee; for thou wilt come to them, if it shall be necessary, having with thee the same Reason which thou usest for present things.— *Selected.*

AUSTEN, JANE, an English novelist; born at Steventon, Hampshire, December 16, 1775; died at Winchester, July 18, 1817. Her first published novels, *Sense and Sensibility; Pride and Prejudice; Mansfield Park,* and *Emma,* were issued anonymously between 1811 and 1816; two others, *Northanger Abbey* (which, however, was written earliest of all) and *Persuasion,* were published the year after her death. The great charm of Miss Austen's fictions lies in their truth and simplicity. She gives plain representations of English life and society in the middle and upper classes, without attempt at fine writing, and with no striking scenes, thrilling adventures, or extraordinary characters. Her novels were greatly admired by cultivated readers. Sir Walter Scott, after having read *Pride and Prejudice* for the third time, wrote in his Diary: "That young lady had a talent for describing the involvements, feelings, and characters of ordinary life

which is to me the most wonderful I have ever met with. The big bow-wow I can do myself like any one going; but the exquisite touch which renders common things and characters interesting from the truth of the description, and the sentiment, is denied me. What a pity so gifted a creature died so early." Archbishop Whately, in an exhaustive critique upon these novels, says:

> Her works may be safely recommended, not only as among the most unexceptionable of their class, but as combining, in an eminent degree, instruction with amusement, though without direct effort at the former. . . . The Eastern monarch who proclaimed a reward to him who should discover a new pleasure, would have deserved well of mankind had he stipulated that it should be blameless. Those, again, who delight in the study of human nature, may improve in the knowledge of it, and in the profitable application of that knowledge, by the perusal of such fictions as these.

Miss Austen's novels, perhaps beyond any others in the English language, were favorites of Macaulay, as he records over and over again in his Journals. The following extract from *Pride and Prejudice* presents a good specimen of the author's manner:

A FAMILY SCENE.

It is a truth universally acknowledged that a single man in the possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife. However little known the feelings or views of such a man may be on his first entering a neighborhood, this truth is so well fixed in the minds of the surrounding families, that he is considered as the rightful property of some one or other of their daughters.

"My dear Mr. Bennet," said his lady to him one day, "have you heard that Netherfield Park is let at last?"

Mr. Bennet replied that he had not.

"But it is," returned she; "for Mrs. Long has just been here, and she told me all about it."

Mr. Bennet made no answer.

"Do you not want to know who has taken it?" cried his wife, impatiently.

"You want to tell me, and I have no objection to hear it."

This was invitation enough.

"Why, my dear, you must know Mrs. Long says that Netherfield is taken by a young man of large fortune from the north of England; that he came down on Monday in a chaise-and-four to see the place, and was so much delighted with it, that he agreed with Mr. Morris immediately, that he is to take possession before Michaelmas, and some of his servants are to be in the house by the end of next week."

"What is his name?"

"Bingley."

"Is he married or single?"

"Oh! single, my dear, to be sure! A single man of large fortune; four or five thousand a year. What a fine thing for our girls!"

"How so? How can it affect them?"

"My dear Mr. Bennet," replied his wife, "how can you be so tiresome? You must know that I am thinking of his marrying one of them."

"Is that his design in settling here?"

"Design! Nonsense; how can you talk so? But it is very likely he may fall in love with one of them, and therefore you must visit him as soon as he comes.

"I see no occasion for that. You and the girls may go, or you may send them by themselves, which will perhaps be still better, for as you are as handsome as any of them, Mr. Bingley might like you the best of the party."

"My dear, you flatter me. I certainly have had my share of beauty, but I do not pretend to be anything extraordinary now. When a woman has five grown-up daughters, she ought to give over thinking of her own beauty."

"In such cases a woman has not often much beauty to think of."

"But, my dear, you must indeed go and see Mr. Bingley when he comes into the neighborhood."

"That is more than I engage for, I assure you."

"But consider your daughters. Only think what an establishment it would be for one of them. Sir William and Lady Lucas are determined to go merely on that account; for in general, you know, they visit no newcomers. Indeed, you must go, for it will be impossible for us to visit him if you do not."

"You are over-scrupulous, surely. I dare say Mr. Bingley will be very glad to see you; and I will send a few lines by you to assure him of my hearty consent to his marrying whichever he chooses of the girls; though I must throw in a good word for my little Lizzie."

"I desire you will do no such thing. Lizzie is not a bit better than the others; and I am sure she is not half so handsome as Jane, nor half so good-humored as Lydia. But you are always giving her the preference."

"They have none of them much to recommend them," replied he; "they are all silly and ignorant, like other girls; but Lizzie has something more of quickness than her sisters."

"Mr. Bennet, how can you abuse your own children in such a way? You take delight in vexing me. You have no compassion on my poor nerves."

"You mistake me, my dear. I have a high respect for your nerves. They are my old friends. I have heard you mention them with consideration these twenty years at least."

"Ah! you do not know what I suffer."

"But I hope you will soon get over it, and live to see many young men of four thousand a year come into the neighborhood."

"It will be no use to us, if twenty such men should come, since you will not visit them."

"Depend upon it, my dear, that when there are twenty, I will visit them all."

Mr. Bennet was so odd a mixture of quick parts, sarcastic humor, reserve, and caprice, that the experience

of three-and-twenty years had been insufficient to make his wife understand his character. Her mind was less difficult to develop. She was a woman of mean understanding, little information, and uncertain temper. When she was discontented she fancied herself nervous. The business of her life was to get her daughters married; its solace was visiting and news.

AUSTIN, ALFRED, an English poet, critic, and journalist; born at Headingley, near Leeds, May 30, 1835. His parents were Roman Catholics, and he was educated at Stonyhurst College and at St. Mary's College, Oscott. From Oscott he took his degree from the University of London in 1853, and was called to the bar in 1857. His tastes, however, were not for the law, but for literature. Among his poetical works are: *Randolph,* published anonymously (1854); *The Season, a Satire* (1861 and 1869); *The Human Tragedy* (1862, 1876, and 1881); *The Golden Age* (1871); *Interludes* (1872); *Rome or Death* (1873); *Madonna's Child* (1873); *The Tower of Babel* (1874); *Savonarola* (1881); *Soliloquies* (1882); *At the Gate of the Convent* (1885); *Prince Lucifer* (1887); *English Lyrics* (1890); *Fortunatus the Pessimist* (1892); *In Veronica's Garden* (1895); *The Garden that I Love* (1900); *Haunts of Ancient Peace* (1902) and *Flodden Field* (1903). He has published three novels: *Five Years of It* (1858); *An Artist's Proof* (1864), and *Won by a Head* (1866). Mr. Austin was many years connected with *The Standard* and with *The Quarterly Review,* and for a number of years editor of

ALFRED AUSTIN.

The National Review. In January, 1896, he was made Poet Laureate, a post which had been vacant since the death of Tennyson in 1892.

BEFORE THE BATTLE.

They sleep; they dream; they will awake. But oh!
How many folded here 'neath slumber's wing,
Whose streams of life now darkly-silent flow,
Filtered through dreams to bright awakening,
Will e'er again this sweetening Lethe know,
This subterranean plunge whence newly spring
Health's sparkling currents, every thirst to slake?
Ah! they will sleep once more, but not to wake!

Deep, dark, unending slumber will be theirs,
Whereto there comes no dawn or pipe of birds,
No smell of green buds bursting unawares,
Nor milk-sweet breath of dewy-ankled herds.
For them mute death the ebon couch prepares;
For them the Fates chant low the fatal words.
They will awake, to die! Why cannot sleep
Locked in its arms their souls forever keep?

Lo! they awake, they rise, and spring as light
From their rough beds as hare from grassy seat;
Hailing the spears of dawn, while routed night
Flings out a mist to cover her retreat.
But vain her tardy subterfuge of flight,
Pursuer than pursued is yet more fleet;
And her limp shivering banners seized and furled,
Day reigns, unchallenged, o'er a glittering world!

Shortly the moving mist began to gleam
And glitter, as when tips of orient rays
Glint on the ripples of a shadeless stream,
Until it glowed one scintillating blaze,
Flickering and flashing in each morning beam.
And then they knew it was no vaporous haze,
But foe come forth, — bayonet, and blade, and gun, —
Shimmering and glancing in the broadening sun.

Swift through their lines a thrill electric ran,
And, as it died, girt by that faithful few
Whose spendthrift lives had still been in the van
Since first his banner of redemption flew,
Midst men heroic looking more than man,
Serenely strong, the Chief came full in view;
While through the ranks, with sabre-sounding clang,
A shout of welcome and defiance rang.

"Hail, noble champions of a noble Cause!"
Flashing them back their greeting, thus he spake.
"See, Fortune smiles. The beast whose greedy claws
Ye have come to clip, doth from his covert break,
And, spurred by desperate terror, hither draws.
Now in your hands your shafts avenging take,
And bide his onset! We will wait him here,
And let the rash fool rush upon the spear."

—*The Human Tragedy.*

FORTUNATUS.

Are you then satisfied
To bid farewell to Work, Love, Nature, Art,
Remitting these to others, while you pass
Into the loveless and unnatural ground,
Where you will work no more, and storied stone,
Is Art's last word to you, you will not hear?

FRANKLIN.

There was a time I had a feud with Death.
The hardest lesson wisdom has to learn
Is, having learnt to love and reverence life,
To learn serenely to relinquish it.
We do not purchase life; it is a gift,
Which we are free to forfeit, when we will,
Unto the Unseen Hand that gave it us.
The wise, the brave, retain it as a boon
Until the Giver himself demands it back.

—*Fortunatus the Pessimist.*

AUSTIN, JANE GOODWIN, an American novelist; born at Worcester, Mass., February 25, 1831; died at Boston, March 30, 1894. She was educated in private schools in Boston, and began her literary work by writing for periodicals, and most of her stories were first published in this form. She is the author of *Fairy Dreams* (1860); *Cipher: A Romance* (1869); *The Shadow of Moloch Mountain* (1870); *Mrs. Beauchamp Brown,* of the No Name Series (1880); *A Nameless Nobleman* (1881); *Desmond Hundred,* Round Robin Series (1882); and *Nantucket Scraps* (1883). Mrs. Austin has also written a series of historical novels of the old Plymouth Colony, among which are *Standish of Standish* (1887); *Dr. Le Baron and His Daughters* (1890); *Betty Alden* (1891), and *David Alden's Daughter* (1892). At the time of her death Mrs. Austin had nearly finished another historical novel, which she regarded as one of the best.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

The library at the Desmond Hundred was a delightful room, begun by Brian Desmond and his wife's chaplain; the former suggesting its grand proportions and broad bay, and the latter the deep alcoves, the niches for statuary never yet placed there, and the carved texts above the sunken book-cases and over the door and fireplace, where, between the oaken shelf and the text, was displayed the Desmond escutcheon with its proud motto, "None over me but God." The shelves were not yet half filled with books; for Honoria was too honest to buy books she did not care to read, and she was not a reader. "It is the library of the future," she once said, rather sadly.

"My heir, whoever he may be, can fill it up to suit himself."

A fire was laid ready upon the hearth; and the doctor, pulling out his match-case, kindled it as simply as if it had been in his own office. Honoria looked at him with a smile, but was too innately hospitable to even say that she was glad to see him so much at home, lest she should remind him that he was not.

"Here, Nazareth," said she, pushing up a charming little easy-chair, "you must have this, it just suits you; and, Clara, there is your favorite chair; and I will have the hassock in the chimney-corner, here. Now, Mr. Ardrie, we are all ready for the — what is it? A sermon, or a lecture, or a scolding, or a story?"

"Neither," replied the priest, taking a letter from his breast-pocket, and bending forward to catch the light upon it; for the flame, shooting up through the pine branches and twigs piled upon the more solid fuel, filled the room with its joyous and fragrant radiance, and gave new meaning to both animate and inanimate objects.

"I believe, friends — for you are each one to me a special and dear friend; in fact, I have come to feel that you are something more than friends, you are my home-circle, and the nearest, perhaps, to a family that I am ever to know — I have never told you anything about myself or my natural belongings; and I have often found myself moved with admiration at the delicacy with which you have refrained from asking any of those questions as to my antecedents, which seem to weigh so heavily upon the minds of some of my other parishioners."

The doctor laughed aloud in his old hearty fashion.

"I have tried to remain ignorant, in self-defence, parson," said he, slapping his knee. "For all the questions they didn't ask you were saved up for me. I wasn't the rose, but lived near the rose, eh? And I have found great comfort in being able to say, I don't know. It's none of my business.' But, if you're going to tell the secret, I shall have to get up a new formula."

"I'm not going to tell the secret, doctor, for there is no secret to tell; and if I have never mentioned the

details of my life, previous to coming to Abbeyshrule, it was because they are so absolutely commonplace and prosaic that I could not imagine them of importance to any one but myself; and, although I was now about to relate them, I think it such a pity to deprive you of your admirable reproof to inquisitiveness, that, unless some one here particularly wishes to know, I will not even now mention the precise State or town of my birth, the college whence I graduated, the place where I first took pastoral duty, or the precise form of ill-health which compelled me to resign that cure about two years ago, and begin a course of desultory wanderings, ending, or rather pausing, in this place. One item of family history I am, however, about to present, as it is connected with the scheme I wish to propose. My father, after my mother's death, married an English lady, who also died soon after the birth of her only child, a son; and as she left some little property secured to her own children, my brother took her family name in addition to his father's, and is called John Paidmore-Ardrie. He is about ten years younger than myself, that is to say thirty-two or three years old, and, greatly to his regret, resembles the rugged paternal stock rather than his beautiful mother. He has lived a great deal abroad, rather affecting the society and manners of his English cousins than our republican simplicity; and he finally signalled this preference by volunteering in the English military service, for the great and glorious conquest of Abyssinia."

"Ah, glorious indeed;" sighed Clara in perfect good faith: "Britannia rules the sea."

"Especially Ireland," retorted Honoria angrily. "Well, Mr. Ardrie?"

"Well, these glorious conquests cost, as we all know; and poor Paidmore got a spear through his ribs one day, calculated to finish the annals of his especial glory in the Abyssinia direction, but which, contrary to all precedent and the decision of surgeons, failed to do so. He was sent home to England with his brevet as major in the volunteer corps where he served, struggled on in the delicious climate of that favored isle for a year or so, and then was sent to the Bahamas — to die as the doctors

told him. Again his natural perversity came to the fore; and, being sent to die, he stayed to live, and is now very nearly a well man. This letter is from him, and urges very strongly that I should come to Nassau and pass this winter with him, after which he promises to come North with me, and settle to what he calls farming, that being the branch of industry which, after war, he most delights in. He describes Nassau as the crumb of Paradise left upon earth, and especially testifies to its health-giving and invigorating climate. It must certainly be a most charming spot." — *The Desmond Hundred.*

A HARD-FOUGHT BATTLE.

"He meant you to be different from me, and from Miss Desmond, and from your husband, you say. Yes, it is true. He means each one of us to live our individual life, and so to live it as to attain at the last the full measure of our individual perfection, the ideal formed in the Eternal Mind of you or of me before we were born into this world; but do you mean to say, my daughter, that you believe these reserves, amounting sometimes to deceit, as you must allow, are part of your intended perfection, and that God gave you that temperament intending you to cultivate it?"

He waited, but she did not reply. The bitter little tears had ceased, and she was thinking. He went on: —

"Your intellect is vivid, and your mind cultivated; you are proud of this, and commit the common error of considering this intellect as an acquisition or merit of your own, instead of seeing in it merely a tool placed in your hand by your Master that with it you might work out His will and your own salvation — by which word I mean happiness. Thus far you have misapplied this tool, and cut your own fingers with it; now turn it to carving out the answer to this problem: What is to be the effect of my temporal life upon my eternal?

"Consider that your deepest reserves, your cunningest subterfuges, are not the lightest film between your purposes and the eye of God; you may cheat yourself, but not Him.

"Consider that absolute justice is one of His attributes, and that the logic of events proves that to sin is to suffer; and you may consider sin in the abstract as a departure from the just balance of nature as created by God. The steam engine is a justly balanced creation of man; it has no animosity toward you: so long as you comply with its mode of action, it works you unlimited good; traverse the law of its action by seizing the wheel and trying to turn it the wrong way, and you are crushed by the wheel.

"Consider, again, that God has laid down certain definite laws, and that the Allseeingness and the absolute justice of which I spoke belong to the Judge who administers these laws; among these laws he has distinctly specified Truth; I don't mean simply not telling lies or bearing false witness but the kind of truth that will satisfy that all-seeing Eye, reading through looks, through words, through thought, down into the hidden springs of being. It isn't worth while to try to deceive such a Judge as that, is it? In fact, the attempt to deceive will only be an added shame and sin. Then, besides truth, he has laid down certain other laws, reaching even the details of a married person's duty in its more expanded sense. You will find one in the fifth chapter of St. Matthew at the twenty-seventh verse. And, having considered all these points with the full power of that intellect lent to you by its Maker for his own purposes, I want you to decide whether your past and present course is, I will not say right, but wise, rational, logical, and if your minds answers, as any rational mind must, then make a resolution for the future. If you will let me help you, I shall be only too glad to do so. If you had rather be alone with God, I still will pray for you. Only do not let this crisis pass without effect. Do not let the hand of God have touched you and leave no mark. He has spoken, is speaking; let it not be in vain."—*The Desmond Hundred.*

AVICENNA (corruption of Ebn Sina or Ibn Sina), an Arabian physician and philosopher; born at Afshena, Bokhara, in August, 980; died at Hamadan, Persia, 1037. His literary work consisted chiefly of a medical compilation, based upon the works of Hippocrates and Galen, and commentaries on Aristotle. Avicenna was a precocious youth, and at the age of ten knew the Koran by rote. Living in the centre of culture of the Moslem world, he was regarded as a prodigy by all the scholars of the time. He seems to have possessed the faculty of absorbing knowledge from everyone with whom he came in contact, as well as mastering the most abstruse philosophical problems of the age. Forty times, it is said, he read the Metaphysics of Aristotle, and though the words were impressed upon his mind, their meaning was obscure until he read a small commentary by Alfarabius, and the light of Greek philosophy dawned upon his troubled mind. At the end of his seventeenth year he had mastered the learning of his time. When perplexed by an abstract problem it was his custom to hie to the mosque and indulge in prayer and mental discipline until far into the night, stimulating his thoughts by occasional draughts of wine. Amid his restless study Avicenna never forgot his love of sensuous pleasures, and his passion for wine and women was almost as well known as his learning. His bouts of pleasure gradually weakened his constitution, and he succumbed to a severe colic in his fifty-eighth year. His writings on medicine were accepted as the code of practice in European universities up to near the close of the seventeenth century.

Upward of one hundred treatises have been ascribed to Avicenna. His *Canon of Medicine,* on which his European reputation mainly rests, was reprinted in Arabic at Rome in 1593, and a Hebrew edition at Naples in 1491. Of the Latin version there were about thirty editions. Other medical works translated into Latin are: *Medicamenta Cordialia; Canticum de Medicina,* and *Tractatus de Syrupo Acetoso.* His *Logic; Metaphysics; Physics,* and *De Cœlo* are treatises giving a synoptic view of Aristotelian doctrine.

A BALLAD OF GOOD LIFE.

Ten things forbid the man of noblesse be;
And six of these are quit from him that's free.

Envy to bear, be paltry-soul'd or false,
Let men our greed, or grief, or weakness see.

When affluence flows, 'tis thine the hand to ope
To friends in bounty as thou feastest thee.

But come annoy, ne'er make thy secret known;
Let not thy cheek wear sorrow's sallow blee.

The world all through's not worth the asking why;
For what good end heav'st thou one cold "Ah me!"

I' the board of Earth Heaven's dice forever fall;
Death is the gamer, and his pawns are we.

—PICKERING'S *Translation.*

WINE.

Wine is the wise man's friend and 'tis the drunkard's foe;
In measure, balm; excess, a serpent venom slow;
Where 'tis o'ermuch ensues no little scathe and bale,
And where is little o't, much profit thence may grow.

DARK DEEDS.

When thou art old, to work the works of youth, beware!
To veil thine age in infidel untruth, beware!
What in the past night's darkness thou has done,
hast done:
But that to do when light of noonday shew'th, beware!

IDENTITY.

Ah, would I ne'er had known my own identity,
Nor for what cause the world one whirling mass I see;
Then in the hour of hap I joyous were and free,
And elsewhen thousand eyes would weep their tears in
me!

—*Translation of* CHARLES J. PICKERING.

AYTOUN, WILLIAM EDMONSTOUNE, a Scottish critic, essayist, and poet; born at Edinburgh in 1813; died at Blackhills, Elgin, August 4, 1865. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh, studied law, and was called to the bar in 1840. In 1852 he was appointed Regius Professor of Rhetoric and Belles-Lettres in the university, and held also several important civic positions. He married a daughter of John Wilson ("Christopher North"), whom he ultimately succeeded as one of the editors of *Blackwood's Magazine,* to which he had previously contributed largely in prose and verse. We have the authority of "Maga" (another name for *Blackwood*) for believing that he had been erroneously supposed to be the chief editor of that magazine: — "His literary connection with 'Maga'

became so well known that common repute without foundation attributed the editorship to him." Among his numerous works are: *Life and Times of Richard I., King of England* (1840); *Bothwell,* a poem (1856); *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers* (1848); and *Fermilian, a Spasmodic Tragedy* (1854) designed to satirize some modern extravagances in poetry. In conjunction with Theodore Martin, Aytoun published, under the pseudonym of "Bon Gualtier," a *Book of Ballads* (1858) and several other volumes, the respective authorship of portions of which is not certainly indicated. The *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers* is the work from which Aytoun derives his chief claim to remembrance, the style of which is very evidently modelled after that of Sir Walter Scott. Among the best of these is

THE BURIAL MARCH OF DUNDEE.*

I.

Sound the fife and cry the slogan; let the pibroch shake the air
With its wild triumphant music, worthy of the freight we bear.
Let the ancient hills of Scotland hear once more the battle song,
Swell within their glens and valleys as the clansmen march along!

* John Graham (or Græme), Viscount of Dundee, sprang from the noble family of Montrose, was born in 1643, and was killed at the battle of Killiecrankie, July 27, 1689. He was educated at the University of St. Andrews; served in the French army from 1668 till 1672; and afterwards entered the Dutch service. He returned to Scotland in 1678, and was made lieutenant in a troop of horse commanded by his cousin, the Marquis of Montrose. King Charles II. was at this time attempting to force episcopacy upon the Scottish people, and Graham was among the most active of his abettors. He encountered the Covenanters at Drumclog, June 1, 1679, and was defeated. Three weeks afterwards he met them again at Bothwell Bridge, and gained a complete victory over them. Under James II. he rose to high favor, and was made Viscount Dundee and Lord Graham of Claverhouse. When James was driven from the throne

Never from the field of combat, never from the deadly fray,
Was a nobler trophy carried than we bring with us to-day;
Never since the valiant Douglas on his dauntless bosom bore
Good King Robert's heart — the priceless — to our dear Redeemer's shore!
Lo! we bring with us the hero; Lo! we bring the conquering Græme,
Crowned as best befits a victor, from the altar of his fame.
Fresh and bleeding from the battle whence his spirit took its flight!
Midst the crashing charge of squadrons, and the thunder of the fight!
Strike, I say, the notes of triumph, as we march o'er moor and lea!
Is there any here will venture to bewail our dead Dundee?
Let the widows of the traitors weep until their eyes are dim!
Wail ye may full well for Scotland: let none dare to mourn for him! —
See! above his glorious body lies the royal banner's fold;
See! his valiant blood is mingled with its crimson and its gold.
See how calm he looks and stately, like a warrior on his shield,

Dundee remained faithful to the fallen monarch, and roused the Highland clans against the government of William and Mary. He advanced upon Blair Athol, whither the government forces, under General Mackay, hurried to meet him. The armies encountered at the Pass of Killiecrankie. Mackay's force was about 4,000; that of Dundee numbered 2,500 foot and a troop of horse. After an interchange of volleys, the Highlanders rushed on with their broad-swords and in a few minutes gained a complete victory. Their loss was about 900; that of the enemy 2,000 killed and captured. Dundee was killed by a musket shot, while waving on one of his battalions to the charge. By the Jacobites Dundee was regarded as the brave and handsome cavalier, the last of the gallant Grahams; by the Covenanters he was execrated as "the bloody Claver'se;" the most cruel and rapacious of the mercenary dragoons sent against them. Mr. Aytoun, in this ballad, takes the Jacobite view of his character, and in an elaborate note to a later edition defends his hero from what he regards as the aspersions of Macaulay in his *History of England*.

Waiting till the flush of morning breaks along the battle-field!
See — Oh, never more, my comrades, shall we see that falcon eye
Redden with its inward lightning, as the hour of fight drew nigh!
Never shall we hear the voice that, clearer than the trumpet's call,
Bade us strike for King and Country; bade us win the field, or fall!

II.

On the heights of Killiecrankie yester-morn our army lay:
Slowly rose the mist in columns from the river's broken way;
Hoarsely roared the swollen torrent, and the Pass was wrapped in gloom,
When the clansmen rose together from their lair amidst the gloom.
Then we belted on our tartans, and our bonnets down we drew,
As we felt our broadswords' edges and we proved them to be true.
And we prayed the prayer of soldiers, and we cried the gathering-cry,
And we clasped the hands of kinsmen, and we swore to do or die!
Then our leader rode before us, on his war-horse black as night: —
Well the Cameronian rebels knew that charger in the fight: —
And a cry of exultation from the bearded warriors rose;
For we loved the house of Claver'se, and we thought of good Montrose.
But he raised his hand for silence — "Soldiers! I have sworn a vow:
Ere the evening star shall glisten on Schehallion's lofty brow,
Either we shall rest in triumph, or another of the Græmes

Shall have died in battle-harness for his Country and King James!
Think upon the royal martyr, think of what his race endure;
Think of him whom butchers murdered on the field of Magnus Muir:
By his sacred blood I charge you, by the ruined hearth and shrine,
By the blighted hopes of Scotland, by your injuries and mine —
Strike this day as if the anvil lay beneath your blows the while,
Be they Covenanting traitors, or the brood of false Argyle;
Strike! and drive the trembling rebels backwards o'er the stormy Forth;
Let them tell their pale Convention how they fared within the North;
Let them tell that Highland honor is not to be bought or sold;
That we scorn their prince's anger as we loathe his foreign gold.
Strike! and when the fight is over, if you look in vain for me,
Where the dead are lying thickest, search for him that was Dundee!"

III.

Loudly then the hills re-echoed with our answer to his call,
But a deeper echo sounded in the bosoms of us all.
For the lands of wide Breadalbane, not a man who heard him speak
Would that day have left the battle. Burning eye and flushing cheek
Told the clansmen's fierce emotion; and they harder drew their breath,
For their souls were strong within them, stronger than the grasp of death. —
Soon we heard a challenge-trumpet sounding in the Pass below,

And the distant tramp of horses, and the voices of the foe;
Down we crouched amid the bracken, till the Lowland ranks drew near,
Panting like the hounds in Summer, when they scent the stately deer.
From the dark defile emerging, next we saw the squadrons come,
Leslie's foot and Leven's troopers marching to the tuck of drum;
Through the scattered wood of birches, o'er the broken ground and heath,
Wound the long battalion slowly, till they gained the field beneath:
Then we bounded from our covert. Judge how looked the Saxons then,
When they saw the rugged mountain start to life with armed men! —
Like a tempest through the ridges swept the hurricane of steel,
Rose the slogan of Macdonald, flashed the broadsword of Lochiel! —
Vainly sped the withering volley 'mongst the foremost of our band;
On we poured until we met them, foot to foot and hand to hand. —
Horse and man went down like drift-wood when the fields are black at Yule,
And their carcasses are whirling in the Garry's deepest pool.
Horse and man went down before us; living foe there tarried none
On the field of Killiecrankie, when that stubborn fight was done!

IV.

And the evening star was shining on Schehallion's distant head,
When we wiped our bloody broadswords, and returned to count the dead.

There we found him gashed and gory, stretched upon
the cumbered plain,
As he told us where to seek him, in the thickest of the
slain.
And a smile was on his visage, for within his dying
ear
Pealed the joyful note of triumph, and the clansmen's
clamorous cheer. —
So, amidst the battle's thunder, shot, and steel, and
scorching flame,
In the glory of his manhood, passed the spirit of the
Græme!

v.

Open wide the vaults of Athol, where the bones of heroes
rest;
Open wide the hallowed portals to receive another
guest!
Last of Scots, and last of freemen, last of all that daunt-
less race
Who would rather die unsullied than outlive the land's
disgrace! —
O thou lion-hearted warrior! reck not of the after-
time;
Honor may be deemed dishonor, loyalty be called a
crime.
Sleep in peace with kindred ashes of the noble and the
true;
Hands that never failed their country, hearts that never
baseness knew.
Sleep! — and till the latest trumpet wakes the dead from
earth and sea,
Scotland shall not boast a braver chieftain than our own
Dundee!

In an altogether different vein is the following, which appears among the *Miscellaneous Poems* appended to later editions of the *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers:*

BLIND OLD MILTON.

Place me once more, my daughter, where the sun
  May shine upon my old and timeworn head
For the last time perchance. My race is run;
  And soon, amidst the ever-silent dead
I must repose, it may be half-forgot.
  Yes! I have broke the hard and bitter bread
For many a year, with those who trembled not
  To buckle on their armor for the fight,
And set themselves against the tyrant's lot,
  And I have never bowed me to his might
Nor knelt before him: for I bear within
  My heart the sternest consciousness of right,
And that perpetual hate of gilded sin
  Which made me what I am; and though the stain
Of poverty be on me, yet I win
  More honor by it than the blinded train
Who hug their gilded servitude, and bow
  Unto the weakest and the most profane.
Therefore, with unencumbered soul I go
Before the footstool of my Maker, where
I hope to stand as undisturbed as now.
Child! is the sun abroad? I feel my hair
  Borne up and wafted by the gentle wind;
I feel the odors that perfume the air,
  And hear the rustling of the leaves behind!
Within my heart I picture them; and then
  I can almost forget that I am blind,
And old, and hated by my fellow-men.
  Yet would I fain once more behold the grace
Of Nature, ere I die, and gaze again
  Upon her living and rejoicing face: —
Fain would I see thy countenance, my child,
  My comforter! — I feel thy dear embrace;
I hear thy voice so musical and mild;
  The patient sole interpreter, by whom
So many years of sadness are beguiled;
  For it hath made my small and scanty room

Peopled with glowing visions of the past.
  But I will calmly bend me to my doom
And wait the hour, which is approaching fast,
  When triple light shall stream upon mine eyes,
And heaven itself be opened up at last
  To him who dared foretell its mysteries.

I have had visions in this drear eclipse
  Of outward consciousness, and clomb the skies,
Striving to utter with my earthly lips
  What the diviner soul had half-divined,
Even as the Saint, in his Apocalypse,
  Who saw the inmost glory, where enshrined
Sat He who fashioned glory. — This has driven
  All outward strife and tumult from my mind,
And humbled me, until I have forgiven
  My bitter enemies, and only seek
To find the straight and narrow path to heaven.

Yet I am weak — Oh, how entirely weak,
  For one who may not love or suffer more!
Sometimes unbidden tears will wet my cheek,
  And my heart bounds as keenly as of yore,
Responsive to a voice now hushed to rest,
  Which made the beautiful Italian shore,
In all its pomp of Summer vineyards drest,
  An Eden and a Paradise to me! —
Do the sweet breezes from the balmy West
  Still murmur through thy groves, Parthenopé,
In search of odors from the orange-bowers?
  Still, on thy slopes of verdure, does the bee
Cull his rare honey from the virgin flowers?
  And Philomel her plaintive chaunt prolong
'Neath skies more calm and more serene than ours?
  Making the Summer one perpetual song? —
Art thou the same as when, in manhood's pride,
  I walked in joy thy grassy meads among,
With that fair youthful vision by my side,
In whose bright eyes I looked — and not in vain:
  O my adorèd angel! O my bride!

Despite of years, and wo, and want, and pain,
My soul yearns back to thee, and I do seem
To wander with thee, hand in hand, again
By the bright margin of that flowing stream.
I hear again thy voice, more silver-sweet
Than fancied music floating in a dream,
Possess my being: from afar I greet
The waving of thy garments in the glade,
And the light rustle of thy fairy feet,
What time as one half-eager, half-afraid,
Love's burning secret faltered on my tongue,
And tremulous looks and broken words betrayed
The secret of the heart from whence they sprung.
Ah me! the earth that rendered thee to heaven
Gave up an angel, beautiful and young,
Spotless and pure as snow when freshly driven;
A bright Aurora for the starry sphere
Where all is love, and even in life forgiven. —
Bride of immortal beauty — ever dear!
Dost thou await me in thy blest abode?
While I — Tithonus-like — must linger here,
And count each step along the rugged road;
A phantom tottering to a long-made grave
And eager to lay down my weary load!
I, who was Fancy's lord, am Fancy's slave.
Like the low murmurs of the Indian shell,
Ta'en from its coral bed beneath the wave,
Which unforgetful of the ocean's swell,
Retains within its mystic urn the hum
Heard in the sea-grots where the Nereids dwell —
Old thoughts still haunt me; unawares they come
Between me and my rest; nor can I make
These aged visitors of sorrow dumb. —
Oh, yet awhile, my feeble soul, awake,
Nor wander back with sullen steps again;
For neither pleasant pastime canst thou take
In such a journey, nor endure the pain.
The phantoms of the past are dead for thee;
So let them ever uninvoked remain;
And be thou calm, till death shall set thee free.
Thy flowers of hope expanded long ago;

Long since their blossoms withered on the tree;
No second spring can come to make them blow;
But in the silent winter of the grave
They lie with blighted love and buried wo.

I did not waste the gifts which nature gave,
Nor slothful lay in the Circean bower;
Nor did I yield myself the willing slave
Of lust for pride for riches or for power.
No! in my heart a nobler spirit dwelt,
For constant was my faith in manhood's dower;
Man — made in God's image — and thus I felt
How of our own accord we courted shame,
Until to idols like ourselves we knelt,
And so renounced the great and glorious claim
Of freedom — our immortal heritage.
I saw how Bigotry, with spiteful aim,
Smote at the searching eyesight of the Sage;
How Error stole behind the steps of Truth,
And cast delusion on the sacred page,
So, as a champion, even in earliest youth,
I waged my battle with a purpose keen;
Nor feared the hand of Terror, nor the tooth
Of serpent Jealousy. And I have been
With starry Galileo in his cell —
That wise magician, with the brow serene,
Who fathomed space; and I have seen him tell
The wonders of the planetary sphere,
And trace the ramparts of heaven's citadel
On the cold flag-stones of his dungeon drear.
And I have walked with Hampden and with Vane —
Names once so gracious to an English ear,
In days that never may return again.
My voice — though not the loudest — hath been heard
Whenever Freedom raised her cry of pain;
And the faint efforts of the humble bard
Have roused up thousands from their lethargy,
To speak in words of thunder. What reward
Was mine or theirs? It matters not, for I
Am but a leaf cast on the whirling tide,
Without a hope or wish, except to die. —

But Truth, asserted once, must still abide,
  Unquenchable, as are those fiery springs
Which day and night gush from the mountain side;
  Perpetual meteors, girt with lambent wings,
Which the wild tempest tosses to and fro,
  But cannot conquer with the force it brings.

Yet I, who ever felt another's wo
  More keenly than my own untold distress,
I who have battled with the common foe,
  And broke for years the bread of bitterness;
Who never yet abandoned or betrayed
  The trust vouchsafed me, nor have ceased to bless,
Am left alone to wither in the shade,
  A weak old man, deserted of his kind
Whom none will comfort in his age, nor aid!

Oh, let me not repine! A quiet mind,
  Conscious and upright, needs no other stay!
Nor can I grieve for what I leave behind,
  In the rich promise of eternal day.
Henceforth to me the world is dead and gone;
  The thorns unfelt, the roses cast away;
And the old pilgrim, weary and alone,
  Bowed down with trouble, at his Master's gate
Now sits — his task of lifelong labor done;
  Thankful for rest, although it comes so late,
After sore journey through this world of sin,
  In hope, and prayer, and wistfulness to wait
Until the door shall ope and let him in.

AZEGLIO, Massimo Taparelli, Marquis d', an Italian statesman and author; born at Turin, October 24, 1798; died there January 15, 1866. He came of noble lineage, having for ancestors the Piedmont family. When he was fifteen

years of age his father, who was an army officer, was appointed Ambassador to Rome, and father and son repaired to this old city, noted for its works of art, where the son imbibed a passion for music and painting. His studies in painting were hindered by his being commissioned, at the earnest request of his father, in a Piedmontese regiment of cavalry, but being overtaken by illness, occasioned by his rigid scientific examinations, he left the service and returned to Rome, where he finally persuaded his father to permit him to give himself up to the study of art. At the end of eight years, after having procured great knowledge and some distinction as a painter of natural scenery, events directed his mind into other channels. His father having died in 1830, Azeglio changed his residence to Milan, where he married the daughter of the poet and novelist, Alessandro Manzoni, whose acquaintance he had formed, which step changed his course toward a literary career interspersed with politics.

At this period Italy was shaken to her foundations by the conflicting opinions of the two political parties — National and Liberal. Italy was apportioned into a number of separate states, and nearly all, including those whose liberty had nominally been guaranteed them, were influenced by Austria. Lombardy and Venetia were portions of the Austrian possessions. The small kingdoms in the north were nothing more than the slaves of the house of Hapsburg; in the central portion the Pope objected to all movements tending toward national unity; while in the south the Two Sicilies formed a despotic government unsurpassed for cruelty and ignorance in even Asia. The actions of the Italian Liberal party received renewed impetus

from the uprising in France in 1830, and the younger of the male element, whose feelings were born of patriotic ardor, forced the fight against the misuse of public office and the intermeddling by outside powers with the affairs of the Italian Government and its preservation. The country was astir with military agitation when Mazzini commenced his course as a revolutionist; especially was this true of the place wherein Massimo d'Azeglio resided, in northern Italy. He deserted art for matters of a literary character which were used by him as a school in which he desired to imbue the public mind with the lofty idea of the union of the Italian states, which would in itself partly create and conserve national independence. A novel entitled *Ettore Fieramosca* was written by him and published in 1833, and this was followed by *Nicolò di Lapi* in 1891. The subject-matter of these works was political, and between the two writings Azeglio made a tour of Italy, disseminating the seed of greater liberty, which his far-seeing mind observed as the only future hope. However, his opinions did not coincide with the ideas of the Republican party. He believed in a monarchy whose chief ruler should exercise only certain authority limited by a constitution. This plan of government was objected to by Mazzini and others, whose uprisings and secret cabals were employed to promote their objects, but which always met with disastrous results and more burdens.

His *Degli Ultimi Casi di Romagna,* treating of the last occurrences in the Romagna, was written before Pope Gregory XVI.'s death, in 1846, and censured severely the Papal Government, denounced the Republicans in their revolutionary efforts, and persuaded the Italian princes to unite upon some scheme of na-

tional policy. In June of this same year Azeglio came to Rome, and it is believed that he exerted a great deal of influence over Pope Pius IX. in carrying on his government agreeably to Liberal principles. The acts which met with his accord and which he promoted were the freedom of the press, Papal reform, and the freedom of the Hebrews. When the Pope's army of observation, in 1848, were ordered to observe the revolutionists in Lombardy and Venetia, he accompanied them. The insurgents had for a time caused the Austrians a deal of annoyance, being reenforced by the King of Sardinia, Charles Albert. General Durando, in control of the Papal army, did yeoman service for the rebels, despite the directions which it is believed he received from his superiors. Azeglio commanded a legion at the battle of Vicenza, during which engagement he was badly wounded.

This same year his work on the *Austrian Assassination in Lombardy* was published; and when the first Sardinian Parliament convened he was selected a member and took his seat in the Chamber of Deputies. Subsequent to the Sardinians' unfortunate repulse at Novara, March 23, 1849, the results of which brought the second of the short wars with Austria to a close, Victor Emmanuel appointed Azeglio president of the cabinet, his father, Charles Albert, having relinquished the office at the King's request. His official position was of great assistance to him in his efforts to advance and consolidate the Sardinian Kingdom. He held the office of premier from May 11, 1844, to October 20, 1852, when Count Cavour succeeded him. When the war ceased, in 1859, a large part of the States of the Church renounced the Pope's authority and proposed to unite with the Kingdom of

Northern Italy. Azeglio was chosen General and Commissioner Extraordinary for the Roman States, a position of no permanence and purely military as to its duties, which he executed with conciliation and sagaciousness. At his decease, he was publicly esteemed for his integrity and wisdom, and his memory will always be held in high honor by the Italian nation. His literary labors were voluminous and mainly of a controversial character. In addition to the aforementioned works his most noticeable book was *The Court of Rome and the Gospels,* which was translated into English in 1859, with a preface by Dr. Layard. In 1867 a book of personal recollections was published.

LITERARY BEGINNINGS.

I forget the title of my second epic composition, but know that the scene was laid at Saluzzo, at the court of the then marquis, and the argument was a somewhat comical adventure. The victor in a certain tournament was to be rewarded by the hand of a fair damsel. A sorcerer, however, her enemy, was interested in preventing the marriage. The lists are opened, the most illustrious paladins take part, and soon remain masters of the field; when suddenly a knight presents himself — black horse, black armor, all black, of course. He begins to lay about him, and no one is able to resist the shock. Fresh warriors continue to compete for the young lady, and the tournament is protracted so long that a certain fatal hour strikes; after which, farewell bride and wedding; it was not to be thought of more. The hour having struck, the black knight, who till then moved, acted, and spoke, suddenly becomes immovable as a post, — he and his horse. At first this attracts no attention; but as his immobility continues, first remark and then marvel is excited. He is spoken to, called, at last shaken, upon which the coat of armor tumbles to pieces, the helmet falls on one side, the cuirass and the gauntlets on the other.

In short, the hauberk was empty! A spirit had assumed the arms to prevent the marriage.

What do you think? Was it not a most charming invention?

And besides a poem, in those days I wrote a comedy, half a tragedy, and frantic odes and sonnets about Italy. — *From D'Azeglio's Recollections; translation of* COUNT MAFFAI.

B

BABBAGE, Charles, an English mathematician, inventor, and author; born near Teignmouth, Devonshire, December 26, 1792; died at London October 18, 1871. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his Baccalaureate degree in 1814. In 1828 he was chosen Lucasian Professor of Mathematics in the university — a chair which has numbered Isaac Barrow and Sir Isaac Newton among its occupants. He held this position for eleven years. He is popularly known for his invention of the calculating-machine for performing and recording automatically a certain kind of most abstruse arithmetical operations which would be of high value in astronomical tables. The British Government appropriated large sums for many years toward the development of the idea of Babbage, but for some reason the appropriation was finally suspended, and the calculating-machine, from which so much was anticipated, remains an unfinished "curiosity" in the Museum of King's College, London. Babbage was a very voluminous writer, mainly upon mathematical and industrial topics. His work *On the Economy of Manufactures and Machinery* (1832) passed through several editions, and was translated

into various languages. Another work, *Specimen of Logarithmic Tables* (1831), which extended to twenty-one octavo volumes, is thus described by the author:

LOGARITHMIC TABLES IN COLORS.

The object of this work, *of which one copy only was printed,* is to ascertain, by experiment, the tints of the paper and colors of the inks least fatiguing to the eye. One hundred and fifty-one variously-colored papers were chosen, and the same two pages of my stereotype *Table of Logarithms* were printed upon them in inks of the following colors: light-blue, dark-blue, light-green, dark-green, olive, yellow, light-red, dark-red, purple, and black. Each of these twenty volumes contains papers of the same color, numbered in the same order; and there are two volumes printed with each kind of ink. The twenty-first volume contains metallic printing of the same specimen in gold, silver, and copper, upon vellum and on variously-colored papers. For the same purpose, about thirty-five copies of the complete table of logarithms were printed on thick drawing-paper of various tints.

In literature, as distinguished from science, Mr. Babbage will be remembered mainly for the essay which he styled *A Ninth Bridgewater Treatise* (which does not, however, properly belong to the series of lectures founded by the Earl of Bridgewater, *q.v.*), but which has been characterized as "a most ingenious attempt to bring mathematics into the range of sciences which afford proof of Divine design in the constitution of the world." The following is one of the most striking chapters of this work:

THE PERMANENCY OF OUR WORDS AND ACTIONS.

The principle of the equality of action and reaction, when traced through all its consequences, opens views which will appear to many persons most unexpected.

The pulsations of the air, once set in motion by the

human voice, cease not to exist with the sounds to which they give rise. Strong and audible as they may be in the immediate neighborhood of the speaker, and at the immediate moment of utterance, their quickly attenuated force soon becomes inaudible to human ears. The motions they have impressed on the particles of one portion of our atmosphere are communicated to constantly increasing numbers, but the total quantity of motion, measured in the same direction, receives no addition. Each atom loses as much as it gives, and regains again from other atoms a portion of those motions which they in turn give up. The waves of air thus raised perambulate the earth and ocean's surface, and in less than twenty hours every atom of its atmosphere takes up the altered movement due to that infinitesimal portion of the primitive motion which has been conveyed to it through countless channels, and which must continue to influence its path throughout its future existence.

But these aerial pulses, unseen by the keenest eye, unheard by the acutest ear, unperceived by human senses, are yet demonstrated to exist by human reason; and, in some few and limited instances, by calling to our aid the most refined and comprehensive instrument of human thought, their courses are traced and their intensities are measured. If man enjoyed a larger command over mathematical analysis, his knowledge of these motions would be more extensive, but a being possessed of unbounded knowledge of that science could trace even the minutest consequence of that primary impulse. Such a being, however far exalted above our race, would still be immeasurably below even our conception of infinite intelligence.

But supposing the original conditions of each atom of the earth's atmosphere, as well as all the extraneous causes acting on it, to be given, and supposing also the interference of no new causes, such a being would be able clearly to trace its future but inevitable path, and he would distinctly foresee, and might absolutely predict for any even the remotest period of time, the circumstances and future history of every particle of that atmosphere.

Let us imagine a being invested with such knowledge to examine at a distant epoch the coincidence of the facts with those which his profound analysis had enabled him to predict. If any the slightest deviation existed, he would immediately read in its existence the action of a new cause; and, through the aid of the same analysis, tracing this discordance back to its source, he would become aware of the time of its commencement, and the point of space at which it originated.

Thus considered, what a strange chaos is this wide atmosphere we breathe! Every atom, impressed with good and ill, retains at once the motions which philosophers and sages have imparted to it, mixed and combined in ten thousand ways with all that is worthless and base. The air itself is one vast library, on whose pages are forever written all that man has ever said or woman whispered. There, in their mutable but unerring characters, mixed with the earliest as well as with the latest sighs of mortality, stand forever recorded vows unredeemed, promises unfulfilled, perpetuating, in the united movements of each particle, the testimony of man's changeful will.

But if the air we breathe is the never-failing historian of the sentiments we have uttered, earth, air, and ocean are the eternal witnesses of the acts we have done. The same principle of the equality of action and reaction applies to them. Whatever movement is communicated to any of their particles is transmitted to all around it — the share of each being diminished by their number, and depending jointly on the number and position of those acted upon by the original source of disturbance. The waves of air, although in many instances perceptible to the organs of hearing, are only rendered visible to the eye by peculiar contrivances; but those of water offer to the sense of sight the most beautiful illustration of transmitted motion. Every one who has thrown a pebble into the still waters of a sheltered pool has seen the circles it has raised gradually expanding in size, and as uniformly diminishing in distinctness. He may have observed the reflection of those waves from the edges of the pool. He may have noticed also the perfect distinctness with which

two, three, or more series of waves each pursues its own unimpeded course, when diverging from two, three, or more centres of disturbance. He may have seen that in such cases the particles of water where the waves intersect each other partake of the movements due to each series.

No motion impressed by natural causes, or by human agency, is ever obliterated. The ripple on the ocean's surface caused by a gentle breeze, or the still water which marks the more immediate track of a ponderous vessel gliding with scarcely expanded sails over its bosom, are equally indelible. The momentary waves raised by the passing breeze, apparently born but to die on the spot which saw their birth, leave behind them an endless progeny, which, reviving with diminished energy in other seas, visiting a thousand shores, reflected from each, and perhaps again partially concentrated, will pursue their ceaseless course till ocean be itself annihilated.

The track of every canoe, of every vessel which has yet disturbed the surface of the ocean, whether impelled by manual force or elemental power, remains forever registered in the future movement of all succeeding particles which may occupy its place. The furrow which was left is, indeed, instantly filled up by the closing waters, but they draw after them other and larger portions of the surrounding element; and these again, once moved, communicate motion to others in endless succession.

The solid substance of the globe itself, whether we regard the minutest movement of the soft clay which receives its impression from the foot of animals, or the concussion arising from the fall of mountains rent by earthquakes, equally communicates and retains, through all its countless atoms, their apportioned shares of the motions so impressed.

Whilst the atmosphere we breathe is the ever-living witness of the sentiments we have uttered, the waters and the more solid materials of the globe bear equally enduring testimony of the acts we have committed.

If the Almighty stamped on the brow of the earliest murderer the indelible and visible mark of his guilt, he has also established laws by which every succeeding

criminal is not less irrevocably chained to the testimony of his crime; for every atom of his mortal frame — through whatever changes its severed particles may migrate — will still retain, adhering to it through every combination, some movement derived from that very muscular effort by which the crime itself was perpetrated.

The soul of the negro whose fettered body, surviving the living charnel-house of his infected prison, was thrown into the sea to lighten the ship, that his Christian master might escape the limited justice at length assigned by civilized man to crimes whose profit had long gilded their atrocity, will need, at the last great day of human account, no living witness of his earthly agony, when man and all his race shall have disappeared from the face of our planet. Ask every particle of air still floating over the unpeopled earth, and it will record the cruel mandate of the tyrant. Interrogate every wave which breaks unimpeded on ten thousand desolate shores, and it will give evidence of the last gurgle of the waters which closed over the head of his dying victim. Confront the murderer with every corporeal atom of his immolated slave, and in its still quivering movements he will read the prophet's denunciation of the prophet-king — "Thou art the man!" —*The Ninth Bridgewater Treatise, Chap. IX.*

BABER, the historical surname of ZEHIR-ED-DIN — MOHAMMED; founder of the Mogul dynasty in India; born February 4, 1483; died December 28, 1530. He was a great-grandson of Timur the Tartar; he succeeded his father, Omar Sheikh, as King of Farghana, when but twelve years of age. He conquered Kashgar, Kunduz, Kandahar, Kabul, and India. The last three years of his life, from the battle of Kanweh, which made him absolute master of India, were spent in arranging the affairs

of government and in the improvement of Agra, his capital; which under his magic touch and that of his successors became the most beautiful city of Upper India. Baber was an able ruler; but in the history of literature he is remembered for his genius for poetry and music, and as the author of an interesting and valuable series of *Memoirs*. Of his literary character it is said that he wrote well, and that his observations are generally acute and accurate.

HIS BATHS AND GARDENS AT AGRA.

I first of all began to sink the large well which supplies the baths with water; I next fell to work on that piece of ground on which are the tamarind trees, and the octangular tank; then proceeded to form the large tank and its inclosure; and afterwards the tank and hall of audience that are in front of the stone palace. I next finished the garden of the private apartments, and the apartments themselves, after which I completed the baths. In this way, going on, without neatness and without order, in the Hindu fashion, I, however, produced edifices and gardens which possessed considerable regularity. In every corner I planted suitable gardens; in every garden I sowed roses and narcissuses regularly, and in beds corresponding to each other. We were annoyed with three things in Hindustan: one was its heat, another its strong winds, the third its dust. Baths were the means of removing all three inconveniences. In the bath we could not be affected by the winds. During the hot winds, the cold can be rendered so intense, that a person often feels as if quite powerless from it. The room of the bath, in which is the tub or cistern, is finished wholly of stone. The water-run is of white stone; all the rest of it, its floor and roof, is of a red stone, which is the stone of Biâna. Khalifa, Sheikh Zin, Yunis Ali, and several others, who procured situations on the banks of the river, made regular and elegant gardens and tanks, and constructed wheels after the fashion of Lahore and Debâlpûr,

by means of which they procured a supply of water. The men of Hind, who had never before seen places formed on such a plan, or laid out with so much elegance, gave the name of Kâbul to the side of the Jumma on which these palaces were built.— *Memoirs of Baber; translation of* JOHN LEYDEN *and* WILLIAM ERSKINE.

BABRIUS, a Greek fabulist and poet, is supposed to have lived in the first or second century B. C. He made a considerable collection of fables, of which it has been long questioned whether he was the author or merely the compiler. The fables of Babrius appear in the original Greek in choliambic — that is, limping, halting, irregular — verse. Of these fables, several prose versions and transformations were made during the Middle Ages; and these, it is contended by many, have come down to us under the name of *Æsop's Fables.* The first writer of note who recognized in these "fables" of Æsop traces of versification, showing the original work of Babrius, was Richard Bentley, in his *Dissertation on the Fables of Æsop.* In 1842 Mynas found a manuscript of Babrius in a convent on Mount Athos. This was published two years later, and was generally admitted to be genuine. A later "find" of Mynas has met with critical doubt bordering on suspicion of a desire to make the most of his genuine discovery. The consensus of literary opinion, after much discussion of the question, is that the works of Babrius, as we now have them, are genuine, and that most of the so-called fables of Æsop are of the composition or collection of Babrius.

We subjoin a characteristic fable of Babrius, which seems to have been suggested by Horace's *Lusisti satis, edisti satis, atque bibisti, tempus abire tibi;* and a poem which touches the mythological history of the swallow and the nightingale with an imaginative delicacy that may remind the reader of Shakespeare's *King Pandion, he is dead: All thy friends are lapped in lead.*

THE MOUSE.

A mouse into a lidless broth-pot fell:
Choked with the grease, and bidding life farewell,
He said, "My fill of meat and drink have I,
And all good things; 'tis time that I should die."

THE SWALLOW AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

Far from men's fields the swallow forth had flown,
When she espied, among the woodlands lone,
The nightingale, sweet songstress. Her lament
Was Itys to his doom untimely sent.
Each knew the other through the mournful strain,
Flew to embrace, and in sweet talk remain.
Then said the swallow, "Dearest, liv'st thou still?
Ne'er have I seen thee since thy Thracian ill;
Some cruel fate has ever come between;
Our virgin lives till now apart have been.
Come to the fields; revisit homes of men;
Come dwell with me, a comrade dear, again,
Where thou shalt charm the swains, no savage brood:
Dwell near men's haunts, and quit the open wood:
One roof, one chamber, sure, can house the two:
Or dost prefer the nightly frozen dew
And day-god's heat? A wild wood life and drear?
Come, clever songstress, to the light more near."
To whom the sweet-voiced nightingale replied:
"Still on these lonesome ridges let me bide,
Nor seek to part me from the mountain glen:

I shun, since Athens, men and haunts of men:
To mix with them, their dwelling-place to view,
Stirs up old grief, and opens woes anew."
Some consolation for an evil lot
Lies in wise words, in song, in crowds forgot;
But sore the pang when where you once were great
Again men see you housed in mean estate.

——*Translation of* JAMES DAVIES.

BACHELLER, ADDISON IRVING, an American journalist and novelist; born at Pierpont, N. Y., September 26, 1859. He was graduated from St. Lawrence University and soon after engaged in journalism. He became a reporter for the Brooklyn (N. Y.) *Times* and subsequently established the Bacheller Newspaper Syndicate in New York city. During this time he wrote three novels, *The Master of Silence* (1890); *The Still House of O'Darrow* (1894); and *The Unbidden Guest* (1895); none of which attracted attention, nor proved profitable to the author. In 1898 he became assistant Sunday editor of the New York *World,* and while thus employed wrote *Eben Holden* (1900), the novel which was to bring him fame and fortune. The success of *Eben Holden* was instantaneous. Then followed *D'ri and I* (1901); *Darrel of the Blessed Isles* (1903) and *Vergilius* (1905). The secret of Mr. Bacheller's popularity rests largely upon his ability to touch the heart-strings of his readers with a homely philosophy abounding in both humor and pathos. In *Darrel of the Blessed Isles* and in *Eben Holden* are rough, uncouth characters who unconsciously carry about with

them an atmosphere of sweetness, purity and love.

In his latest novel, *Vergilius,* he essays an entirely new field. Instead of the forests and hills of northern New York, where his earlier scenes were laid, he takes us across the seas to Jerusalem. A well known critic writing in the *Reader Magazine,* says of *Vergilius:*

THE STORY OF VERGILIUS.

The story opens in Rome a few months before the birth of Christ, and soon shifts its scene to Jerusalem, where most of the action takes place. It is a story of two patrician lovers, Vergilius and Arria, separated on the eve of their betrothal by the Emperor Augustus. The rumor concerning the coming of a new King in Judea is the actuating impulse that involves the characters in the dramatic conflict, which reaches its climax in the appearance of the Babe in the manger. Mr. Bacheller has avoided the conventional lines of fiction as we are familiar with it when laid in the times of Christ, and has made a departure in his setting and situations which are daring and original in their conception, yet faithful in the historical picture to contemporaneous records.

JOE'S SEARCH FOR SANTA CLAUS.

A story, my child? Well, there's none that I know
As good as the story about little Joe.
He lived with his mother, just under the eaves
Of a tenement high, where the telegraph weaves
Its highway of wire, that everywhere goes,
And makes the night musical when the wind blows
Their home had no father — the two were bereft
Of all but their appetites — those never left!
Joe's grew with his thought; a day never passed
He spent not in hunger to make the food last;
And days when his mother silently went
And stood by the windows — Joe knew what it meant.
They'd nothing for supper! The words were so sad

That somehow they drowned all the hunger he had.
And surely God's miracles never have ceased —
Joe's hunger grew less when his sorrows increased.
When the coal ran out in winter's worst storm,
The fire burnt the harder that kept their hearts warm.
Their windows revealed many wonderful sights,
Long acres of roofing and high-flying kites;
At sunset, the great vault of heaven aglow,
The lining of gold on the clouds hanging low,
The cross on the top of St. Mary's high tower
Ablaze with the light of that magical hour;
And still, as the arrows of light slanted higher,
The last thing in sight was the great cross of fire.
Each day, as it vanished, the history old
Of Christ's crucifixion was reverently told;
To Him the boy learned to confide all his woes,
But oftenest prayed for a new suit of clothes,
Since those that he wore didn't fit him at all —
The coat was too large and the trousers too small,
And Joe looked so queer, from his head to his feet,
It grieved his proud soul to be seen in the street.
And sometimes he cherished a secret desire
To own a hand-sled, or to build a bonfire;
But reached one conclusion by various routes —
He could have better fun with a new pair of boots.
He thought how the old pair, when shiny and whole,
Had squeaked in a way that delighted his soul,
And remembrance grew sad as he strutted around
And tried hard, but vainly, to waken that sound.
The day before Christmas brought trouble to Joe,
A thousand times worse. 'Twas a terrible blow
To hear that old Santa Claus, god of his dreams,
Would not come that year with his fleet-footed teams.
He'd seen them. Why, once, of a night's witching hour
He saw them jump over the cross on the tower
And scamper away o'er the snow-covered roofs,
His heart beating time to the sound of their hoofs.
Not coming this year? Santa Claus must be dead,
He thought, as with sad tears he crept into bed.
And, as he lay thinking, the long strings of wire

Sang low in the wind like a deep-sounding lyre,
And Joe caught the notes of this solemn refrain —
"He'll not come again! no, he'll not come again!"
And oh! how the depths of his spirit were stirred
By thoughts that were born of the music he heard!
How cold were the winds, and they sang, in their strife,
Of storms yet to come in the winters of life.
They mocked him, but mark how the faith of the child
Stood firm as a fortress, its hope undefiled;
For still the boy thought that, if Santa Claus knew
How great were their needs and their comforts how few,
He would come; and at length, when the first rays of light
Had fathomed the infinite depths of the night,
And brightened the windows, Joe cautiously crept
Out of bed; and he dressed while his mother still slept,
And down the long stairways on tiptoe he ran;
Then out in the snow, with the will of a man,
He went, looking hither and thither, because,
Poor boy! he was trying to find Santa Claus.
He hurried along through the snow-burdened street
As if the good angels were guiding his feet;
And as the sun rose in the heavens apace,
A radiance fell on his uplifted face
That came from the cross gleaming far overhead —
A symbol of hope for the living and dead.
A moment he looked at the great house of prayer,
Then shyly peeked in to see what was there;
And entering softly he wandered at will
Through pathways of velvet, deserted and still,
And saw the light grow on a wonderful scene
Of ivy-twined columns and arches of green,
And back of the rail, where the clergyman knelt,
He sat on the cushions to see how they felt.
How soft was that velvet he stroked with his hand!
But when he lay down, oh, the feeling was grand!
And while he was musing the walls seemed to sway,
And slowly the windows went moving away.
What, ho! there he comes! with his big pack and all,
Down the sunbeams that slope from the high-windowed wall;

And Joe tried to speak, but could not, if he died,
When Santa Claus came and sat down by his side.
"A tenement boy! humph! he probably swears."
(Joe trembled, and tried hard to think of his prayers.)
He lifted Joe's eyelids, he patted his brow,
And said, "He is not a bad boy, anyhow."
But hark! there is music; a deep-swelling sound
Is sweeping on high as if heavenward bound.
And suddenly waking, Joe saw kneeling there
The rector, long-robed, who was reading a prayer.
"Provide for the fatherless children," said he,
"The widowed, the helpless, the bond and the free."
The rector stops praying — his face wears a frown;
A ragged young gamin is pulling his gown.
"I knowed you would come," said the boy, half in fright —
"I knowed you would come — I was watchin' all night.
Say! what are ye goin' t' give mother an' me?
Le'me see what 'tis, Santa Claus — please le'me see!"
The rector looked down into Joe's honest face,
And a great wave of feeling swept over the place;
And tenderly laying his hand on Joe's head,
He turned to the people and solemnly said:
"We pray that the poor may be sheltered and fed,
And we leave it to Heaven to furnish the bread.
We know, while He feedeth the fowls of the air,
The children of mankind He leaves to man's care;"
And kissing Joe's face the preacher said then:
"Of such is the kingdom of Heaven. Amen!"
That day Santa Claus came to many a door
He'd forgotten to call at the evening before.
Was little Joe lucky? Well, now, you are right,
And the wires sang merrily all the next night.

— IRVING BACHELLER, *in The Cosmopolitan Magazine.*

WHISPERIN' BILL.

So you're takin' the census, mister? There's three of us livin' still,
My wife, and I, an' our only son, that folks call Whisperin' Bill;

But Bill couldn't tell ye his name, sir, an' so it's hardly
worth givin',
For ye see a bullet killed his mind an' left his body livin'.

Set down fer a minute, mister. Ye see Bill was only
fifteen
At the time of the war, an' as likely a boy as ever this
world has seen;
An' what with the news o' battles lost, the speeches an'
all the noise,
I guess every farm in the neighborhood lost a part of its
crop o' boys.

'Twas harvest time when Bill left home; every stalk in
the fields of rye
Seemed to stand tiptoe to see him off an' wave him a fond
good-bye;
His sweetheart was here with some other girls,— the
sassy little miss!
An' pretendin' she wanted to whisper 'n his ear, she gave
him a rousin' kiss.

Oh, he was a han'some feller, an' tender an' brave an'
smart,
An' tho' he was bigger than I was, the boy had a wom-
an's heart.
I couldn't control my feelin's, but I tried with all my
might.
An' his mother an' me stood a-cryin' till Bill was out o'
sight.

His mother she often told him when she knew he was
goin' away
That God would take care o' him, maybe, if he didn't fer-
git to pray;
An' on the bloodiest battle-fields, when bullets whizzed in
the air,
An' Bill was a-fightin' desperate, he used to whisper a
prayer.

Oh, his comrades has often told me that Bill never flinched a bit
When every second a gap in the ranks told where a ball had hit.
An' one night when the field was covered with the awful harvest of war,
They found my boy 'mongst the martyrs o' the cause he was fightin' for.

His fingers were clutched in the dewy grass — oh, no, sir, he wasn't dead,
But he lay sort o' helpless an' crazy with a rifle ball in his head.
An' if Bill had really died that night I'd give all I've got worth givin';
For ye see the bullet had killed his mind an' left his body livin'.

An officer wrote and told us how the boy had been hurt in the fight,
But he said that the doctors reckoned they could bring him around all right.
An' then we heard from a neighbor, disabled at Malvern Hill,
That he thought in a course of a week or so he'd be comin' home with Bill.

We was that anxious t' see him we'd set up an' talk o' nights
Till the break o' day had dimmed the stars an' put out the northern lights;
We waited and watched for a month or more, an' the summer was nearly past,
When a letter came one day that said they'd started fer home at last.

I'll never fergit the day Bill came,—'twas harvest time again;
An' the air blown over the yellow fields was sweet with the scent o' the grain;

The dooryard was full o' the neighbors, who had come to
share our joy,
An' all of us sent up a mighty cheer at the sight o' that
soldier boy.

An' all of a sudden somebody said: "My God! don't the
boy know his mother?"
An' Bill stood a-whisperin', fearful like, an' starin' from
one to another;
"Don't be afraid, Bill," said he to himself, as he stood in
his coat o' blue,
"Why, God'll take care o' you, Bill, God'll take care o'
you."

He seemed to be loadin' an' firin' a gun, an' to act like a
man who hears
The awful roar o' the battlefield a-soundin' in his ears;
I saw that the bullet had touched his brain an' somehow
made it blind,
With the picture o' war before his eyes an' the fear o'
death in his mind.

I grasped his hand, an' says I to Bill, "Don't ye remem-
ber me?
I'm yer father — don't ye know me? How frightened ye
seem to be!"
But the boy kep' a-whisperin' to himself, as if 'twas all
he knew,
"God'll take care o' you, Bill, God'll take care o' you."
He's never known us since that day, nor his sweetheart,
an' never will;

Father an' mother an' sweetheart are all the same to Bill.
An' many's the time his mother sets up the whole night
through,
An' smooths his head, and says: "Yes, Bill, God'll take
care o' you."

Unfortunit? Yes, but we can't complain. It's a livin' death more sad
When the body clings to a life o' shame an' the soul has gone to the bad;
An' Bill is out o' the reach o' harm an' danger of every kind;
We only take care of his body, but God takes care o' his mind. — *The Independent.*

BACHMAN, JOHN, an American naturalist and author; born in Dutchess County, N. Y., February 4, 1790; died at Charleston, S. C., February 25, 1874. He was licensed to preach in 1813, and in 1815 became pastor of the German Lutheran Church in Charleston, S. C. He wrote several treatises upon professional topics, but is chiefly known by his works in the departments of anthropology and natural science. Among these are: *The Doctrine of the Unity of the Human Race* (1850); *Notice of Nott and Gliddon's Types of Mankind* (1854); *Examination of Agassiz's Natural Provinces of the Animal World* (1855), and *Catalogue of Plants and Ferns Growing in the Vicinity of Charleston, S. C.* He was an associate of Audubon, whom he assisted in the preparation of his great work on the *Birds of America.* Dr. Bachman was the principal author of *The Quadrupeds of North America,* in three large volumes, with three folio volumes of plates, the illustrations being the work of Audubon and his two sons.

FASCINATION BY SERPENTS.

Several species of snakes — the rattle-snake, black-snake, and the chicken-snake, for instance — have been

found, on being killed, to have a squirrel in their stomach; and the fact that squirrels, birds, etc., though possessing great activity and agility, constitute a portion of the food of these reptiles being well established, the manner in which the sluggish serpent catches animals so far exceeding him in speed, and some of them endowed with the power of rising from the earth, and skimming away with a few flaps of their wings, has been the subject of much speculation. Some persons have attributed a mysterious power, more especially to the rattle-snake and black-snake — we mean the power of fascinating, or as it is commonly called, charming.

This supposed faculty of the serpent has, however, not been accounted for. The basilisk of the ancients killed by a look; the eye of the rattle-snake is supposed so to paralyze and at the same time attract its intended prey, that the animal slowly approaches, going through an infinite variety of motions, alternately advancing and retreating, until it finally falls powerless into the open jaws of its devourer.

As long as we are able to explain by natural deductions the very singular movements of birds and squirrels when "fascinated" by a snake, it would be absurd to imagine that anything mysterious or supernatural is connected with the subject; and we consider that there are many ways of accounting for all the appearances described on these occasions. Fear and surprise cause an instinctive horror when we find ourselves unexpectedly within a foot or two of a rattle-snake; the shrill startling noise proceeding from the rattles of its tail as it vibrates rapidly, and its hideous aspect, no doubt produce a much greater effect on birds and small quadrupeds. It is said that the distant roar of the African lion causes the oxen to tremble, and stand paralyzed in the fields; and Humboldt relates that in the forests of South America the mingled cries of monkeys and other animals resound through the whole night; but as soon as the roar of the jaguar, the American tiger, is heard, terror seizes on all the other animals, and their voices are suddenly hushed.

Birds and quadrupeds are very curious, also, and this feeling prompts them to draw near to strange objects.

. . . If any strange object is thrown into the poultry-yard, such as a stuffed specimen of a quadruped or a bird, etc., all the fowls will crowd near it, and scrutinize it for a long time. Everybody almost may have observed at some time or other dozens of birds collected around a common cat in a shrubbery, a tortoise, or particularly a snake. The squirrel is remarkable for its fondness for "sights," and will sometimes come down from the highest branch of a tree to within three feet of the ground, to take a view of a small scarlet snake (*Rhinostoma Coccinea*), not much larger than a pipe-stem, and which, having no poisonous fangs, could scarcely master a grasshopper. . . .

Quadrupeds and birds have certain antipathies. Every one familiar with the habits of our feathered tribes must have seen at times the owl or buzzard chased by the smallest birds, which unite on such occasions for the purpose of driving off a common enemy; in these cases the birds approach too near, and are seized by the owl. Birds dart in the same manner at snakes, and, no doubt, are often caught by passing too near. Shall we therefore conclude that they are "fascinated?"

One of the most powerful "attractions" which remain to be considered is the love of offspring. This feeling, which is so deeply rooted in the system of nature as to be a rule almost without exception, is manifested strongly by birds and quadrupeds, and snakes are among the most to be dreaded destroyers of eggs and young birds, and of the young of small species of viviparous animals. Is it not likely, therefore, that many of the supposed cases of fascination that are related may be referred to the intrepidity of the animals or birds manifested in trying to defend their young, or drive their enemy from their vicinity? — *Quadrupeds of North America, Vol. I.*

BACON, Francis, Baron Verulam and Viscount St. Albans, an English jurist and philosopher; born at London, January 22, 1561; died there April 9, 1626. He was the youngest son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, who was Lord Keeper of the Seals during the first twenty years of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. At the age of thirteen he was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, where his elder brother, Anthony, was a student. After a residence of three years at Cambridge, he went to France in the suite of Sir Amias Paulet, the English Ambassador. Sir Nicholas Bacon died early in 1579. His estate was very large, and he had made ample provision for all his sons except the youngest, and he laid aside a considerable sum to purchase an estate for him; but dying suddenly, and without leaving any will, only a fifth part of the money thus intended came to Francis Bacon. This was inadequate to his maintenance in the luxurious manner to which he had been accustomed. He accordingly, at the age of eighteen, entered himself at Gray's Inn as a student of law. He indeed applied for some position under Government which would enable him to devote himself to literature and politics, for which he had already evinced unusual aptitude. He had every reason to anticipate a satisfactory result to this application. He had been favorably known to the Queen, who, when he was a mere boy, was wont, half-jestingly, to call him "the young lord keeper," thus intimating that he would in time succeed to the lucrative office held by his father. His qualifications for official advancement were unquestioned; and, moreover, William Cecil, Lord Burghley,

his maternal uncle, held in the Government a place answering to that of prime minister in later times. Bacon's application, unsupported by Burghley, was unavailing. Macaulay seems to us to have given the only assignable reason for this: Burghley had a son, Robert Cecil, some ten years older than Francis Bacon, upon whom he was anxious that his own great honors should descend. He could not fail to perceive that the abilities of Francis Bacon were far superior to those of Robert Cecil, and he was resolved to keep his nephew in the shade, so that he might not overshadow his son. Bacon seems to have been of this opinion; for, many years afterward, he wrote, to the Duke of Buckingham: "Countenance, encourage, and advance able men of all kinds, degrees, and professions; for in the time of the Cecils, father and son, able men were by design and of purpose suppressed."

At all events, neither Burghley nor his son, who succeeded him after his death in 1598, did anything for the advancement of Bacon, though often urged to do so. Thus in 1592 Bacon wrote a letter to his uncle, in which he sets forth at length his position and the plans which he had formed for his way of life.

BACON'S PLANS AT THIRTY-ONE.

I wax now somewhat ancient; one-and-thirty years is a great deal of sand in the hour-glass. . . . I ever bear in mind (in some middle place that I could discharge) to serve Her Majesty; not as a man born under Sol, that loveth honor; nor under Jupiter that loveth business, (for the contemplative planet carrieth me away wholly); but as a man born under an excellent sovereign, that deserveth the dedication of all men's abilities. . . . Again, the meanness of my estate doth somewhat move me; for though I can not accuse myself that

I am either prodigal or slothful, yet my health is not to spend, nor my course to get. Lastly, I confess that I have as vast contemplative ends as I have moderate civil ends: for I have taken all knowledge to be my province; and if I could purge it of two sorts of rovers — whereof the one with frivolous disputations, confutations, and verbosities, the other with blind experiments and auricular traditions and impostures, hath committed so many spoils — I hope I should bring in industrious observations, grounded conclusions, and profitable inventions and discoveries — the best state of that province. This, whether it be curiosity, or vainglory, or nature, or (if one take it favorably) *philanthropia,* is so fixed in my mind as it cannot be removed. And I do easily see that place of any reasonable commandment doth bring commandment of more wits than of a man's own. . . . And if your Lordship shall find now, or at any time, that I do seek or affect any place whereunto any that is nearer to your Lordship shall be convenient, say then that I am a most dishonest man. And if your Lordship will not carry me on, this will I do: I will sell the inheritance that I have, and will purchase some lease of quick revenue, or some office of gain that shall be executed by deputy, and so give over all care of service, and become some sorry bookmaker, or a true pioneer in that mine of truth.

But Bacon's way of life was to be quite other than the one which he had thus marked out for himself. Of his public career, which was soon to begin, we shall speak but briefly, touching only upon some of its salient points.

Three or four years before this, Bacon had made the acquaintance of Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, who now, at the age of barely thirty, was installed as the avowed favorite of Queen Elizabeth, who was verging upon threescore. Bacon rose high in the favor of the Earl; and when the Parliament of 1593 was

summoned he sat as a member for the county of Middlesex, and at once took a prominent part in that body. Ben Jonson long after wrote of the eloquence of Bacon, though it seems probable that he had heard him only at the bar, not in the House of Commons, to the debates in which strangers were then rarely admitted:

BEN JONSON UPON BACON.

There happened in my time one noble speaker who was full of gravity in his speaking. His language, where he could spare or pass by a jest, was nobly censorious. No man ever spoke more neatly, more pressly, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness in what he uttered. No member of his speech but consisted of his own graces. His hearers could not cough or look aside from him without loss. He commanded where he spoke, and had his judges angry and pleased at his devotion. No man had their affections more in his power. The fear of every man that heard him was lest he should make an end. . . . My conceit of him was never increased towards him by his place or his honors; but I have and do reverence him for the greatness that was only proper to himself, in that he seemed to me ever, by his work, one of the greatest men and most worthy of admiration that had been in many ages.

In Parliament Bacon seems to have sought to stand well both with the Court and the country; but by one uncautious speech he lost what favor he had already acquired with the Queen and her ministers. Large subsidies, to be speedily paid, were demanded by the ministers. Bacon vehemently opposed this. "The gentlemen," he said, "must sell their plate, and the farmers their brass pots, ere this will be paid; and for us, we are here to search the wounds of the realm, and not to skim them over. The dangers are these:

First, we shall breed discontent, and endanger Her Majesty's safety, which must consist more in the love of the people than their wealth. Secondly, this being granted in this sort, other princes hereafter will look for the like; so that we shall put an evil precedent on ourselves and our posterity; and in all histories, it is to be observed, of all nations the English are not to be subject, base, or taxable." The wrath of the Queen and her ministers was aroused. Bacon was charged with seeking popularity, and was for a time excluded from the Court. He explained and apologized, but all to no avail.

Essex stood up chivalrously for his friend. The attorney-generalship had fallen vacant, and Bacon was a candidate for the post, his principal rival being Coke, to whom the office was given. Essex then vainly endeavored to procure for Bacon the position of solicitor-general. He, however, made Bacon, whose pecuniary circumstances were very poor, the present of an estate worth some £2,000. Before long the Queen's irritation against Bacon began to subside, and he was employed as counsel for the Crown in several cases. At length Essex fell into disfavor with the Queen, not without good reason; and the affection of Bacon for the Earl grew cool. In 1600 Essex was arraigned for high treason; and Bacon, after some slight show of reluctance, consented to lead the prosecution, which he conducted with the utmost zeal. The result was that the Earl was convicted — undoubtedly with perfect justice — and was brought to the block.

Bacon's conduct in this matter has been the occasion of keen controversy. On the one hand it is said that he acted only in conformity with his professional duty as the sworn counsel for the Crown. On the

other hand it is averred that his conduct was infamous in appearing against a man who had been his personal friend, and to whom he owed so much. The case against him is vigorously pressed by Macaulay, in his famous essay upon Bacon, in which it is charged that, in his eagerness to secure the conviction of Essex, he went far beyond what he was required to do as the advocate for the Crown:

"Not only," says Macaulay, "did he appear against a man who was indeed guilty of a great offence, but who had been his benefactor and friend; but he did more than this. Nay, he did more than any person who had never seen Essex would have been justified in doing. He employed all the art of an advocate in order to make the prisoner's conduct appear more inexcusable and more dangerous to the State than it really had been. All that professional duty could, in any case, have required of him would have been to conduct the case so as to insure a conviction. But, from the nature of the circumstances, there could not be the smallest doubt that the Earl would be convicted. If ever there was an occasion on which an advocate had no temptation to resort to extraneous topics, for the purpose of blinding the judgment and inflaming the passions of a tribunal, this was the occasion. Why, then, resort to arguments which while they could add nothing to the strength of the case, considered in a legal point of view, tended to aggravate the moral guilt of the fatal enterprise, and to excite fear and resentment in that quarter from which alone the Earl could now expect mercy? Why remind the audience of the arts of the ancient tyrants? Why deny what everybody knew to be the truth, that a powerful faction at Court had long sought to effect the ruin of the prisoner? Why, above all, institute a parallel between the unhappy culprit and the most wicked and most successful rebel of the age? Was it absolutely impossible to do all that progessional duty required, without reminding a jealous sovereign

of the League, of the Barricades, and of all the humiliations which a too powerful subject had heaped upon Henry III. of France?"

Elizabeth, who seems to have been passionately enamored of this favorite of her old age, showed no gratitude for the service which Bacon had rendered in delivering the kingdom from the dangerous presence of Essex. Bacon gained no advancement; and though his literary repute had come to be firmly established, his pecuniary fortunes were in a very poor condition when the old Queen died, in 1603. James I. (son of Mary, Queen of Scots) succeeded his distant kinswoman, Elizabeth, on the throne of England. He had little reason for thinking well of his predecessor; and the fact that anyone had stood low in the favor of Elizabeth was no reason why he should not stand high in that of James. The new King, moreover, was no fool, though few men have ever committed so many follies. If fate had made him a college professor instead of a king, he would, most likely, have come down to after times as a very wise and learned man. Bacon paid successful court to the new monarch. He was one of the three hundred gentlemen who received the cheap honor of knighthood on the day of the coronation of James. Not many months afterward he was formally appointed King's Counsel, with a pension of £60, and what appears to be a retaining fee of £40 a year.

Bacon had now, at the age of forty-three, set his foot upon the first round of the ladder of promotion, up which he rapidly climbed. In 1607 he became Solicitor-General; in 1612, Attorney-General; in 1616, Privy Councillor; in 1617, Keeper of the Great Seal;

in 1618, Lord Chancellor, with the title of Baron Verulam. He celebrated his sixtieth birthday with great pomp at York House in the Strand, the noble residence in which he had been born. He had just been raised to a higher rank in the peerage, being created Viscount St. Albans. Upon this occasion Ben Jonson wrote some of his happiest lines:

> Haile happie Genius of this antient pile!
> How comes it al things so about thee smile? . . .
> And so doe I. This is the sixtieth year
> Since Bacon, and thy Lord, was born and here;
> Son to the grave, wise Keeper of the Seale,
> Fame and foundation of the English weale:
> What then his father was, that since is he,
> Now with a title more to the degree:
> England's High Chancellor! the destined heire
> In his soft cradle to his father's chair;
> Whose even thred the Fates spinne round and full,
> Out of their choicest and their whitest wool.
> 'Tis a brave cause of joy; let it be knowne —
> For 'twere a narrow gladness kept thine owne.
> Give me a deep-crowned bowle, that I may sing,
> In raysing him, the wysdome of the King.

On his sixtieth birthday, Bacon had reached the summit of his fortunes. He had attained the highest position in the state which was attainable by a subject. He had just published the *Novum Organum,* a work which was hailed all over Europe as marking an epoch in the history of human thought. Quite probably he had enemies who wished his downfall; and before spring had fairly set in these enemies might well have taken up against him the exultation of the old Hebrew bard: "How art thou fallen from the Heavens, O Light-bearer, bringer in of the morning!" Many volumes have been devoted to the story

of the downfall of Francis Bacon. All its essential points can be presented within the compass of a page or two.

Parliament had convened in January. Grave charges had been made against the courts of justice, and a committee had been appointed in the House of Commons, to investigate the matter. On the 15th of March the chairman of the committee reported that great abuses had been brought to light; and that "the person against whom these things are alleged is no less than the Lord Chancellor, a man so endued with all parts, both of nature and art, as that I will say no more of him, being not able to say enough." Evidence was produced sufficient to convince the House that the charge of corruption was well-founded. Bacon at first took the matter rather lightly. He wrote, "I know that I have clean hands and a clean heart. But Job himself, by such hunting for matters against him as hath been used against me, may for a time seem foul, especially in a time when greatness is the mark, and accusation is the game." The specific charges against Bacon accumulated rapidly; but for ten days he hoped, or professed to hope, that he should be able to clear himself. King James seems to have been desirous that Bacon should be able to establish his innocence, as he professed himself able to do. Just ten days after the charges were formally preferred, Bacon wrote to the King:

> When I enter into myself, I find not the materials of such a tempest as is come upon me. I have been no avaricious oppressor of the people. I have been no haughty or intolerable or hateful man in my conversation or carriage. . . . And for the bribers and gifts wherewith I am charged, when the book of hearts shall

be opened, I hope I shall not be found to have the troubled fountain of a corrupt heart in the habit of taking rewards to prevent justice, however I may be frail, and partake of the abuse of the times.

Three weeks afterward he seems to have abandoned all hope of making a successful defence, and wrote to the King, begging him to show him favor in this emergency. He also made a kind of general confession to the House of Peers, who were to try him:

"It resteth therefore," he wrote, "that, without fig-leaves, I do ingenuously confess and acknowledge that, having understood the particulars of the charge, not formally from the House, but enough to inform my conscience and memory, I find matter sufficient and full, both to move me to desert the defence, and to move your Lordships to condemn and censure me."

But the Peers considered that this general plea of "guilty" was not sufficient to warrant them in pronouncing a censure. They sent him a list of twenty-eight specific charges, to which a written answer was required. His answer was a "confession and humble submission," in which he says:

Upon advised consideration of the charges, descending into my own conscience, and calling my memory to account, so far as I am able, I do plainly and ingenuously confess that I am guilty of corruption, and do renounce all defence. . . . I do again confess that on the points charged upon me — although they should be taken as myself have declared them — there is a great deal of corruption and neglect; for which I am heartily and penitently sorry, and submit myself to the judgment, grace and mercy of the court.

The Peers considered it necessary to make it sure that this "confession and humble submission" was

the voluntary act of Bacon, and sent a deputation to inquire of him whether it was really subscribed by himself. "My Lords," said Bacon, "it is my act, my hand, my heart. I beseech your Lordships to be merciful to a bruised reed." Yet in spite of direct and incontrovertible evidence of his guilt, and in spite of his own full and ample confession, there have not been wanting those, even in our day, who maintain that Bacon was innocent of all corruption; and that he could have made a complete defence, but was deterred by his desire to gratify the King and his favorite, Buckingham. But both of these had every reason to wish that the Lord Chancellor should be acquitted of the charges brought against him, unless his guilt should be proven beyond all possibility of doubt. If ever a man was justly convicted of a great crime, Francis Bacon was that man.

There was nothing for the Peers to do but to pass sentence upon the culprit. This they proceeded to do four days later, on May 3. The sentence was that Bacon should pay a fine of £40,000; should be imprisoned in the Tower during the King's pleasure; should be forever incapable of holding any office in the commonwealth; never sit in Parliament, or come within the verge of the Court. No part of this severe sentence was ever executed. Bacon was released from the Tower after a detention of four days; the enormous fine (equivalent to nearly a million of dollars in our day) was wholly remitted; he was suffered to present himself again at Court; and three years afterward the rest of the punishment was formally set aside; so that he was at liberty to take his seat in the House of Lords, and he was even summoned to the next Parliament. Government moreover granted him

a pension of £1,200, and his whole income for the rest of his life is estimated at £2,500 a year; "a sum," says Macaulay, "which was probably above the average income of a nobleman of that generation, and which was certainly sufficient for comfort and even for splendor." But he could not abandon his profuse way of living. "I will not," he said, "be stripped of my feathers." He became sadly straitened during his later years, and at his death his debts amounted to more than £22,000.

Bacon lived only five years after his downfall from his high position in the state; but during that interval he produced some of his noblest works. Among these are the *History of Henry VII.,* which was published in less than a year; the *De Augmentis Scientiarum, Apothegms,* and a considerable part of the *Essays,* of which two editions had already appeared. In March, 1626, he had come up to London, and driving near Highgate during a snow-storm, it occurred to him to ascertain whether snow would act as an antiseptic. He alighted from his carriage and purchased a fowl, which he stuffed with snow with his own hands. He was seized with a violent chill, and was taken to the house of Lord Arundel, which was close by. Bronchitis set in, from which he died within a few days. In his last will and testament he says, with proud humility: "For my name and memory, I leave it to men's charitable speeches, and to foreign nations, and to the next age."

The works of Bacon are numerous and cover a wide range of topics. The best edition of them — and we can hardly hope for a better one — is that prepared by R. L. Ellis, J. Spedding, and D. D. Heath (2d edit., 1870), in seven volumes, of which Vols. I.–III. contain the Philosophical Works; Vols. IV.–V., Translations;

and VI.–VII., Literary and Professional Works. Of the philosophy of Bacon, as embodied in his great works, it is not possible here to speak in such detail as would be required for any adequate presentation of so wide a subject. Of his works which have an assured place in literature, as distinguished from science and philosophy, the most notable is the *Essays,* or, as they are more fully entitled, *Essays; or Counsels, Civil and Moral,* of which the first edition appeared in 1597; a second edition, with additional essays, in 1612; and a third edition, further augmented, in 1624. Of this work Bacon said, magniloquently: "These are the meditations of Francis of Verulam, which that posterity should be aware of, he deemed for their benefit." This work, which contains about sixty separate essays, forms a small volume, scarcely equal in quantity of matter to one half volume of this cyclopædia. We produce portions of a part of these essays. In quoting from Latin writers Bacon usually cites the original. We simply translate these citations into English:

OF TRUTH.

"What is truth?" said jesting Pilate, and would not stay for an answer. Certainly there be that delight in giddiness; and count it a bondage to fix a belief; affecting a free-will in thinking as well as in acting. But it is not only the difficulty and labor which men take in finding out the truth; nor, again, that, when it is found, it imposeth upon men's thoughts, that doth bring lies in favor; but a natural though corrupt love of the lie itself. One of the later schools of the Grecians is at a stand-still to think what should be in it, that men should love lies, where neither they make for pleasure, as with poets, nor for advantage, as with the merchant, but for the lie's sake. But I cannot tell. This same Truth is

a naked and open daylight, that doth not show the masks and mummeries and triumphs of the world, half so stately and daintily as candle-lights. Doth any man doubt that if there were taken out of men's minds vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations as one would, and the like, but it would leave the minds of a number of men poor shrunken things, full of melancholy and indisposition, and unpleasing to themselves? But it is not the lie that passeth through the mind, but the lie that sinketh in, that doth the hurt, such as we spake of before. But howsoever these things are thus in men's depraved judgments and affections, yet Truth, which doth only judge itself, teacheth that the inquiry of truth, which is the love-making or wooing of it, is the sovereign good of human nature. It will be acknowledged even by those that practice it not, that clear and round dealing is the honor of man's nature; and that mixture of falsehood is like the alloy in coin of gold and silver, which may make the metal work the better, but it embaseth it. There is no vice that doth so cover a man with shame as to be found false and perfidious. Montaigne saith prettily, when he inquired the reason why the word of the lie should be such a disgrace, and such an odious charge, said he, "If it be well weighed, to say that a man lieth is as much as to say that he is brave towards God and a coward towards men; for a lie faces God and shrinks from man." Surely the wickedness of falsehood and breach of faith cannot possibly be so highly expressed as in that it shall be the last peal to call the judgments of God upon the generations of men: it being foretold that, when Christ cometh he shall not find faith upon the earth. — *Essay I.*

OF DEATH.

Men fear death as children fear to go in the dark: and as that natural fear in children is increased with tales, so is the other. Certainly, the contemplation of death, as the wages of sin, and the passage to another world, is holy and religious; but the fear of it, as a tribute due unto nature, is weak. Yet in religious med-

itations there is sometimes mixture of vanity and of superstition. And by him that spake only as a philosopher and natural man, it was well said, "The surroundings of death terrify more than death itself." It is worthy the observing that there is no passion of the mind of man so weak but it mates and masters the fear of death; and therefore death is no such terrible enemy, when a man hath so many attendants about him that can win the combat of him. Revenge triumphs over death; love slights it; honor aspireth to it; grief flieth to it; fear preoccupieth it; nay, we read, after Otho the emperor had slain himself, pity (which is the tenderest of affections) provoked many to die out of mere compassion to their sovereign, and as the truest sort of followers. It is as natural to die as to be born; and to a little infant, perhaps, the one is as painful as the other. He that dies in an earnest pursuit is like one that is wounded in hot blood, who, for the time scarce feels the hurt; and therefore a mind fixed and bent upon somewhat that is good doth avert the dolors of death. But, above all, believe it, the sweetest canticle is *Nunc dimittis,* when a man hath obtained worthy ends and expectations. Death hath this also, that it openeth the gate to good fame and extinguisheth envy "The same person shall be beloved when dead."—*Essay II.*

OF ADVERSITY.

It was a high speech of Seneca (after the manner of the Stoics), that "the good things that belong to adversity are to be admired." Certainly, if miracles be the command over nature, they appear most in adversity. The virtue of prosperity is Temperance; the virtue of adversity is Fortitude, which in morals is the more heroical virtue. Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament; Adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction, and the clearer revelation of God's favor. Yet even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols; and the pencil of the

Holy Ghost hath labored more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon. Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes; and Adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see in needleworks and embrodieries it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground. Judge therefore of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye. Certainly virtue is life's precious odors, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed; for Prosperity doth best discover vice, but Adversity doth best discover virtue.— *Essay V.*

OF MARRIAGE AND SINGLE LIFE.

He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune; for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief. Certainly the best works, and of greatest merit for the public, have proceeded from the unmarried or childless men, which both in affection and means have married and endowed the public. Yet it were great reason that those that have children should have greatest care of future times, unto which they know they must transmit their dearest pledges. Unmarried men are best friends, best masters, best servants; but not always best subjects; for they are light to run away — and almost all fugitives are of that condition. A single life doth well with churchmen, for charity will hardly water the ground where it must first fill a pool. It is indifferent for judges and magistrates; for if they be facile and corrupt, you shall have a servant five times worse than a wife. For soldiers, I find generals commonly, in their hortatives, put men in mind of their wives and their children, and I think the despising of marriage amongst the Turks maketh the vulgar soldier more base. Certainly, wife and children are a kind of discipline of humanity; and single men, though they be many times more charitable, because their means are less exhaust, yet, on the other side, they are more cruel and hard-hearted (good to make severe inquisitors), because their tenderness is not so oft called upon. Wives are young

men's mistresses; companions for middle age; and old men's nurses; so that a man may have a quarrel to marry when he will. But yet he was reputed one of the wise men that made answer to the question when a man should marry: "A young man, not yet; an elder man, not at all."— *Essay VIII.*

OF GREAT PLACE.

Men in great place are thrice servants: servants of the Sovereign or State; servants of Fame; and servants of Business: so as they have no freedom, neither in their persons, nor in their actions, nor in their times. It is a strange desire to seek power and to lose liberty; or to seek power over others, and to lose power over a man's self. The rising into places is laborious, and by pains men come into greater pains; and it is sometimes base; and by indignities men come to dignities. The standing is slippery, and the regress is either a downfall, or at least an eclipse, which is a melancholy thing. Nay, retire men cannot when they would, nor will they when it were reason; but are impatient of privateness even in age and sickness, which require the shadow. Certainly, great persons had need to borrow other men's opinions to think themselves happy; for if they judge by their own feeling, they cannot find it. But if they think with themselves what other men think of them, and that other men would be as they are, then they are happy as it were by report, when, perhaps, they find the contrary within. Certainly, men in great fortunes are strangers to themselves; and while they are in the puzzle of business, they have no time to tend their health either of body or mind. In place there is a license to do good and evil; whereof the latter is a curse: for in evil the best condition is not *to will;* the second not *to can.* But the power to do good is the true and lawful end of aspiring. For good thoughts — though God accept them — yet towards men are little better than good dreams, except they be put in act; and that cannot be without power and place, as the vantage and commanding ground. It is most true that was anciently spoken:

"A place showeth the man; and it showeth some to the better, and some to the worse." Honor is, or should be, the place of virtue; and as in nature things move violently *to* their place, and calmly *in* their place; so virtue in ambition is violent, in authority settled and calm. All rising to great place is by a winding stair; and if there be factions, it is good to side a man's self whilst he is in the rising, and to balance himself when he is placed. If thou have colleagues, respect them; and rather call them when they look not for it, than exclude them when they have reason to look to be called. Be not too sensible or too remembering of thy place in conversation and private answers to suitors; but let it rather be said, "When he sits in place, he is another man."— *Essay XI.*

OF ATHEISM.

I had rather believe all the fables in the Legend, and the Talmud, and the Alcoran, than that this universal frame is without a mind. And therefore God never wrought miracle to convince atheism, because his ordinary works convince it. It is true that a little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism; but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion. For while the mind of man looketh upon second causes scattered, it may sometimes rest in them, and go no further. But when it beholdeth the chain of them confederate and linked together, it must needs fly to Providence and Deity. The Scripture saith, "The fool hath *said* in his heart, There is no God." It is not said, "The fool hath *thought* in his heart," so as he rather saith it by rote to himself, as that he would have, than that he can thoroughly believe it, or be persuaded of it; for none deny there is a God, but those for whom it maketh that there were no God. They that deny a God destroy a man's nobility; for certainly man is of kin to the beasts by his body; and if he be not of kin to God by his spirit, he is a base and ignoble creature. It destroys likewise magnanimity, and the raising of human nature; for take an example of a dog, and mark what a generosity and courage he will put on when he finds himself

maintained by a man who to him is instead of a God, or *melior natura;* which courage is manifestly such as that creature, without that confidence of a better nature than his own, could never attain. So man, when he resteth and assureth himself upon divine protection and favor, gathereth a force and faith which human nature in itself could not obtain. Therefore, as atheism is in all respects hateful, so in this, that it depriveth human nature of the means to exalt itself above human frailty. —*Essay XVI.*

OF TRAVEL.

Travel, in the younger sort, is a part of education; in the elder, a part of experience. He that travelleth into a country before he hath some entrance into the language, goeth to school, and not to travel. That young men travel under some tutor or grave servant, I allow well; so that he be such an one as hath the language, and hath been in the country before, whereby he may be able to tell them what things are worthy to be seen in the country where they go, what acquaintances they are to seek, what exercise or discipline the place yieldeth; for else young men shall go hooded, and look abroad little.

If you will have a young man to put his travel into a little room, and in a short time to gather much, this you must do: First, as was said, he must have some entrance into the language before he goeth; then he must have such a servant, or tutor, as knoweth the country, as was likewise said; let him carry also some card or book describing the country where he travelleth, which will be a good key to his inquiry; let him also keep a diary. Let him not stay long in one city or town — more or less as the place deserveth — but not long. Nay, when he stayeth in one city or town, let him change his lodging from one end and part of the town to another, which is a great adamant of acquaintance; let him sequester himself from the company of his countrymen, and diet in such places where there is good company of the nation where he travelleth. Let him, upon his removes from one place to another, procure recommendation to some person

of quality residing in the place whither he removeth, that he may use his favor in those things he desireth to see or know: thus he may abridge his travel with much profit. Let his travel appear rather in his discourse than in his apparel or gesture; and in his discourse let him be rather advised in his answers than forward to tell stories; and let it appear that he doth not change his country manners for those of foreign parts; but only prick in some flowers of that he hath learned abroad into the customs of his own country.— *Essay XVIII.*

OF DELAYS.

Fortune is like the market, where many times, if you can stay a little the price will fall; and again, it is sometimes like Sibylla's offer, which at first offereth the commodity at full, then consumeth part and part, and still holdeth up the price. There is surely no greater wisdom than well to time the beginning and onset of things. Dangers are no more light, if they once seem light, and more dangers have deceived men than forced them. Nay, it is better to meet some dangers half-way, though they come nothing near, than to keep too long a watch upon approaches; for if a man watch too long, it is odds that he will fall asleep. On the other side, to be deceived with too long shadows, and so shoot off before the time, or to teach dangers to come on by buckling towards them, is another extreme. The ripeness or unripeness of the occasion must be very well weighed; and generally it is good to commit the beginnings of all great actions to Argus with his hundred eyes, and the ends to Briareus with his hundred hands; first to watch, and then to speed. For the helmet of Pluto, which maketh the politic man go invisible, is secrecy in the council, and celerity in the execution. For when things once come to execution, there is no secrecy comparable to celerity, like the bullet in the air, which flieth so swift as it outruns the eye.— *Essay XXI.*

OF WISDOM FOR A MAN'S SELF.

An ant is a wise creature for itself, but it is a shrewd thing in an orchard or a garden. Divide with reason between self-love and society; and be so true to thyself as thou be not false to others, especially to thy king and country. Wisdom for a man's self is, in many branches thereof, a depraved thing. It is the wisdom of rats, that will be sure to leave a house somewhat before it fall; it is the wisdom of the fox, that thursts out the badger that digged and made room for him; it is the wisdom of the crocodiles, that shed tears when they would devour. But that which is specially to be noted is that those which (as Cicero saith of Pompey), are "lovers of themselves without a rival," are many times unfortunate; and whereas they have all their times sacrificed to themselves, they become in the end sacrifices to the inconstancy of fortune whose wings they thought by their self-wisdom to have pinioned.— *Essay XXIII.*

OF INNOVATIONS.

As the births of living creatures at first are ill-shapen, so are all innovations, which are the births of time, yet notwithstanding, as those that first bring honor in to the family are commonly more worthy than most that succeed, so the first precedent (if it be good), is seldom attained by imitation; for ill — to man's nature as it stands perverted — hath a natural motion strongest in continuance; but good, as a forced motion, strongest at first. Surely every medicine is an innovation, and he that will not apply new remedies must expect new evils; for time is the greatest innovator, and if time of course alter things to the worse, and wisdom and counsel shall not alter them to the better, what shall be the end? It is true that what is settled by custom, though it be not good, yet at least it is fit; and those things which have long gone together are, as it were, confederate within themselves; whereas new things piece not so well, but though they help by their utility, yet they trouble by their inconformity. All this is true, if time stood still,

which contrariwise, moveth so round that a forward retension of custom is as turbulent a thing as an innovation; and they that reverence too much old things are but a scorn to the new. It were good, therefore, that men in their innovations would follow the example of time itself, which indeed innovateth greatly, but quietly, and by degrees scarce to be perceived. It is good also not to try experiments in states, except the necessity be urgent or the utility evident; and well to beware that it be the reformation that draweth on the change, and not the desire of change that pretendeth the reformation. And lastly, that the novelty, though it be not rejected, yet be held for a suspect and, as the scripture saith, that we make a stand upon the ancient way, and then look about us, that we discover what is the straight and right way, and so to walk in it. — *Essay XXIV.*

OF EXPENSE.

Riches are for spending, and spending for honor and good actions; therefore extraordinary expense must be limited by the worth of the occasion; for voluntary undoing may be as well for a man's country as for the kingdom of heaven. But ordinary expense ought to be limited by a man's estate, and governed with such regard as it be within his compass; and not subject to deceit and abuse of servants; and ordered to the best show, that the bills may be less than the estimation abroad. Certainly, if a man will keep but of even hand, his ordinary expenses ought to be but to the half of his receipts; and if he think to wax rich, but to the third part. It is no baseness for the greatest to descend and look into their own estate. He that cannot look into his own estate at all, had need both choose well those whom he employeth, and change them often; for new servants are more timorous and less subtle. He that can look into his estate but seldom, it behoveth him to turn all to certainties. A man had need, if he be plentiful in some kinds of expense, to be as saving again in some others: as if he be plentiful in his diet, to be saving in his apparel; if he be plentiful in the hall, to be saving

in the stable; and the like. In clearing of a man's estate he may as well hurt himself in being too sudden, as in letting it run on too long; for hasty selling is commonly as disadvantageable as interest. Certainly, who hath a state to repair, may not despise small things; and commonly it is less dishonorable to abridge petty charges than to stoop to petty gettings. A man ought warily to begin charges, which once begun will continue; but in matters that return not, he may be more magnificent.— *Essay XXVIII.*

OF REGIMEN OF HEALTH.

There is a wisdom in this beyond the rules of physic. A man's own observation what he finds good of, and what he finds hurt of, is the best physic to preserve health. But it is a safer conclusion to say, "This agreeth not well with me, therefore I will not continue it;" than this, "I find no offence of this, therefore I may use it;" for strength of nature in youth passeth over many excesses which are owing a man till his age. Discern of the coming on of years, and think not to do the same things still; for age will not be defied. To be free-minded and cheerfully disposed at hours of meat and of sleep and of exercise, is one of the best precepts of long lasting. As for the passions and studies of the mind, avoid envy, anxious fears, anger, fretting inwards, subtle and knotty inquisitions, joys and exhilarations in excess, sadness not communicated. Entertain hopes, mirth, rather than joy; variety of delights rather than surfeit of them; wonder and admiration, and therefore novelties; studies that fill the mind with splendid and illustrious objects: as histories, fables, and contemplations of nature. If you fly physic altogether, it will be too strange for your body when you shall need it; if you make it too familiar, it will work no extraordinary effect when sickness cometh.— *Essay XXIX.*

OF YOUTH AND AGE.

A man that is young in years may be old in hours, if he have lost no time. Generally youth is like the first

cogitations, not so wise as the second, for there is a youth in thought as well as in ages; and yet the invention of young men is more lively than of old, and imaginations stream into their minds better, and, as it were, more divinely. Natures that have much heat, and great and violent desires and perturbations, are not ripe for action till they have passed the meridian of their years; but reposed natures may do well in youth. On the other side, heat and vivacity in age is an excellent composition for business; for the experience of age in things that fall within the compass of it, directeth them; but in new things amuseth them. The errors of young men are the ruin of business; but the errors of aged men amount but to this, that more might have been done, or sooner. Young men, in the conduct and manage of actions embrace more than they can hold, stir more than they can quiet; fly to the end, without consideration of the means and degrees; pursue some few principles which they have chanced upon absurdly; care not to innovate; use extreme remedies at first; and that, which doubleth all errors, will not acknowledge or retract them — like an unruly horse, that will neither stop nor turn. Men of age object too much, consult too long, adventure too little, repent too soon; and seldom drive business home to the full period; but content themselves with a mediocrity of success. Certainly it is good to compound employments of both, for that will be good for the present, because the virtues of either age make correct the defects of both; and good for succession, that young men may be learners while men in age are actors. And lastly, good for extreme accidents; because authority followeth old men, and favor and popularity youth. But for the moral part, youth will have the preference, as age hath for the public.— *Essay XLII.*

OF GARDENS.

God Almighty planted a garden; and indeed it is the purest of human pleasures. It is the greatest refreshment to the spirit of man; without which buildings and palaces are but gross handyworks. I do hold it in the

royal ordering of gardens there ought to be gardens for all the months in the year, in which severally things of beauty may be then in season. For aviaries, I like them not, except they be of that largeness as they may be turfted, and have living plants and bushes set in them; that the birds may have more scope and natural nestling, and that no foulness appear in the floor of the aviary. So I have made a platform of a princely garden, partly by precept, partly by drawing; not a model, but some general lines of it; and in this I have spared no cost. But it is nothing for great princes, that for the most part taking advice with workmen, with no less cost set their things together, and sometimes add statues and such things, for state and magnificence, but nothing to the true pleasure of a garden. — *Essay XLVI.*

OF STUDIES.

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight, is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability is in the judgment and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humor of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience; for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded by experience. Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them, for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom, without them and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested. That is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and

some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man. Therefore if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not. Histories make men wise; poets, witty; the mathematicians, subtile; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave. Studies become habits; nay there is no stand or impediment in the wit, but may be wrought out by fit studies; like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises: bowling is good for the stone and reins; shooting for the lungs and breast; gentle walking for the stomach; riding for the head — and so on. So if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics; for in demonstrations, be his wit called away never so little, he must begin again. If his wit be not apt to distinguish or find difference, let him study the schoolmen; for they are "splitters of cummin-seeds." If he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyer's cases. So every defect of the mind may have a special receipt. — *Essay L.*

OF VICISSITUDES OF THINGS.

Solomon saith, "There is no new thing upon the earth;" so that as Plato had an imagination that all knowledge was but a remembrance; so Solomon giveth his sentence, that "All novelty is but oblivion:" whereby you may see that the river of Lethe runneth as well above ground as below. There is an abstruse philosopher that saith, if it were not for two things that are constant — (the one is, that the fixed stars ever stand at like distance one from another, and never come nearer together, nor go further asunder; the other, that the diurnal motion perpetually keepeth time) — no individual would last one moment. Certain it is, that matter is in a perpetual flux, and never at a stay. The great winding sheets that bury everything in oblivion, are two: deluges and earthquakes. As for conflagrations and great

droughts they do but merely dispeople, not destroy. Phaëton's car went but for a day; and the three years drought, in the time of Elias, was but particular, and left people alive. As for the great lightnings, which are often in the West Indies, they are but narrow. But in the other two destructions, by deluge and earthquake, it is further to be noted that the remnant of people which happen to be reserved are commonly ignorant and mountainous people, that can give no account of the time past; so that the oblivion is all one as if none had been left. If you consider well of the people of the West Indies [*i.e.*, the Western Continent], it is very probable that they are a newer or a younger people than the people of the old world, and it is much more likely that the destruction that hath heretofore been there was not by earthquakes (as the Egyptian priests told Solon, concerning the island of Atlantis, that it was swallowed by an earthquake), but rather that it was desolated by a particular deluge; for earthquakes are seldom in those parts; but on the other side, they have such pouring rivers as the rivers of Asia, and Africa, and Europe, are but brooks to them. Their Andes, likewise, or mountains, are far higher than those with us; whereby it seems that the remnants of generations of men were, in such a particular deluge saved. The vicissitudes, or mutations, in the superior globe, are no fit matter for this present argument. It may be Plato's great year — if the world should last so long — would have some effect — not in renewing the state of like individuals (for that is the fume of those that conceive the celestial bodies have more accurate influences upon these things below, than indeed they have), but in gross. Comets, out of question, have likewise power and effect over the gross and mass of things; but they are rather dazed and waited upon in their journey, than wisely observed in their effects — especially in their respective effects; that is what kind of comet for magnitude, color, version of the beams, placing in the region of the heavens, or lasting, produceth what kind of effects.

But to proceed and come to men: The greatest vicissitude of things amongst men is the vicissitudes of sects

and religions; for these orbs rule in men's minds most. The true religion is built upon the rock; the rest are tossed upon the waves of time. There be three manner of plantations of new sects: By the power of signs and miracles; by the eloquence and wisdom of speech and persuasion, and by the sword. For martyrdoms, I reckon them amongst miracles, because they seem to exceed the strength of human nature; and I may do the like of superlative and admirable holiness of life. Surely there is no better way to stop the rising of new sects and schisms, than to reform abuses; to compound the smaller differences; to proceed mildly, and not with sanguinary persecutions; and rather to take off the principal authors, by winning and advancing them than to enrage them by violence and bitterness.

The changes and vicissitudes of wars are many, but chiefly in three things: In the seats or stages of the war, in the weapons, and in the manner of conduct. Wars in ancient time seemed to move from east to west; but East and West have no certain points of heaven, and no certainty of observation. But North and South are fixed; and it hath seldom or never been seen that the far southern people have invaded the northern, but contrariwise; whereby it is manifest that the northern tract of the world is in nature the most martial region. Upon the breaking and shivering of a great state and empire, you may be sure to have wars; for the great empires, while they stand, do enervate and destroy the forces of the natives which they have subdued, resting upon their own protecting forces; and when they fail also, all goes to ruin, and they become a prey. The great accessions and unions of kingdoms do likewise stir up wars; for when a state grows to an over-power it is like a great flood that will be sure to overflow; as it hath been seen in the states of Rome, Turkey, Spain, and others. When a warlike state grows soft and effeminate, they may be sure of a war; for commonly such states are grown rich in the time of their degenerating; and so the prey inviteth, and their decay in valor encourageth a war. As for the weapons, it hardly falleth under rule and observation;

yet we see even they have returns and vicissitudes; for certain it is that ordnance was known in the city of the Oxidraces in India, and was that which the Macedonians called thunder and lightning and magic; and it is well known that the use of ordnance hath been in China above two thousand years. For conduct of the war: At the first men rested extremely upon number; they did put the wars likewise upon main force and valor, pointing days for pitched fields, and so trying to put it upon an even match; and were more ignorant in ranging and arranging their battles. After they grew to rest upon number rather competent than vast, they grew to advantages of place, cunning diversions, and the like; and they grew more skilful in the ordering of their battles.

In the youth of a state, arms do flourish; in the middle age, learning; and then both of them together for a time; in the declining age of a state mechanical arts and merchandise. Learning hath its infancy, when it is but beginning, and almost childish; then its youth, when it is luxuriant and juvenile; then its strength of years, when it is solid and reduced; and lastly its old age, when it waxeth dry and exhaust. But it is not good to look too long upon these turning wheels of vicissitude, lest we become giddy. As for the philology of them, that is but a circle of tales, and therefore not fit for this writing. — *Essay LVIII.*

Among the private papers left by Bacon was one written apparently not very long after his impeachment, and presumably before his condemnation. It is entitled *A Prayer, or Psalm, made by my Lord Bacon, Chancellor of England.* It presents a singular phase in the character of Bacon. Addison says of it that it "gives him a much higher figure in the minds of thinking men, than that greatness had done from which he had fallen." It must be borne in mind that this writing, not intended for publication, was penned at a

time when, though charged with corrupt practices, he averred himself to be guiltless of them.

BACON'S PRAYER OR PSALM.

Most gracious Lord God, my merciful father from my youth up! My Creator, my Redeemer, my Comforter! Thou, O Lord, soundest the depths and secrets of all hearts; thou acknowledgest the upright of heart; thou judgest the hypocrite; thou ponderest men's thoughts and doings as in a balance; thou measurest their intentions as with a line; vanity and crooked ways cannot be hid from thee! Remember, O Lord, how thy servant hath walked before thee; remember what I have first sought, and what hath been principal in my intentions. I have loved thy assemblies, I have mourned for the divisions in thy Church, I have delighted in the brightness of thy sanctuary. The vine which thy right hand hath planted in this nation, I have ever prayed unto thee that it might have the first and the latter rain, and that it might stretch her branches to the seas and to the floods. The state and the bread of the poor and oppressed have been precious in mine eyes; I have hated all cruelty and hardness of heart; I have, though in a despised weed, procured the good of all men. If any have been my enemies, I thought not of them, neither hath the sun almost set upon my displeasure; but I have been as a dove free from superfluity of maliciousness. Thy creatures have been my books, but thy Scriptures much more. I have sought thee in the courts, fields, and gardens; but I have found thee in thy temples. Thousands have been my sins, and ten thousands my transgressions; but thy sanctifications have remained with me; and my heart, through thy grace, hath been an unquenched coal upon thine altar. O Lord, my strength! I have since my youth met with thee in all my ways, by thy fatherly compassions, by thy comfortable chastisements, and by thy most visible providence. As thy favors have increased upon me, so have thy corrections, so as thou hast always been near me, O Lord! and ever as my worldly blessings were exalted,

no secret darts from thee have pierced me; and when I have ascended before men, I have descended in humiliation before thee. And now, when I thought most of peace and honor thy hand is heavy upon me, and hath humbled me, according as thy former loving-kindness, keeping me still in thy school, not as a bastard, but as a child. Just are thy judgments upon me for my sins, which are more in number than the sands of the seas, but have no proportion to thy mercies, for what are the sands of the sea? Earth, heavens, and all these are nothing to thy mercies. Besides my innumerable sins, I confess before thee that I am debtor to thee for the gracious talent of thy gifts and graces, which I have neither put into a napkin, nor put it, as I ought, to exchangers, where it might have made best profit, but misspent it in things for which I was least fit, so I may truly say, my soul hath been a stranger in the course of my pilgrimage. Be merciful unto me, O Lord, for my Saviour's sake, and receive me unto thy bosom, or guide me in thy ways.

In this penitential *Prayer or Psalm,* meant for no human eye or ear, Bacon ignored to the Heavenly King, as completely as he did to the earthly king, the charges of foul corruption in office to which he was in a few days solemnly to plead guilty before the only earthly tribunal which had cognizance of the matter. Whether Macaulay has rightly interpreted the philosophy of Bacon, may be a matter of question; but we think that he has fairly estimated the man:

"He was not," says Macaulay, "inhuman or tyrannical. He bore with meekness his high civil honors, and the far higher honors gained by his intellect. He was never charged, by any accuser entitled to the smallest credit, with licentious habits. His even temper, his flowing courtesy, the general respectability of his demeanor, made a favorable impression on those who saw him in situations which do not severely try the principles. His faults were coldness of heart and meanness of spirit. His

desires were set on things below. Wealth, precedence, titles, patronage, the mace, the seals, the coronet, large houses, fair gardens, rich manors, massive services of plate, gay hangings, curious cabinets, had as great attraction for him as for any of the courtiers who dropped on their knees in the dirt when Elizabeth passed by, and then hastened home to write to the King of Scots that her Grace seemed to be sinking very fast. For these objects he stooped to everything, and endured everything. . . . He well knew the better course, and had at one time resolved to follow it. Had he done so, we should not be compelled to regard his character with mingled contempt and admiration, with mingled aversion and gratitude. We should not then have to blush for the disingenuousness of the most devoted worshipper of speculative truth, for the servility of the boldest champion of intellectual freedom; and we should conclude our survey of his life with feelings very different from those with which we now turn away from the checkered spectacle of so much glory and so much shame."

BACON, ROGER, an English philosopher and monk; born near Ilchester, Somersetshire, in 1214; died in 1294. His family was in good circumstances, but during the reign of Henry III. much of their property was destroyed or confiscated, and some members of it driven into exile. He studied at Oxford, and, it is supposed, took orders in 1233. About 1234 he went to France and studied for some time at the University of Paris, where he received the degree of doctor of theology. About 1250 he returned to Oxford, and at that time or perhaps earlier, entered the order of Franciscan monks. He devoted himself to the study of experimental philosophy, and

friends of science furnished him with means for carrying on his researches. His writings, which were in Latin, include chemistry, optics, physics, and many other subjects. His discoveries and the application he made of them caused him to be looked upon by many as dealing in magic and the black arts. His orthodoxy also was questioned. These suspicions were encouraged by the monks of his order, who were jealous of him because of his greater learning. About 1257 his lectures were interdicted at Oxford, and he was ordered to leave it and place himself under the supervision of the order at Paris. Here he remained for ten years under the strictest surveillance. He wrote to Pope Clement IV.: "My superiors and the friars kept me on bread and water, suffering no one to have access to me, fearful lest my writings should be divulged to any other than the pope and themselves." In 1278 his writings were condemned by a council of Franciscan monks and he was thrown into prison, where he remained for fourteen years. But from what is apparently his latest work, the *Compendium Studii Theologiæ,* he was at liberty in 1292. It is uncertain in what year he died, but probably at Oxford in 1294. Six of his books were printed between 1485 and 1614. His greatest work, *Opus Fajus,* was not published until 1733; the *Opus Tertium, Opus Minus,* and *Compendium Philosophiæ* in 1859.

WHY SCIENCE IS CONDEMNED.

Forasmuch as men know not the prime utility of Philosophy, therefore do they scorn many a grand and most fair Science, saying, What is the good of this Science or of that? Nor will they give ear, and thus do bar from themselves those Sciences and hold them in contempt.

And the like happens with regard to the secondary utilities. For philosophasters in these times, when they are bid to acquire Perspective or Geometry or the Languages, ask derisively, Whereunto do they serve? and declare them to be of no use. Nor will they listen to discourse upon their utility; and therefore do they neglect and despise Sciences whereof they know nought. And at times it happens that some say they would gladly acquire such Sciences; but within a few days they weaken because that they see not the utility of them. For the utility of these Sciences does not pass over with them, but is looked for from without: even as the utility of a house is not seen in the house nor in its arrangement, but when the storms come and the robbers and when other inconveniences multiply. Hence, as one who, not knowing the usefulness of a house, yet wishing to try and build and contrive one, will soon be fretted and tired and will give up the work, as well because of the wearisome toil and the outlay as also because he thinks he is losing his time if he foresees no utility: so it is here: they who know not the utility of a Science, be it Geometry, straightway, unless they be boys that can be coerced by the rod, withdraw and grow indifferent and will hardly learn three or four propositions. Hence it is that the 5th proposition of Euclid's *Geometry* has been called Elefuga — scare-dunce. — *From Fratris* Rogeri Baconis, *Opus Tertium, Cap. VI.*

MAKING METALS. PROLONGATION OF LIFE.

There is an operative and practical Alchymy which teaches how to make noble metals and colors and many other things better and more plentiful by art than they are made by nature. And this Science excels all the foregoing Sciences in that it serves higher uses; for not only can it provide for the outlays and other endless needs of the State, but it teaches how to find the things that may prolong human life for several generations to which span it cannot extend naturally. We die earlier far than we ought, and that for want of care of health in youth, wherefore old age befalls oversoon and death comes be-

fore the limit is reached which God appointed. . . . Though throughout the world many are striving to make metals, colors, etc., yet very few know how to make colors aright and usefully; and there is hardly one that can make metals; and fewer still know how to make the preparations that serve to prolong life. — *From Fratris* ROGERI BACONIS, *Opus Tertium, Cap. XII.*

BADEAU, ADAM, an American soldier and military historian; born at New York, December 29, 1831; died at Ridgewood, N. J., March 19, 1895. He entered the Union army at an early period of the civil war; served on the staff of General Sherman, and was wounded at Port Hudson. He subsequently became Military Secretary to General Grant, and after Grant's accession to the Presidency was appointed as Secretary to the American Legation at London, and subsequently held other diplomatic positions. He wrote *The Military History of General Grant.* In the preparation of this work he had full access to all the official documents bearing upon the subject, and had the benefit of constant consultation with General Grant. His work, therefore, may be considered as at least semi-official, and is one of the most important sources of information as to the history of the period to which it relates.

PERSONAL CHARACTER OF GRANT.

The chief and his personal staff always messed together, and their plain table was shared by all the illustrious visitors whom duty, or curiosity, or interest, brought to the headquarters of the army. A rude log-

cabin formed the dining-room, and a long deal table received the fare, never garnished with wine or spirits of any kind; coffee and tea at breakfast and supper, with water for the mid-day dinner, were the only drinks offered at these simple soldiers' meals.

When night came, all the officers on duty at the headquarters were accustomed to gather round the great camp-fire, and the circle often numbered twenty or even thirty soldiers. Grant always joined it, with his cigar, and from six or seven o'clock till midnight conversation was the sole amusement. The military situation in every quarter of the country was, of course, the absorbing theme; the latest news from Sheridan or Sherman, the condition of affairs inside of Richmond, the strength of the rebel armies, the exhaustion of the South; the information extracted from recent prisoners, or spies, or from the rebel newspapers.

From this the transition was easy to earlier events of the war, and Grant was always ready to relate what he had seen, to tell of his campaigns, to describe the character of his comrades and subordinates. Before the war he had met most of the men who were now prominent, rebels as well as national officers; either in the old army, or at West Point as cadets; and the knowledge of their character he thus obtained was extremely useful to him at this time. He often said of those opposed to him: "I know exactly what that general will do;" "I am glad such a one is in my front;" "I would rather fight this one, than another." So also with those who were now his subordinates; what he had learned of them in garrison on the Canada frontier, or at the West, before the Indians, or crossing the Isthmus of Panama, in cholera time — all was of use now. No man was better able to predict what an individual would do in an emergency, if he had known or seen much of him before. The most ordinary circumstance to him betrayed character; and, as we sat around our fire at City Point, he told stories by the hour, of adventures in the Mexican war, or rides on the prairies, or intercourse with California miners, which threw a flood of light on the immense events in which the

same actors were now engaged. And yet he never seemed to observe, and thus unconsciously deceived many who fancied they were deceiving him.

Of course, all listened eagerly and deferentially to what he had to say, but all took part in the conversation: a simple captain could tell his story without interruption from the general-in-chief — save when he asked for a light for his cigar. Politics at home were often discussed, and unless strangers or foreigners were present, with great freedom. Gossip about men whom most of us had known came in, and tales of West Point life were common. But though familiar, the talk was by no means vulgar; no coarse language was ever used in the presence of the general-in-chief, the most modest man in conversation in the army. A profane word never passed his lips, and if by some rare chance a story a little broad was told before him, he blushed like a girl. Yet he was entirely free from cant, and never rebuked in others the faults which he himself scrupulously avoided. — *The Military History of General Grant.*

BAGEHOT, WALTER, an English essayist, economist and journalist; born at Longport, Somersetshire, February 3, 1826; died there March 24, 1877. He was educated at Bristol and at University College, London, graduating at the latter in 1846. He studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1852, but did not enter upon its practice, and soon after his admission associated himself in business with his father, a banker and shipowner in Longport, His first literary work was as a Paris correspondent of a London paper in 1851. In these letters he defended the *coup d'état* of Napoleon III. From 1860 until his

death he was the editor of *The Economist,* founded by his father-in-law, James Wilson. Among his most important works are: *The English Constitution* (1867); *Physics and Politics* (1869); and *Lombard Street* (1873); three other volumes, *Literary Studies* (1879); *Economic Studies* (1880), and *Biographical Studies* (1881) were published after his death.

THE AGE OF DISCUSSION.

In this manner politics or discussion broke up the old bonds of custom which were now strangling mankind, though they had once aided and helped it. But this is only one of the many gifts which those politics have conferred, are conferring, and will confer on mankind. I am not going to write an eulogium on liberty, but I wish to set down three points which have not been sufficiently noticed.

Civilized ages inherit the human nature which was victorious in barbarous ages, and that nature is, in many respects, not all suited to civilized circumstances. A main and principal excellence in the early times of the human races is the impulse to action. The problems before men are then plain and simple. The man who works hardest, the man who kills the most deer, the man who catches the most fish, even later on the man who tends the largest herds, or the man who tills the largest field — is the man who succeeds; the nation which is quickest to kill its enemies, or which kills most of its enemies, is the nation which succeeds. All the inducements of early society tend to foster immediate action; all its penalties fall on the man who pauses: traditional wisdom of those times was never weary of inculcating that "delays are dangerous," and that the sluggish man — the man "who roasteth not that which he took in hunting" — will not prosper on the earth, and indeed will very soon perish out of it. And in consequence an inability to stay quiet, an irritable desire to act directly, is one of the most conspicuous failings of mankind.

Pascal said that most of the evils of life arose from

"man's being unable to sit still in a room;" and though I do not go that length, it is certain that we should have been a far wiser race than we are if we had been readier to sit quiet — we should have known much better the way in which it was best to act when we came to act. The rise of physical science, the first great body of practical truth probable to all men, exemplifies this in the plainest way. If it had not been for quiet people, who sat still and studied the sections of the cone, if other quiet people had not sat still and studied the theory of infinitesimals, or other quiet people had not sat still and worked out the doctrine of chances, the most "dreamy moonshine," as the purely practical mind would consider of all human pursuits; if "idle stargazers" had not watched long and carefully the motions of the heavenly bodies — our modern astronomy would have been impossible, and without our astronomy "our ships, our colonies, our seamen," all which makes modern life modern life could not have existed. Ages of sedentary, quiet, thinking people were required before that noisy existence began, and without those pale preliminary students it never could have been brought into being. And nine-tenths of modern science is in this respect the same: it is the produce of men whom their contemporaries thought dreamers — who were laughed at for caring for what did not concern them — who, as the proverb went, "walked into a well from looking at the stars" — who were believed to be useless, if any one could be such. And the conclusion is plain that if there had been more such people, if the world had not laughed at those there were, if rather it had encouraged them, there would have been a great accumulation of proved science ages before there was. It was the irritable activity, the "wish to be doing something," that prevented it. Most men inherited a nature too eager and too restless to be quiet and find out things; and even worse — with their idle clamor they "disturbed the brooding hen," they would not let those be quiet who wished to be so, and out of whose calm thought much good might have come forth. — *Physics and Politics.*

BAGGESEN, JENS, a Danish poet; born at Karsör, Zealand, February 15, 1764; died at Hamburg, October 3, 1826. While a student at Copenhagen he became known as a poet and writer by his *Lyrics and Comic Tales* (1785.) He travelled extensively in Germany, Switzerland, and France, and spent so much time in Germany that he became almost as much German as Dane. In 1811 he was appointed Professor of Danish Language and Literature at Kiel, but he remained here only three years, when he removed to Copenhagen. In 1820 he left Denmark and never saw it again, as he died at Hamburg, while on his way home. His Danish works comprise twelve volumes; his German, five volumes. Among them are, in Danish, *Komiske Fortællinger,* in verse (1785); *Labyrinthen,* a prose work in two volumes (1792–93). His *Parthenais oder die Alpenreise,* an idyllic epic (1804), is considered his best work. His letters, of which he left very many in different languages, are interesting.

CHILDHOOD.

There was a time when I was very small,
  When my whole frame was but an ell in height,
Sweetly, as I recall it, tears do fall,
  And therefore I recall it with delight.

I sported in my tender mother's arms,
  And rode a-horseback on best father's knee;
Alike were sorrows, passions, and alarms,
  And gold, and Greek, and love unknown to me.

Then seemed to me this world far less in size,
  Likewise it seemed to me less wicked far;
Like points in heaven, I saw the stars arise,
  And longed for wings that I might catch a star.

I saw the moon behind the island fade,
  And thought, "Oh, were I on that island there,
I could find out of what the moon is made,
  Find out how large it is, how round, how fair!"

Wondering, I saw God's sun, through western skies,
  Set in the ocean's golden lap at night,
And yet upon the morrow early rise,
  And paint the eastern heaven with crimson light.

And thought of God, the gracious Heavenly Father,
  Who made me, and that lovely sun on high,
And all these pearls of heaven, thick strung together,
  Dropped, clustering, from His hand o'er all the sky.

With childish reverence my young lips did say
  The prayer my pious mother taught to me:
"O gentle God! O, let me strive alway
  Still to be wise and good, and follow Thee!"

So prayed I for my father and my mother,
  And for my sister, and for all the town;
The king I knew not, and the beggar-brother,
  Who, bent with age, went sighing up and down.

They perished — the bright days of boyhood perished —
  And all the gladness, all the peace I knew!
Now have I but their memory, fondly cherished: —
  God! may I never, never lose that too!

Translation of LONGFELLOW.

BAILEY, JAMES MONTGOMERY ("The Danbury News Man"), an American humorist and journalist; born at Albany, N. Y., September 25, 1841; died at Danbury, Conn., March 4, 1894. He was educated in the common schools, and learned the carpenter's trade, at which he worked until 1862, when he enlisted in the Seventeenth Connecticut Infantry and served throughout the civil war. After being mustered out of service, he went to Danbury and purchased the Danbury *Times*, which he edited until 1870. He then bought the Danbury *Jeffersonian* and consolidated the two papers as the Danbury *News*. In this he began a series of humorous sketches which gave him and his paper a national reputation, and were widely copied by other newspapers. For a number of years he lectured occasionally in some of the principal cities of the United States. Mr. Bailey helped to found, and was a member of, a number of benevolent and educational societies, and at his death bequeathed much of his property to religious and charitable organizations. He published: *Life in Danbury* (1873); *The Danbury News Man's Almanac* (1873); *They All Do It* (1877); *England from a Back-Window* (1878); *Mr. Philip's Goneness* (1879); *The Danbury Boom* (1886).

STREET SCENES.

And among them all is the London boy. I never get tired of studying the London boy. There is so much of him! — not individually, but collectively. Individually he is slim, with generally a white, unhealthy face, spindling legs, and rather narrow back of the head. He wears pants tight to his shrinking shanks, and a cap that

makes him look like an orphan boarding with a maiden aunt, who, early in life, met with a disappointment. He is a poor boy, without doubt, always on the street, and always in the way. I never saw such a boy in any other city. He is not quarrelsome, not saucy, not addicted to smoking; and I never heard one of them swear, even under the most favorable circumstances. To tell the truth, I never heard them say much of anything.

He is a helpless youth, addicted to store-windows, rubbing against buildings and toppling over obstructions. He has a dreadful tendency to be always backing up against something, and always missing it, to the detriment of his bones. Only they do not fall with sufficient force to break a bone. I have seen one of them slide from the side of a lamp-post, turn a part somersault, recover himself, hit up against the post again, slip off the curb, and gradually get down on his back in the gutter, taking, in all, some dozen seconds to do it; while an American boy would go down, and stave a hole in the back of his head, and make a doctor's bill of eighteen dollars, in less than a second.

But the English are so conservative! — *England from a Back-Window.*

BAILEY, PHILIP JAMES, an English poet; born at Nottingham, April 22, 1816; died September 6, 1902. His father was the editor of the Nottingham *Mercury.* The son, after training at schools in Nottingham, entered the University of Glasgow in 1831; two years afterward he began the study of law, and was called to the English bar in 1840. He had in the meanwhile devoted himself to literature rather than law. His first poem, *Festus,* was mainly written before he had completed his twentieth year, and was pub-

lished in 1839. Few poems have ever excited such immediate attention; and there were not wanting then, and for years afterward, critics who saw in the author of *Festus* the man who was to be the great poet of the age. In later editions, *Festus* was increased to about three times its original length. Of the first edition *The Literary Gazette* said: "It is an extraordinary production. . . . Most objectionable as it is in certain respects, it yet contains so many exquisite passages of genuine poetry, that our admiration of the author's genius overpowers the feeling of mortification at its being misapplied, and meddling with dangerous topics." Subsequent to *Festus,* Mr. Bailey published several other poems, the principal of which are: *The Angel World* (1850); *The Mystic* (1855); *The Age: A Colloquial Satire* (1858), and *The Universal Hymn* (1867). Mr. Moir, in his *Poetical Literature of the Past Half Century* (1851), thus speaks of Bailey: "As a poet in actual achievement, I have no hesitation in placing him far above either Browning or Stirling. His *Festus* is in many respects a very remarkable production; remarkable alike for its poetic power and its utter neglect of all the requirements of poetic art. Yet with all these excesses and defects, we are made to feel that *Festus* is the work of a poet. In *The Angel World,* we have the youthful poet more sobered down; and the consequent result has been one not exactly to be wished — its beauties and defects are each alike less prominent." The author of *Festus* had hardly reached mid-life when this criticism was written. Nothing which he has done during the ensuing five and thirty years has justified the expectations which had been formed of him. "Festus Bailey" will be the name by which he will be

known in literature. *Festus* certainly contains many notable passages, which, contrary to the general rule, are better when isolated than when read with the context. Thus:

THE MEASUREMENT OF LIFE.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives,
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.
And he whose heart beats quickest lives the longest:
Lives in one hour more than in years do some
Whose fat blood sleeps as it slips along the veins.
Life is but a means unto an end: that end,
Beginning, mean, and end to all things — God.
The dead have all the glory of the world.

THE UNIVERSAL LAW OF LOVE.

Love is the happy privilege of the mind.
Love is the reason of all living things.
A trinity there seems of principles,
Which represent and rule created life: —
The love of Self, our Fellows, and our God.
In all throughout one common feeling reigns:
Each doth maintain, and is maintained by the other:
All are compatible — all needful: one
To Life — to Virtue one — and one to Bliss:
Which thus together make the Power, the End,
And the perfection of created Being. —
From these three principles doth every Deed,
Desire, and Will, and Reasoning — good or bad — come,
To these they all determine — sum and scheme:
The Three are One in centre and in round;
Wrapping the World of Life as do the skies
Our World.
Hail! Air of Love, by which we live!
How sweet, how fragrant! Spirit, though unseen —
Void of gross sign — is scarce a simple essence,
Immortal, immaterial though it be.

One only simple Essence liveth: — God,
Creator, uncreate. The Brutes beneath,
The Angels high above us, and Ourselves,
Are but compounded things of mind and form.
In all things animate is therefore loved
An elemental sameness of Existence;
For God — being Love — in love created all,
As he contains the Whole, and penetrates. —
Seraphs love God, and angels love the Good:
We love each other; and these lower Lives,
Which walk the earth in thousand diverse shapes
According to their reason, love us too;
The most intelligent affect us most. —
Nay, man's chief Wisdom 's Love — the love of God
The new religion — final, perfect, pure —
Was that of Christ and Love. His great command —
His all-sufficing precept — was't not Love? —
Truly to love ourselves we must love God;
To love God we must all his creatures love;
To love his creatures, both Ourselves and Him,
Thus Love is all that's wise, fair, good, and happy.

REVISITING OUR OLD HOME.

We leave
Our home in youth: No matter to what end: —
Study, or strife, or pleasure — or what not:
And coming back in a few short years, we find
All as we left it outside: The old elms,
The house, the grass, gates, and latchet's self-same click;
But lift the latchet and all is changed as doom.

GREAT THOUGHTS.

Who can mistake great thoughts?
They seize upon the mind: arrest, and search,
And shake it; bow the tall soul as by the wind,
Rush over it like rivers over reeds
Which quaver in the current; turn us cold,
And pale and voiceless; leaving in the brain

A rocking and a ringing: glorious
But momentary: madness, might it last,
And close the soul with Heaven, as with a seal.

THE SEARCH FOR TRUTH.

Night brings out stars, as sorrows show us truths,
Though many, yet they help not; bright, they light not
They are too late to serve us; and sad things,
Are aye too true. — We never see the stars,
Still we can see naught but them. So with Truth.
And yet if one would look down a deep well,
Even at noon, we might see these same stars,
Far fairer than the blinding blue: the Truth
Shines in the water like a dark bright eye.
But there are other eyes men better love
Than Truth's; for when we have her she's so cold
And proud, we know not what to do with her.

WORDS — MERE WORDS.

Words are the notes of thought, and nothing more.
Words are like sea-shells on the shore: they show
Where the mind ends, and not how far it has been.
Let every thought, too, soldier-like, be stripped,
And roughly look'd over. . . .
A mist of words,
Like haloes round the moon, though they enlarge
The seeming size of thoughts — make the light less doubly.
It is the Thought writ down we want,
Not its Effect: not likenesses of likenesses;
And such descriptions are not — more than gloves,
Instead of hands to shake — enough for us.

In the "Colloquial Satire," *The Age,* Mr. Bailey seems to have tried, with no good success, to imitate the manner of Mr. James Russell Lowell's *Biglow Papers.* A not unfavorable specimen of this poem is the following:

THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

Of all conceits misgrafted on God's Word,
A Christian Soldier seems the most absurd.
That Word commands us so to act in all things,
As not to hurt another e'en in small things;
To flee from anger, hatred, bloodshed, strife;
To pray for, and to care for others' life. —
A Christian Soldier's duty is to slay,
Wound, harass, slaughter, track in every way
Those men whose souls he prays for night and day, —
With what consistency let prelates say:
He's told to love his enemies: don't scoff;
He does so; and with rifles picks them off.
He's told to do all as he'd be done
By; and he therefore blows them from a gun;
To bless his foes, "he hangs them up like fun."

BAILLIE, JOANNA, a Scotch dramatist and poet; born at Bothwell, where her father was a Presbyterian clergyman, September 11, 1762; died at Hampstead, England, February 23, 1851. While quite young she with her elder sister Agnes took up her residence in London, with her brother, Matthew Baillie, a distinguished physician and medical writer. She wrote occasional poems, which were collected under the title of *Fugitive Verses*. Among these is a long

ADDRESS TO AGNES BAILLIE ON HER BIRTHDAY.

Dear Agnes, gleamed with joy and dashed with tears
O'er us have glided almost sixty years,
Since we on Bothwell's bonny braes were seen
By those whose eyes long closed in death have been —

Two tiny imps who scarcely stooped to gather
The slender harebells on the purple heather;
No taller than the foxglove's spiky stem
That dew of morning studs with silvery gem.
Then every butterfly that crossed our view,
With joyful shout was greeted as it flew;
And moth and lady-bird, and beetle, bright
In sheeny gold, were each a wondrous sight.
Then as we paddled barefoot, side by side,
Among the sunny shallows of the Clyde,
Minnows or spotted parr with twinkling fin,
Swimming in mazy rings the pool within,
A thrill of gladness through our bosoms sent,
Seen in the power of early wonderment.

A long perspective to my mind appears
Looking behind me to that line of years;
And yet through every stage I still can trace
They visioned form, from childhood's morning grace
To woman's early bloom; changing how soon,
To the expressive glow of woman's noon;
And now to what thou are in comely age,
Active and ardent. Let what will engage
Thy present moment: whether hopeful seeds
In the garden plat thou sow, or noxious weeds
From the fair flower remove; or ancient lore
In chronicle or legend rare explore;
Or on the parlor hearth with kitten play,
Stroking its tabby sides; or take thy way
To gain with hasty steps some cottage door,
On helpful errand to the neighboring poor:-
Active and ardent to my fancy's eye
Thou still art young, in spite of time gone by.
Though oft of patience brief, and temper keen,
Well may it please me, in life's later scene,
To think what now thou art, and long to me hast been.

. . . . . .

The change of good and evil to abide,
As partners linked, long have we, side by side,
Our earthly journey held; and who can say

How near the end of our united way?
By nature's course not distant; sad and 'reft
Will she remain — the lonely pilgrim left.
If thou art taken first, who can to me
Like sister, friend, and home companion be?
Or who, of wonted daily kindness shorn,
Shall feel such loss, or mourn as I shall mourn?
And if I should be fated first to leave
This earthly house, though gentle friends may grieve,
And he above them all, so truly proved
A friend and brother, long and justly loved,
There is no living wight, of woman born,
Who then shall mourn for me as thou wilt mourn.

Thou ardent, liberal spirit! quickly feeling
The touch of sympathy, and kindly dealing
With sorrow or distress; forever sharing
The unhoarded mite, nor for the morrow caring: —
Accept, dear Agnes, on thy natal day,
An unadorned, but not a careless lay.
Nor think this tribute to thy virtues paid
From tardy love proceeds, though long delayed.
Words of affection, howsoe'er expressed,
The latest spoken still are deemed the best;
Few are the measured rhymes I now may write;
These are, perhaps, the last I shall indite.

Joanna Baillie's chief distinction, however, is as a dramatic poet. In 1796 she, being in her thirty-fourth year, published a volume entitled *Plays on the Passions,* the design being to illustrate each of the deepest human passions — such as love, hate, jealousy, fear — by a tragedy and a comedy, in each of which should be exhibited an individual strongly moved by one of these passions. A second volume of these dramas appeared in 1802; a third in 1812; and three more in 1836. In the meanwhile she produced some miscellaneous dramas, among which was the *Family Legend,* which was placed upon the stage at Edin-

burgh, under the patronage of Sir Walter Scott, who was an enthusiastic admirer of the genius of the author. Miss Baillie never designed her dramas for the stage, for which, indeed, they are not well adapted. *De Montfort* was produced in London; but even the magnificent acting of Kean and Mrs. Siddons failed to gain for the tragedy a permanent theatrical success. The description of Jane de Montfort is said to be a perfect picture of Mrs. Siddons.

DESCRIPTION OF JANE DE MONTFORT.

Page. — Madame, there's a lady in your hall
Who begs to be admitted to your presence.
Lady. — Is it not one of our invited friends?
Page. — No; far unlike to them. It is a stranger.
Lady. — How looks her countenance?
Page. — So queenly, so commanding, and so noble,
I shrank at first in awe; but when she smiled
Methought I could have compassed sea and land
To do her bidding.
Lady. — Is she young or old?
Page. — Neither, if right I guess, but she is fair,
For time hath laid his hand so gently on her,
As he too had been awed.
Lady. — The foolish stripling!
She has bewitched thee. Is she large in stature?
Page. — So stately and so graceful is her form
I thought at first her stature was gigantic;
But on a near approach, I found, in truth,
She scarcely does surpass the middle size.
Lady. — What is her garb?
Page. — I cannot well describe the fashion of it.
She is not decked in any gallant trim,
But seems to me clad in her usual weeds
Of high habitual state; for as she moves,
Wide flows her robe in many a waving fold,
As I have seen unfurlèd banners play
With the soft breeze.

Lady. — Thine eyes deceive thee, boy;
It is an apparition thou hast seen.
Freiberg. — It is an apparition he has seen,
Or it is Jane de Montfort.

Of the *Plays on the Passions,* the best are *The Separation, Henriques, De Montfort,* and *Count Basil.* Sir Walter Scott eulogizes "Basil's love and Montfort's hate" as something like a revival of the inspired strain of Shakespeare. But the character of her genius more resembles that of Massinger than it does that of Shakespeare. It is descriptive rather than dramatic. She shows the passion itself rather than the man who is moved by the passion. In *De Montfort* the passion portrayed is that of hatred. One of the most striking scenes of the tragedy is the one in which De Montfort, at the urgent solicitation of his sister, Jane, reveals to her the secret of his hatred for Rezenvelt.

DE MONTFORT AND HIS SISTER.

De Mont.— No more, my sister; urge me not again;
My secret troubles cannot be revealed.
From all participation of its thoughts
My heart recoils. I pray thee be contented.
Jane. — What! must I like a distant humble friend,
Observe thy restless eye and gait disturbed
In timid silence, whilst with yearning heart
I turn aside to weep? O no, De Montfort!
A nobler task thy nobler mind will give;
Thy true intrusted friend I still shall be.
De Mont. — Ah, Jane, forbear! I cannot, e'en to thee.
Jane. — Then fie upon it! fie upon it, Montfort!
There was a time when e'en with murder stained,
Had it been possible that such dire deed
Could e'er have been the crime of one so piteous,
Thou wouldst have told it me.
De Mont. — So would I now — but ask of this no more.
All other troubles but the one I feel

I have disclosed to thee. I pray thee spare me.
It is the secret weakness of my nature.
Jane. — Then secret let it be: I urge no further.
The eldest of our valiant father's hopes,
So sadly orphaned: side by side we stood
Like two young trees, whose boughs in early strength
Screen the weak saplings of the rising grove
And brave the storm together.
I have so long, as if by nature's right,
Thy bosom's inmate and adviser been,
I thought through life I should have so remained,
Nor ever known a change. Forgive me, Montfort;
A humbler station will I take by thee:
The close attendant of thy wandering steps;
The cheerer of this home, with strangers sought,
The soother of those griefs I must not know: —
This is mine office now. I ask no more.
De Mont. — O Jane, thou dost constrain me with thy love;
Would I could tell it thee!
Jane. — Thou shalt not tell it me. Nay, I'll stop mine ears;
Nor from the yearnings of affection wring
What shrinks from utterance. Let it pass, my brother.
I'll stay by thee; I'll cheer thee, comfort thee;
Pursue with thee the study of some art,
Or nobler science, that compels the mind
To steady thought progressive, driving forth
All floating, wild, unhappy fantasies
Till thou, with brow unclouded, smil'st again;
Like one who from dark visions of the night,
When the active soul within its lifeless cell
Holds its own world, with dreadful fancy pressed
Of some dire, terrible, or murderous deed,
Wakes to the dawning morn, and blesses Heaven.
De Mont. — It will not pass away; 'twill haunt me still.
Jane. — Ah! say not so, for I will haunt thee too,
And be to it so close an adversary,
That, though I wrestle darkling with the fiend,
I shall o'ercome it.

De Mont. — Thou most generous woman!
Why do I treat thee thus? It should not be: —
And yet I cannot — O that cursed villain!
He will not let me be the man I would.
Jane. — What say'st thou, Montfort? Oh, what words are these?
They have awaked my soul to dreadful thoughts,
I do beseech thee speak!
By the affection thou didst ever bear me;
By the dear memory of our infant days;
By kindred living ties; ay, and by those
Who sleep in the tomb and cannot call to thee,
I do conjure thee speak! — Ha! wilt thou not?
Then if affection, most unwearied love,
Tried early, long, and never wanting found,
O'er generous man hath more authority,
More rightful power than crown or sceptre give,
I do command thee!
De Montfort, do not thus resist my love.
Here I entreat thee on my bended knees: —
Alas, my brother!
[*She kneels; then he raises her, and kneels before her.*]
De Mont. — Thus let him kneel who should abased be,
And at thine honored feet confession make.
I'll tell thee all: But Oh! thou wilt despise me;
For in my breast a raging passion burns,
To which thy soul no sympathy will own;
A passion which hath made my nightly couch
A place of torment; and the light of day,
With the gay intercourse of social men,
Feel like the oppressive, airless pestilence. —
O Jane! thou wilt despise me.
Jane. — Say not so
I never can despise thee, gentle brother,
A lover's jealousy and hopeless pangs
No kindly heart contemns.
De Mont. — A lover's sayest thou?
For it is hate! black, lasting, deadly hate!
Which thus has driven me forth from kindred peace,
From social pleasure, from my native home,

To be a sullen wanderer on the earth,
Avoiding all men, cursing and accursed!
Jane. — De Montfort, this is fiend-like, terrible!
What being by the Almighty Father formed
Of flesh and blood created, even as thou,
Could in thy breast such horrid tempest wake,
Who art thyself his fellow? —
Unknit thy brows, and spread those wrath-clenched hands.
Some sprite accursed within thy bosom mates
To work thy ruin. Strive with it, my brother!
Strive bravely with it; drive it from thy heart.
'Tis the degrader of a noble heart.
Curse it, and bid it part.
De Mont. — It will not part. I've lodged it here too long.
With my first cares, I felt its rankling touch.
I loathed him when a boy.
Jane. — Whom dost thou say?
De Mont. — Detested Rezenvelt!
E'en in our early sports, like two young whelps
Of hostile breed, instinctively averse,
Each 'gainst the other pitched his ready pledge,
And frowned defiance. As we onward passed
From youth to man's estate, his narow art
And envious gibing malice, poorly veiled
In the affected recklessness of mirth,
Still more detestable and odious grew.
There is no living being on this earth
Who can conceive the malice of his soul
To those by fortune or by merit placed
Above his paltry self. When, low in fortune,
He looked upon the state of prosperous men,
As nightly birds, roused from their murky holes,
Do scowl and chatter at the light of day,
I could endure it: even as we bear
The impotent bite of some half-trodden worm
I could endure it. But when honors came,
And wealth and new-got titles fed his pride,

Whilst flattering knaves did trumpet forth his praise,
And grovelling idiots grinned applause on him, —
Oh, then I could no longer suffer it.
It drove me frantic. What would I give —
What would I give to crush the bloated toad,
So rankly do I loathe him!

Jane. — And would thy hatred crush the very man
Who gave to thee that life he might have taken?
That life which thou so rashly didst expose
To aim at his? Oh, this is horrible!

De Mont. — Ha! thou hast heard it, then! From all the world —
But most of all from thee — I thought it hid.

Jane. — I heard a secret whisper, and resolved
Upon the instant to return to thee.
Didst thou receive my letter?

De Mont. — I did! I did! 'Twas that which drove me hither;
I could not bear to meet thine eye again.

Jane. — Alas! that, tempted by a sister's tears,
I ever left thy house! These few past months,
These absent months, have brought us all this woe.
Had I remained with thee, it had not been;
And yet, methinks, it should not move you thus.
You dared him to the field; both bravely fought;
He, more adroit, disarmed you; courteously
Returned the forfeit sword, which so returned,
You did refuse to use against him more;
And then, as says report, you parted friends.

De Mont. — When he disarmed this cursed, this worthless hand,
Of its most worthless weapon, he but spared
From devlish pride, which now derive a bliss
In seeing me thus fettered, shamed, subjected
With the vile favor of his poor forbearance;
Whilst he securely sits with gibing brow,
And basely baits me like a muzzled cur,
Who cannot turn again.
Until that day, till that accursed day,
I knew not half the torment of this hell

Which burns within my breast. — Heaven's lightnings
blast him!
Jane. — Oh, this is terrible! Forbear, forbear!
Lest Heaven's vengeance light upon thy head
For this most impious wish.
De Mont. — Then let it light.
Torments more fell than I have known already
It cannot send. To be annihilated —
What all men shrink from; to be dust, be nothing.
Were bliss to me, compared to what I am!
Jane. — Oh, wouldst thou kill me with those dreadful
words?
De Mont. — Let me but once upon his ruin look,
Then close mine eyes forever! —
Ha! how is this? Thou'rt ill; thou'rt very pale;
What have I done to thee? Alas! alas!
I meant not to distress thee — O my sister!
Jane — I cannot now speak to thee.
De Mont. — I have killed thee!
Turn, turn thee not away! Look on me still!
Oh, droop not thus, my life, my pride, my sister!
Look on me yet again.
Jane. — Thou, too, De Montfort,
In better days was wont to be my pride.
De Mont. — I am a wretch, most wretched in myself,
And still more wretched in the pain I give.
Oh, curse that villain, that detested villain!
He has spread misery o'er my fated life;
He will undo us all.
Jane. — I've held my warfare through a troubled world,
And borne with steady mind my share of ill;
For then the helpmate of my toil wast thou.
But now the wane of life comes darkly on,
And hideous passion tears thee from my heart,
Blasting thy worth. I cannot strive with this.
De Mont. — What shall I do?

BAIN, ALEXANDER, a Scottish philosopher and educator; born at Aberdeen, in 1818; died at Glasgow, September 18, 1903. He was educated at Marischal College and at the University of Aberdeen. In 1840 he was appointed deputy teacher of moral and natural philosophy in Marischal College, and from 1845 to 1860 he was professor at the Andersonian College, Glasgow. From 1860 to 1880 he was professor of logic and English in the University of Aberdeen. In 1881 and in 1884 he was elected Lord Rector.

He was the author of numerous philosophic works, the two most important being *The Senses and the Intellect* (1855); and *The Emotions and the Will* (1859). Among his other works are *The Study of Character* (1861); *Mental and Moral Science* (1868); *John Stuart Mill: a Criticism with Personal Recollections* (1882); *Logic, Deductive and Inductive* (1870); *Higher English Grammar* (1873); *Education as a Science* (1879), and many standard school and college text books. At the time of his death he was Professor Emeritus of Logic in the University of Aberdeen.

In a review of his work, shortly after his death, the New York *Times* said: "Dr. Bain's work has been largely obliterated by that of subsequent students along the same general lines of speculative philosophy. It should be remembered, however, that he and Herbert Spencer have long been the only living representatives of a stage of development of modern thought which bears to the earlier schools of philosophy much the relation which the modern science of astronomy bears to the Ptolemaic theory of the epicycles. Unlike

Spencer, however, whose genius has been described as encyclopedic, Bain was a specialist and explored only the relatively narrow but still infinitely wide field of psychology."

THE PROCEDURE OF DELIBERATIVE BODIES.

That great institution of political liberty, the Deliberative Assembly, seems to be on the eve of breaking down. I do not speak merely of the greatest assembly in the country, but of the numerous smaller bodies as well, from many of which a cry of distress may be heard. The one evil in all is the unendurable length of the debates. Business has increased, local representative bodies have a larger membership than formerly, and notwithstanding the assistance rendered by committees, the meetings are protracted beyond bounds.

In this difficulty, attention naturally fastens, in the first instance, on the fact that the larger part of the speaking is entirely useless; neither informing nor convincing any of the hearers, and yet occupying the time allotted for the dispatch of business. How to eliminate and suppress this ineffectual oratory would appear to be the point to consider. But as Inspiration itself did not reveal a mode of separating in advance the tares from the wheat, so there is not now any patent process for insuring that in the debates of corporate bodies the good speaking, and only the good speaking, shall be allowed.

Partial solutions of the difficulty are not wanting. The inventors of corporate government, the Greeks, were necessarily the inventors of the forms of debate, and they introduced the timing of the speakers. To this is added, occasionally, the selection of the speakers, a practice that might be systematically worked, if nothing else would do. Both methods have their obvious disadvantages. The arbitrary selection of speakers, even by the most impartial Committee of Selection, would, according to our present notions, seem to infringe upon a natural right, the right of each member of a body to deliver an opinion, and give the reasons for it. It would seem like reviving the

censorship of the press to allow only a select number to be heard on all occasions.

May not something be done to circumvent this vast problem? May not there be a greater extension given to maxims and forms of procedure already in existence?

First, then, we recognize in various ways the propriety of obviating hurried and unpremeditated decisions. Giving previous notice of motions has this end in view; although, perhaps, more commonly regarded simply as a protection to absentees. Advantage is necessarily taken of the foreknowledge of the business to prepare for the debates. It is a farther help that the subject has been already discussed somewhere or other by a committee of the body, or by the agency of the public press. Very often an assembly is merely called upon to decide upon the adoption of a proposal that has been long canvassed out-of-doors. The task of the speakers is then easy — we might almost say no speaking should be required; but this is to anticipate.

In legislation by Parliament, the forms allow repetition of the debates at least three times in both Houses. This is rather a cumbrous and costly remedy for the disadvantage, in debate, of having to reply to a speaker who has just sat down. In principle, no one ought to be called to answer an argumentative speech on the spur of the moment. The generality of speakers are utterly unfit for the task, and accordingly do it ill. A few men, by long training, acquire the power of casting their thoughts into speaking train, so as to make a good appearance in extempore reply; yet even these would do still better if they had a little time. The adjournment of a debate, and the reopening of a question at successive stages, furnish the real opportunities for effective reply. In a debate begun and ended at one sitting, the speaking takes very little of the form of an exhaustive review, by each speaker, of the speeches that went before.

It is always reckoned a thing of course to take the vote as soon as the debate is closed. There are some historical occasions when a speech on one side has been so extraordinarily impressive that an adjournment has been moved

to let the fervor subside; but it is usually not thought desirable to let a day elapse between the final reply and the division. The position of the smaller corporations, which have to dispose of all current business at one sitting, would not allow anything else; but when a body meets for a succession of days, it would seem to be in accordance with sound principle not to take the vote on the same day as the debate.

These few remarks upon one important element of procedure are meant to clear the way for a somewhat searching examination of the principles that govern the entire system of oral debate. It is this practice that I propose to put upon its trial. The grounds of the practice I take to be the following:

1. That each member of a deliberative body shall be provided with a complete statement of the facts and reasons in favor of a proposed measure, and also an equally complete account of whatever can be said against it. And this is a requirement I would concede to the fullest extent. No decision should be asked upon a question until the reasonings *pro* and *con* are brought fairly within the reach of every one; to which I would add, in circumstances that give due time for consideration of the whole case.

2. The second ground is that this ample provision of arguments, for and against, should be made by oral delivery. Whatever opportunities members may have previously enjoyed for mastering a question, these are all discounted when the assembly is called to pronounce its decision. The proposer of the resolution invariably summarizes, if he is able, all that is tc be said for his proposal; his arguments are enforced and supplemented by other speakers on his side; while the opposition endeavors to be equally exhaustive. In short, though one were to come to the meeting with a mind entirely blank, yet such a one, having ordinary faculties of judging, would in the end be completely informed, and prepared for an intelligent vote.

Now I am fully disposed to acquiesce in this second assumption likewise, but with a qualification that is of considerable moment, as we shall see presently.

3. The third and last assumption is the following: — Not only is the question in all its bearings supposed to be adequately set forth in the speeches constituting the debate, but, in point of fact, the mass of the members, or a very important section or proportion of them, rely upon this source, make full use of it, and are equipped for their decision by means of it; so much so, that if it were withdrawn, none of the other methods as at present plied, or as they might be plied, would give the due preparation for an intelligent vote; whence must ensue a degradation in the quality of the decisions.

It is this assumption that I am now to challenge, in the greatest instance of all, as completely belied by the facts. But, indeed, the case is so notoriously the opposite, that the statement of it will be unavoidably made up of the stalest commonplaces; and the novelty will lie wholly in the inference.

The ordinary attendance in the House of Commons could be best described by a member or official in attendance. An outsider can represent it only by the current reports. My purpose does not require great accuracy; it is enough that only a very small fraction of the whole makes up the average audience. If an official were posted to record the fluctuating numbers at intervals of five minutes, the attendance might be recorded and presented in a curve like the fluctuations of the barometer; but this would be misleading as to the proportion of effective listeners, those that sat out entire debates, or at all events the leading speeches of the debates, or whose intelligence was mainly fed from the speaking in each instance. The number of this class is next to impossible to get at; but it will be allowed on all hands to be very small.

Perhaps, in such an inquiry, most can be made of indirect evidences. If members are to be qualified for an intelligent decision in chief part by listening to the speeches, why is not the House made large enough to accommodate them all at once? It would appear strange, on the spoken-debate theory of enlightenment, that more than one third should be permanently excluded by want of space. One might naturally suppose that in this fact

there was a breach of privilege of the most portentous kind. That it is so rarely alluded to as a grievance, even although amounting to the exclusion of a large number of the members from some of the grandest displays of eloquence and the most exciting State communications, is a proof that attendance in the House is not looked upon as a high privilege or as the *sine quâ non* of political schooling.

If it were necessary to listen to the debates in order to know how to vote, the messages of the whips would take a different form. The members on each side would be warned of the time of commencement of each debate, that they might hear the comprehensive statement of the opener, and remain at least through the chief speech in reply. They might not attend all through the inferior and desultory speaking, but they would be ready to pop in when an able debater was on his legs, and they would hear the leaders wind up at the close. Such, however, is not the theory acted on by the whips. They are satisfied if they can procure attendance at the division, and look upon the many hours spent in the debate as an insignificant accessory, which could be disregarded at pleasure. It would take the genius of a satirist to treat the whipping-up machinery as it might well deserve to be treated. We are here concerned with a graver view of it — namely, to inquire whether the institution of oral debate may not be transformed and contracted in dimensions, to the great relief of our legislative machinery.

Of course no one is ignorant of the fact that the great body of members of Parliament refrain altogether from weighing individually the opposing arguments in the several questions, and trust implicitly to their leaders. This, however, is merely another nail in the coffin of the debating system. The theory of independent and intelligent consideration, by each member, of every measure that comes up, is the one most favorable to the present plan, while, even on that theory, its efficiency breaks down under a critical handling.

It is time now to turn to what will have come into the mind of every reader of the last few paragraphs — the

reporting of the speeches. Here, I admit, there is a real and indispensable service to legislation; my contention is, that in it we possess what is alone valuable; and, if we could secure this, in its present efficiency, with only a very small minimum of oral delivery, we should be as well off as we are now. The apparent self-contradiction of the proposal to report speeches without speaking, is not hard to resolve.

To come at once, then, to the mode of arriving at the printed debates, I shall proceed by a succession of steps, each one efficient in itself, without necessitating a further. The first and easiest device, and one that would be felt of advantage in all bodies whatsoever, would be for the mover of a resolution to give in, along with the terms of his resolution, his reasons — in fact, what he intends as his speech, to be printed and distributed to each member previous to the meeting. Two important ends are at once gained — the time of a speech is saved, and the members are in possession beforehand of the precise arguments to be used. The debate is in this way advanced an important step without any speaking, opponents can prepare for, instead of having to improvise their reply, and every one is at the outset a good way towards a final judgment.

As this single device could be adopted alone, I will try and meet the objections to it, if I am only fortunate enough to light on any. My experience of public bodies suggests but very few; and I think the strongest is the reluctance to take the requisite trouble. Most men think beforehand what they are to say in introducing a resolution to a public body, but do not consider it necessary to write down their speech at full. Then, again, there is a peculiar satisfaction in holding the attention of a meeting for a certain time, great in proportion to the success of the effort. But, on the other hand, many persons do write their speeches, and many are not so much at ease in speaking but what they would dispense with it willingly. The conclusive answer on the whole is the greater good of the commonwealth. Such objections as these are not of a kind to weigh down the manifest advantages, at all

events, in the case of corporations full of business and pressed for time.

I believe that a debate so introduced would be shortened by more than the time gained by cutting off the speech of the mover. The greater preparation of every one's mind at the commencement would make them satisfied with a less amount of speaking, and what there was would be more to the purpose.

We can best understand the effects of such an innovation by referring to the familiar experience of having to decide on the report of committee, which has been previously circulated among the members. This is usually the most summary act of a deliberative body. No doubt this is partly owing to the fact that the concurrence of several members is already gained; while the pros and cons have been sifted by a regular conference and debate. Yet we all feel that we are in a much better position by having had before us in print, for some time previous, all the materials necessary to a conclusion. At a later stage, I will consider the modes of raising the quality and status of the introductory speech to something of the nature of a committee's report.*

The second step is to impose upon the mover of every amendment the same obligation to hand in his speech, in writing, along with the terms of the amendment. Many public bodies do not require notice of amendments. It would be in all cases a great improvement to insist upon such notice, and of course a still greater improvement to require the reasons to be given in also, that they might be circulated as above. The debate is now two steps in advance without a moment's loss of time to the constituted meeting; while what remains is likely to be much more rapidly gone through.

The movers of resolutions and of amendments should, as a matter of course, have the right of reply; a portion of the oral system that would, I presume, survive all the advances towards printing direct.

There remains, however, one further move, in itself as

* I have often thought that the practice of circulating, with a motion, the proposer's reasons, would, on many occasions, be worthy of being voluntarily adopted.

defensible and as much fraught with advantage as the two others. The resolution and the amendment being in the hands of the members of a body, together with the speeches in support of each, any member might be at liberty to send in, also for circulation in print, whatever remarks would constitute his speech in the debate, thereby making a still greater saving of the time of the body. This would, no doubt, be felt as the greatest innovation of all, being tantamount to the extinction of oral debate; there being then nothing left but the replies of the movers. We need not, however, go the length of compulsion; while a certain number would choose to print at once, the others could still, if they chose, abide by the good old plan of oral address. One can easily surmise that these last would need to justify their choice by conspicuous merits; an audience, having in print so many speeches already, would not be in a mood to listen to others of indifferent quality.

Such a wholesale transfer of living speech to the silent perusal of the printed page, if seriously proposed in any assembly, would lead to a vehement defense of the power of spoken oratory. We should be told of the miraculous sway of the human voice, of the way that Whitefield entranced Hume and emptied Franklin's purse; while, most certainly, neither of these two would ever have perused one of his printed sermons. And if the reply were that Whitefield was not a legislator, we should be met by the speeches of Wilberforce and Canning and Brougham upon slavery, where the thrill of the living voice accelerated the conviction of the audience. In speaking of the Homeric Assembly, Mr. Gladstone remarks, in answer to Grote's argument to prove that it was a political nullity, that the speakers were repeatedly cheered, and that the cheering of an audience contributes to the decision.

Now, I am not insensible to the power of speech, nor to the multitudinous waves of human feeling aroused in the encounters of oratory before a large assembly. But for this excitement, it would often be difficult to get people to go through the drudgery of public meetings. Any plan that would abolish entirely the dramatic element

of legislation would have small chance of being adopted. It is only when the painful side of debate comes into predominance that we willingly forego some of its pleasures: the intolerable weariness, the close air, the late nights, must be counted along with the occasional thrills of delirious excitement. But as far as regards our great legislative bodies, it will be easy to show that there would still exist, in other forms, an ample scope for living oratory to make up for the deadness that would fall upon the chief assembly.

A friend of mine once went to Roebuck to ask his attention to some point coming up in the House of Commons, and offered him a paper to read. Roebuck said, "I will not read, but I will hear." This well illustrates one of the favorable aspects of speech. People with time on their hands prefer being instructed by the living voice: the exertion is less, and the enlivening tones of a speaker impart an extraneous interest, to which we have to add the sympathy of the surrounding multitude. The early stages of instruction must be conducted viva voce: it is a late acquirement to be able to extract information from a printed page. Yet circumstances arise when the advantage of the printed page predominates. The more frequent experience in approaching public men is to be told that they will not listen but will read. An hour's address can be read in ten minutes; it is not impossible, therefore, to master a Parliamentary debate in one tenth of the time occupied in the delivery.

A passing remark is enough to point out the revolution that would take place in Parliamentary reporting, and in the diffusion of political instruction through the press, by the system of printing the speeches direct. The full importance of this result will be more apparent in a little. There has been much talk of late about the desirability of a more perfect system of reporting, with a view to the preservation of the debates. Yet it may be very much doubted whether the House of Commons would ever incur the expense of making up for the defects of newspaper reporting, by providing short-hand writers to take down every word, with a view to printing in full.

Before completing the survey of possible improvements in deliberative procedure, I propose to extend the employment of another device already in use, but scarcely more than a form; I mean the requiring of a seconder before a proposal can be debated. The signification of this must be, that in order to obtain the judgment of an assembly on any proposal, the mover must have the concurrence of one other member: a most reasonable condition surely. What I would urge further in the same direction is that, instead of fixing on one person in addition to the mover, as necessary in all cases, there should be a varying number according to the number of the assembly. In a copartnery of three or four, to demand a seconder to a motion would be absurd; in a body of six or eight it is scarcely admissible. I have known bodies of ten and twelve, where motions could be discussed without a seconder; but even with these there would be a manifest propriety in requiring a member to convince at least one other person privately before putting the body to the trouble of a discussion. If, however, we should begin the practice of seconding with ten, is one seconder enough for twenty, fifty, a hundred, or six hundred? Ought there not to be a scale of steady increase in the numbers whose opinions have been gained beforehand? Let us say three or four for an assembly of five-and-twenty, six for fifty, ten or fifteen for a hundred, forty for six hundred. It is permissible, no doubt, to bring before a public body resolutions that there is no immediate chance of carrying; what is termed "ventilating" an opinion is a recognized usage, and is not to be prohibited. But when business multiplies, and time is precious, a certain check should be put upon the ventilating of views that have as yet not got beyond one or two individuals; the process of conversion by out-of-'door agency should have made some progress in order to justify an appeal to the body in the regular course of business. That the House of Commons should ever be occupied by a debate where the movers could not command more than four or five votes, is apparently out of all reason. The power of the individual is unduly exalted at the expense of the collective body. There are plenty

of other opportunities of gaining adherents to any proposal that has something to be said for it; and these should be plied up to the point of securing a certain minimum of concurrence, before the ear of the House can be commanded. With a body of six hundred and fifty, the number of previously obtained adherents would not be extravagantly high if it were fixed at forty. Yet considering that the current business, in large assemblies, is carried on by perhaps one third or one fourth of the whole, and that the quorum in the House of Commons is such as to make it possible for twenty-one votes to carry a decision of the House, there would be an inconsistency in requiring more than twenty names to back every bill and every resolution and amendment that claimed to be discussed. Now, I can hardly imagine any restriction upon the liberty of individual members more defensible than this. If it were impossible to find any other access to the minds of individual members than by speeches in the House; or if all other modes of conversion to new views were difficult and inefficient in comparison, then we should say that the time of the House must be taxed for the ventilating process. Nothing of the kind, however, can be maintained. Moreover, although the House may be obliged to listen to a speech for a proposal that has merely half a dozen of known supporters, yet whenever this is understood to be the case scarcely any one will be at the trouble of counter-arguing it, and the question really makes no way; the mover is looked upon as a bore, and the House is impatient for the extinguisher of a division. The securing of twenty names would cost nothing to the Government, or to any of the parties or sections that make up the House; an individual standing alone should be made to work privately until he has secured his backing of nineteen more names, and exercise would be most wholesome as a preparation for convincing a majority of the House.

If I might be allowed to assume such an extension of the device of seconding motions, I could make a much stronger case for the beneficial consequences of the operation of printing speeches without delivery. The House

would never be moved by an individual standing alone; every proposal would be from the first a collective judgment, and the reasons given in along with it would, although composed by one, be revised and considered by the supporters collectively. Members would put forth their strength in one weighty statement to start with; no pains would be spared to make the argument of the nominal mover exhaustive and forcible. So with the amendment; there would be more put into the chief statement, and less left to the succeeding speakers, than at present. And although the mover of the resolution and the mover of the amendment would each have a reply, too little would be left to detain the House, unless when some great interests were at stake.

Of course the preparation of the case in favor of each measure would be intrusted to the best hands; in Government business it would be to some official in the department, or some one engaged by the chief in shaping the measure itself. The statement so prepared would have the value of a carefully drawn-up report, and nothing short of this should ever be submitted to Parliament in the procuring of new enactments. Then the opponents and critics could employ any one they pleased to assist them in their compositions; a member's speech need not be in any sense his own. If he borrows or uses another hand, it is likely to be some one wiser than himself, and the public gets the benefit of the difference.

I may now go back for a little upon the details of the scheme of direct printing, with a view of pressing some of its advantages a little farther, as well as of considering objections. I must remark more particularly upon the permission accorded to the members generally to send in their speeches to be circulated with the proceedings. This I regard as not the least essential step in an effective reform of the debating system. It is the only possible plan of giving free scope to individuals, without wasting the time of the assembly. There need be no limit to the printing of speeches; the number may be unnecessarily great, and the length sometimes excessive, but the abuse may be left to the corrective of neglect. The only material

disadvantage attending the plan of sending in speeches in writing, without delivery, is that the speakers would have before them only the statements-in-chief of the movers of motion and amendment. They could not comment upon one another, as in the oral debate. Not that this might not be practicable, by keeping the question open for a certain length of time, and circulating every morning the speeches given in the day previously; but the cumbrousness of such an operation would not have enough to recommend it. The chief speakers might be expected to present a sufficiently broad point for criticism; while the majority of speakers are well content if allowed to give their own views and arguments without reference to those of others. And not to mention that, in Parliament, all questions of principle may be debated several times over, it is rare that any measure comes up without such an amount of previous discussion out-of-doors as fully to bring out the points for attack and defense. Moreover, the oral debate, as usually conducted, contains little of the reality of effective rejoinder by each successive speaker to his immediate predecessor.

The combined plan of printing speeches, and of requiring twenty backers to every proposition, while tolerable perhaps in the introduction of bills, and in proposals of great moment, will seem to stand self-condemned in passing the bills through committee, clause by clause. That every amendment, however trivial, should have to go through such a roundabout course, may well appear ridiculous in the extreme. To this I would say, in the first place, that the exposing of every clause of every measure of importance to the criticism of a large assembly, has long been regarded as the weak point of the Parliamentary system. It is thirty years since I heard the remark that a Code would never get through the House of Commons; so many people thinking themselves qualified to cavil at its details. In Mill's "Representative Government" there is a suggestion to the effect that Parliament should be assisted in passing great measures by consultative commissions, who would have the preparation of the details; and that the House should not make alterations in

the clauses, but recommit the whole with some expression of disapproval that would guide the commission in recasting the measure.

It must be self-evident that only a small body can work advantageously in adjusting the details of a measure, including the verbal expressions. If this work is set before an assembly of two hundred, it is only by the reticence of one hundred and ninety that progress can be made. Amendments to the clauses of a bill may come under two heads; those of principle, where the force of parties expends itself, and those of wording or expression, for clearing away ambiguities or misconstruction. For the one class, all the machinery that I have described is fully applicable. To mature and present an amendment of principle, there should be a concurrence of the same number as is needed to move or oppose a second reading; there should be the same giving in of reasons, and the same unrestricted speech (in print) of individual members, culminating in replies by the movers. If this had to be done on all occasions, there would be much greater concentration of force upon special points, and the work of committee would get on faster. As to the second class of amendments, I do not think that these are suitable for an open discussion. They should rather be given as suggestions privately to the promoter of the measure. But be the matter small or great, I contend that nothing should bring about a vote in the House of Commons that has not already acquired a proper minimum of support.

I am very far from presuming to remodel the entire procedure of the House of Commons. What I have said alone applies to the one branch, not the least important, the passing of bills. There are other departments that might, or might not, be subjected to the printing system, coupled with the twentyfold backing, for example, the very large subject of supply, on which there is a vast expenditure of debating. The demand for twenty names to every amendment would extinguish a very considerable amount of these discussions.

There is one branch of the business of the House that has lately assumed alarming proportions, the putting of

questions to Ministers upon every conceivable topic. I would here apply, without hesitation, the printing direct and the plural backing, and sweep away the practice entire from the public proceedings of the House. No single member unsupported should have the power of trotting out a Minister at will. I do not say that so large a number of backers should be required in this case, but I would humbly suggest that the concurrence of ten members should be required even to put a public question. The leader of the opposition, in himself a host, would not be encumbered with such a formality, but every one else would have to procure ten signatures to an interrogative; the question would be sent in, and answered; while question and answer would simply appear in the printed proceedings of the House, and not occupy a single moment of the legislative time. This is a provision that would stand to be argued on its own merits, everything else remaining as it is. The loss would be purely in the dramatic interest attaching to the deliberations.

The all but total extinction of oral debate by the revolutionary sweep of two simple devices, would be far from destroying the power of speech in other ways. The influence exerted by conversation in the small scale, and by oratory in the great, would still be exercised. While the conferences in private society, and the addresses at public meetings, would continue and perhaps be increased in importance, there would be a much greater activity of sectional discussion than at present; in fact, the sectional deliberations, preparatory to motions in the House, would become an organized institution. A certain number of apartments would be set aside for the use of the different sections; and the meetings would rise into public importance, and have their record in the public press. The speaking that now protracts the sittings of the House would be transferred to these; even the highest oratory would not disdain to shine where the reward of publicity would still be reaped. As no man would be allowed to engage the attention of the House without a following, it would be in the sections, in addition to pri-

vate society, that new opinions would have to be ventilated, and the first converts gained.

Among the innovations that are justified by the principle of avoiding at all points hurrried decisions, there is nothing that would appear more defensible than to give an interval between the close of a debate and the taking of the vote. I apprehend that the chief and only reason why this has never been thought of is that most bodies have to finish a mass of current business at one sitting. In assemblies that meet day after day, the votes on all concluded debates could be postponed till next day; giving a deliberative interval in private that might improve, and could not deteriorate, the chances of a good decision. Let us imagine that, in the House of Commons, for example, the first hour at each meeting should be occupied with the divisions growing out of the previous day's debates. The consequences would be enormous, but would any of them be bad? The hollowness of the oral debate as a means of persuasion would doubtless receive a blasting exposure; many would come up to vote, few would remain to listen to speeches. The greater number of those that cared to know what was said would rest satisfied with the reports in the morning papers.

We need to take account of the fact that even greater moderation in speeches would not entirely overcome the real difficulty — the quantity of business thrown upon our legislative bodies. If there were less talk upon burning questions there would be more attention given to unobtrusive matters at present almost new. The mere quantity of work is too great for any assembly to do well. If this quantity cannot be lessened — and I don't see how it can — there are still the six competing vehicles at old Temple Bar; for which case it might be suggested to send half of them down to the Thames Embankment. The single legislative rail is crowded, and the only device equal to the occasion is to remove some of the traffic to other rails. Let a larger part of the speaking be got rid of, or else be transferred to some different arena. Or, in addition to the committees, other bodies might be constituted for the

maturing of measures, according to Mill's plan of committees.

I regard as unassailable Lord Sherbrooke's position that every deliberative body must possess the entire control of its own procedure, even to the point of saying how much speaking it will allow on each topic. The rough-and-ready method of coughing down a superfluous speaker is perfectly constitutional, because absolutely necessary. If a more refined method of curtailing debates could be devised, without bringing in other evils, it should be welcomed. The forcible shutting of any one's mouth will always tend to irritate, and it is impossible by any plan to prevent a minority from clogging the wheels of business. The freedom of print seems to me one good safety-valve for incontinent speech-makers; it allows them an equal privilege with their fellows, and yet does not waste legislative time.

I remember hearing some time ago that our Chancellor of the Exchequer was induced, on the suggestion of the Times, to put into print and circulate to the House beforehand the figures and tables connected with his financial statement. I could not help remarking, why might the Chancellor not circulate, in the same fashion, the whole statement, down to the point of the declaration of the new taxes? It would save the House at least an hour and a half, while not a third of that time would be required to read the printed statement. I believe the first thing that would occur to any one hearing this suggestion would be —" So the Chancellor might, but the same reason would apply to the movers of bills, and to all other business as well."

Our English Parliamentary system having been matured by centuries of experience, has come to be a model of imitation for other countries just entering upon representative government. But the imitation, if too literal, will not be found to work. Our system supposes a large gentry, staying half the year in London for pure pleasure, to which we may add the rich men of business resident there. A sufficient number of these classes might at any time be got to make up the House of Commons, and the

majority being composed of such, the ways of the House are regulated accordingly. Daily constant attendance, if necessary, and readiness to respond to the whip, at a short notice, are assumed as costing nothing. But in other countries the case is not the same. In the Italian Chamber I found professors of the University of Turin who still kept up their class-work, and made journeys to Rome at intervals of a week or two, on the emergence of important business. Even the payment of members is not enough to bring people away from their homes and break up their avocations for several months every year. The forms of procedure, as familiar to us, do not fit under such circumstances. The system of printed speeches, with division days at two or three weeks' interval, might be found serviceable. But, at all events, the whole system of public deliberation needs to be revised on much broader grounds than we have been accustomed to; and it is in this view, more than with any hope of bringing about immediate changes, that I have ventured to propound the foregoing suggestions.— *From The Contemporary Review.*

BAIRD, CHARLES WASHINGTON, an American clergyman and historian; born at Princeton, N. J., August 28, 1828; died near there, February 10, 1887. His father, Robert Baird (1798-1863), was known for his ministerial labors at home and in Europe, especially in connection with the work of the Society of the American and Foreign Christian Union, of which he was the secretary for many years. The son studied at the University of New York, and at the Union Theological Seminary, where he graduated in 1851, soon after which he became American Chaplain at Rome, Italy. Returning from Europe, he became pastor of a Reformed Dutch

church in Brooklyn, N. Y., and later of a Presbyterian church at Rye, N. Y. He was the author of several works, the most important of which is the *History of the Huguenot Emigration to America* (2 vols. 1885).

THE HUGUENOT SETTLERS IN BOSTON.

The story of the Huguenots in Boston is on the whole a pleasant one. If Massachusetts at all deserved the reproach of Lord Bellomont, that she had failed to "encourage the French Protestants" among her people, the charge must have referred to the agricultural rather than the commercial class of immigrants. For whilst no liberal appropriations of lands were made to those who sought homes in the interior of the country, it is certain that the welcome given to the merchants and traders, who preferred to establish themselves in the seaport town, were very cordial from the beginning. It must be borne in mind that the Huguenots arrived in Massachusetts at a critical moment in the affairs of the colony. Between France with her Canadian savages, and England with her oppressive navigation laws, the people were disquieted and depressed, and the Commonwealth was very poor. Taxation weighed heavily upon the settlers; and the French immigrant was not always exempted from his share of the burden. And yet, if his home in the wilderness was broken up, the blow came, not from his English neighbor, but from the Indian, with the Canadian priest at his back.

A happier lot befell those who lingered in the town. There was scope in Boston for the ambition of the enterprising. The Rochellese refugee — the scion, it might be, of some house that for generations had done business in great waters — brought to the little Massachusetts town a commercial experience and a breadth of view that stood him instead of capital — though capital was not always wanting. The Frenchman's quick wit gave a keener edge to the shrewdness of the Yankee. The perseverance of the Huguenot, fortified under the long strain

of persecution, re-enforced the energy of the New Englander, sturdy and self-asserting.

The French colonist found a brother in the Puritan. The generous warmth of that reception which the Episcopal Church of England had given to the fugitive ministers and members of the suffering churches of France, was reflected in the welcome extended by the Congregational clergy to those who reached Boston. "They challenge a room in our best affections," said Mather. In social life the families transplanted from La Rochelle were well-fitted to shine; and the inter-marriages of which we hear soon, testify to their association with the *élite* of the colonial capital. On the whole the Huguenots that came to Boston can hardly have been disappointed in their high expectations, or have found occasion to recall the "great estime" they had conceived of the place before coming to it. And while they received benefits, they also conferred them.

In what appreciable degree this immigration affected the community which admitted it, we cannot undertake to say. Such an estimate may be made more readily in connection with the larger colonies that came to New York and Virginia and South Carolina, or in connection with the whole body of the French Protestant refugees. But it is obvious that the little company of Huguenots that settled in Boston brought with them qualities that were needed at that day. They brought a buoyancy and a cheerfulness that must have been contagious, even amidst pervading austerity. They brought a love for the beautiful that showed itself in the culture of flowers. They brought religious convictions that were not the less firm because accompanied by a certain moderation and pliancy in things not held of vital importance. They brought a love for liberty that was none the less sincere because associated with a tolerance learned in the school of suffering. Boston surely gained by the admission of an element in its population that possessed these traits. And the mispronounced names from beyond the seas that stand out so boldly on the page of history — names such as Bowdoin and Faneuil and Revere — recall in the flight

of the Huguenot to these shores an episode not only pathetic, but important also for its bearing upon social and public life and typical character in New England. — *Huguenot Emigration to America, Vol. II., Chap. XI.*

BAIRD, Henry Martyn, an American scholar and historian; born at Philadelphia, January 27, 1832. He was graduated from the University of the City of New York in 1850; studied modern Greek afterward at the Ohio University in Athens. Returning to America, he studied theology in the seminaries at New York and Princeton, and in 1859 became Professor of the Greek Language and Literature in the University of the City of New York. Besides numerous contributions to reviews, he has written a *Life of the Reverend Robert Baird,* his father; an account of *Modern Greece,* and the *History of the Rise of the Huguenots in France* (1879), a work of great research, which has come to be accepted as the standard authority on the subject. The *History of the Huguenot Emigration to America,* by his brother, Charles Washington Baird, may be regarded as a sequel to this work. This work was followed by *The Huguenots and Henry of Navarre* (1886), and *The Edict of Nantes and its Recall* (1895).

POPE GREGORY XIII. AND THE ST. BARTHOLOMEW MASSACRE.

While the massacre begun on St. Bartholomew's Day was spreading, with the speed of some foul contagion to the most distant parts of France, the tidings had been carried beyond its boundaries, and excited a thrill of delight or a cry of execration, according to the character and sympathies of those to whom they came. Nowhere

was the surprise greater, nor the joy more intense than at Rome. Pope Gregory, like his predecessor, had been very sceptical of the pious intentions of the French Court. . . . The last defiant act of the French monarch, in marrying his sister to a professed heretic and within the degrees of consanguinity prohibited by the Church, without obtaining the Pope's dispensation, served to confirm all the sinister suspicions entertained at Rome. Under these circumstances the papal astonishment and rejoicing can well be imagined, when couriers sent by the Guises brought the intelligence of the massacre to the Cardinal of Lorraine, and when letters from the King of France and from the Nuncio Salviati in Paris to the Pope himself confirmed its accuracy.

Salviati's letters having been read in full Consistory, on the 6th of September, the Pontiff and the Cardinals resolved to go at once in solemn procession to the church of San Marco, there to render thanks to God for the signal blessing confirmed upon the Roman See and upon all Christendom. A solemn mass was appointed for the succeeding Monday, and a jubilee published for the whole Christian world. In the evening the cannon from the Castle of San Angelo, and firearms discharged here and there throughout the city, proclaimed to all the joy felt for so signal a victory over the enemies of the Church. For three successive nights there was a general illumination. . . .

A brilliant celebration of the event took place in the church of San Luigi de' Francesi, which was magnificently decorated for the occasion. Gregory himself — attended by his cardinals and bishops, by princes, foreign ambassadors, and large numbers of nobles and of the people — walked thither under the pontifical canopy, and high mass was said. The Cardinal of Lorraine had affixed above the entrance a pompous declaration, in the form of a congratulatory notice from Charles IX. to Gregory and the "Sacred College of Cardinals," wherein the Very Christian King renders thanks to Heaven that "inflamed by zeal for the Lord God of Hosts, like a smiting angel divinely sent, he had suddenly destroyed

by a single slaughter almost all the heretics and enemies of his kingdom." The Latinity of the placard might not be above reproach; but it is certain that its sentiments received the cordial approval of the assembled prelates. Set forth in golden characters, and decorated with festive leaves and ribbons, it proclaimed that the hierarchy of the Roman Church had no qualms of conscience in indorsing the traitorous deed of Charles and Catharine.

But still more unequivocal proofs were not wanting. A well-known medal was struck in honor of the event, bearing on one side the head of the Pope, and the words, "Gregorius XIII. Pont. Max. An. I.," and on the other an angel with cross and sword pursuing the heretics, and the superscription, "Ugonottorum strages, 1572." By the order of the Pope, the famous Vasari painted in the Sala Regia of the Vatican Palace several pictures representing different scenes in the Parisian massacres. Upon one an inscription was placed which tersely expressed the true state of the case: "Pontifex Colinii necem probat." The paintings may still be seen in the magnificent room which serves as an ante-chamber to the Sistine Chapel. — *History of the Rise of the Huguenots, Vol. II., Chap. XIX.*

BAIRD, SPENCER FULLERTON, an American naturalist and author; born at Reading, Pa., February 3, 1823; died at Wood's Holl, Mass., 1887. He was educated at Dickinson College, Pennsylvania, where he became Professor of Natural Science in 1846. In 1855 he received the appointment of Assistant Secretary to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, and upon the death of Professor Joseph Henry, in 1878, Mr. Baird succeeded him as Secretary. In 1871 he was appointed United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, for the purpose of making inquiries into "the cause of the decrease of

the food-fishes of the United States, and the methods of restoring them." The value of his work in this special department is beyond question. His more strictly literary labor runs through his whole career. As early as 1851 he translated from the German, and edited, the *Iconographic Encyclopedia.* In 1860 he published, in conjunction with John Cassin, a work in two volumes, entitled *The Birds of North America;* and in 1861, in conjunction with Charles Girard, a *Catalogue of the Serpents in North America.* In 1864 he began a work upon the birds of the New World, under the title of *Review of the American Birds in the Museum of the Smithsonian Institution.* He also, in conjunction with Dr. T. M. Brewer, of Boston, Mass., undertook a new and comprehensive account of *The Birds of North America.* Mr. Baird, moreover, prepared many papers relating to the collections in natural history made by various Government expeditions. He published in various scientific periodicals, and notably in the *Reports of the Smithsonian Institution,* many papers relating to the mammals, birds, and fishes of North America. Besides the labor already indicated, he prepared for eight years (1871–78) an annual volume of *Records of Science and Industry,* which was characterized as "a digested abstract of such of the most important discoveries of each year as are of general interest, or likely to prove of lasting importance to science, pure or applied."

THE HUMMING BIRD.

There is no group of birds so interesting to the ornithologist or to the casual observer as the Humming Birds, at once the smallest in size, the most gorgeously beautiful in color, and almost the most abundant in species of any

single family of birds. They are strictly confined to the continent and islands of America, and are most abundant in the Central American States, though single species range almost to the Arctic regions on the north, and to Patagonia on the south, as well as from the sea-coast to the frozen summits of the Andes. The number of known species considerably exceeds 300, and new ones are being constantly brought to light; so that an estimate of 400 species is, perhaps, not too large. Many are very limited in their range; some confined to particular islands, even though of small dimensions.

The bill of the Humming Bird is awl-shaped or subulate, thin, and sharp-pointed; straight or curved; sometimes as long as the head; sometimes much longer. The mandibles are excavated to the tip for the lodgment of the tongue, and form a tube by the close opposition of their cutting edges. There is no indication of stiff, bristly feathers at the base of the mouth. The tongue has some resemblance to that of the woodpeckers in the elongation of the cornua backwards, so as to pass round the back of the skull, and then anteriorly to the base of the bill. The tongue itself is of very peculiar structure, consisting anteriorly of two hollow threads, closed at the ends and united behind. The food of the Humming Bird consists almost entirely of insects, which are captured by protruding the tongue into flowers of various shape without opening the bill very wide. — The wings are long and falcate; the shafts very strong, the primaries usually ten in number, the first always longest; there are six secondaries. — The tail has but ten feathers. The feet are small; the claws very sharp and strong. —The species now known to inhabit the United States, though few, are yet nearly twice as many as given by Audubon. It is probable that additional ones will hereafter be detected, particularly on our southern borders.—*Birds of North America, Vol. I.*

BAKER, Sir Samuel White, an English explorer and author; born at London, June 8, 1821; died at Newton-Abbot, December 30, 1893. He was educated at a private school, and afterward in Germany. In 1847, in conjunction with his brother, he established an agricultural settlement in the mountainous region of Ceylon, at an elevation of more than 6,000 feet above the sea. He made Ceylon his residence for eight years. He was a keen sportsman, and wrote two clever books relating to that island: *The Rifle and the Hound in Ceylon* (1854); and *Eight Years' Wanderings in Ceylon* (1855), both of which have passed through several editions. His wife having died in 1855, he went to the Crimea, and was afterward engaged in organizing the first railway ever constructed in the Ottoman Empire. In 1861 he undertook, at his own cost, the organization of an expedition for the discovery of the sources of the Nile, hoping to meet the expedition already sent out by the British Government, under the command of Captain Speke. He had just before this married Florence von Lass, a young Hungarian, who was his companion in all his subsequent adventures in the Nile region, including a portion of Abyssinia. Of the first expedition he subsequently wrote an account, under the title of *The Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia* (1867). In 1863 he encountered Speke and his companion, Grant, at Gondokoro, far up the Nile. They had discovered Victoria N'yanza, from which issued a great river, which they were convinced could be no other than the Upper Nile; but they were unable to follow its

course downward, so as to prove the fact. Baker resolved to supplement their explorations in this hitherto unknown region, and in March, 1863, set out from Gondokoro. In March, 1864, he came to another large fresh-water lake, the existence of which had heretofore been wholly unknown, except from the vague accounts received by Speke from the natives. To this lake he gave the name of Albert. Subsequent explorations showed that this lake was connected by a large river with Speke's Victoria N'yanza. In a few days Baker set out upon his return journey by a somewhat different route; but what with illness and the disturbed condition of the country, it took him a year to reach Gondokoro. He now wrote home:

> There is no longer any mystery connected with the Nile, nor any necessity for expeditions on that head, unless it be to explore the great lake I have discovered — the Albert N'yanza. This can only be done by building a vessel for the purpose on the lake. I shall never undertake another expedition in Africa. For the three last years I have not had one day of enjoyment; nothing but anxieties, difficulties, fatigue, and fever. . . . I should not have been contented to see a foreigner share the honor of discovering the Nile sources with Speke and Grant: it happily belongs to England.

Mr. Baker returned to England in 1866. The Royal Geographical Society conferred upon him its Victoria gold medal; the University of Cambridge gave him the degree of A.M.; and he received from the Queen the honor of knighthood. In the same year he published *The Albert N'yanza, Great Basin of the Nile, and Explorations of the Nile Sources,* in two large volumes, which were at once translated into

French and German. His first view of the lake was from the summit of a lofty range of cliffs.

FIRST SIGHT OF THE ALBERT N'YANZA.

The glory of our prize suddenly burst upon me. There, like a sea of quicksilver, lay, far beneath, the grand expanse of the water — a boundless sea-horizon on the south and southwest, glittering in the noonday sun; and on the west, at fifty or sixty miles' distance, blue mountains rose from the bosom of the lake to a height of about 7000 feet above the level.

It is impossible to describe the triumph of that moment. Here was the reward of all our labor — for the years of tenacity with which we had toiled through Africa. England had won the sources of the Nile! . . . I sincerely thanked God for having guided and supported us through all the dangers to the good end. I was 1500 feet above the lake, and I looked down from the steep granite cliff upon those welcome waters; upon that vast reservoir which nourished Egypt, and brought fertility where all was wilderness; upon that great source so long hidden from mankind — that source of bounty and blessings to millions of human beings; and, as one of the greatest objects in nature, I determined to honor it with a great name. As an imperishable memorial of one loved and mourned by our gracious Queen, and deplored by every Englishman, I called the great lake the Albert N'yanza. The Victoria and the Albert lakes are the two sources of the Nile.

The zig-zag path to descend to the lake was so steep and dangerous, that we were forced to leave our oxen with a guide, who was to take them to Magango, and wait for our arrival. We commenced the descent of the steep pass on foot. I led the way, grasping a stout bamboo; my wife, in extreme weakness, tottered down the pass, supporting herself upon my shoulder, and stopping to rest every twenty paces. After a toilsome descent of about two hours — weak with years of fever, but for a moment strengthened by success — we gained the level plain below

the cliff. A walk of about a mile through flat sandy meadows of fine turf, interspersed with trees and bush, brought us to the water's edge. The waves were rolling upon a white pebbly beach. I rushed into the lake, and, thirsty with heat and fatigue, but with a heart full of gratitude, I drank deeply from the Sources of the Nile. . . .

The beach was perfectly clean sand upon which the waves rolled like those of the sea, throwing up weeds precisely as sea-weed may be seen upon the English shore. It was a grand sight to look upon this vast reservoir of the mighty Nile, and to watch the heavy sweel tumbling upon the beach, while far to the southwest the eye searched as vainly for a bound as through the Atlantic. It was with extreme emotion that I enjoyed this glorious scene. My wife, who had followed me so devotedly, stood by my side, pale and exhausted — a wreck upon the shores of the great Albert Lake that we had so long striven to reach. No European foot had ever trod upon its sand, nor had the eyes of a white man scanned its vast expanse of water. We were the first. And this was the key to the great secret that even Julius Cæsar yearned to unravel, but in vain. Here was the great basin of the Nile, that received every drop of water, even from the passing shower to the roaring mountain torrent that drained from Central Africa towards the north. This was the great reservoir of the Nile!

The first *coup d' œil* from the summit of the cliff, 1500 feet above the level, had suggested what a closer examination confirmed. The lake was a vast depression far below the general level of the country, surrounded by precipitous cliffs, and bounded to the west and southwest by great ranges of mountains from 5000 to 7000 feet above the level of its waters. Thus it was one great reservoir into which everything *must* drain; and from this vast rocky cistern the Nile made its exit — a giant in its birth.

Mr. Baker, indeed, was not (as subsequent explorations have shown) altogether correct in his idea of

the importance of Lake Albert in the great Nile system. He says: "Bruce won the Source of the Blue Nile; Speke and Grant won the Victoria Source of the great White Nile; and I have been permitted to succeed in completing the Nile Sources by the discovery of the great reservoir of the equatorial waters — the Albert N'yanza, from which the river issues as the entire White Nile," The fact is that this Albert N'yanza (which the natives call the *Luta Nzige* — a name which it may be hoped will be substituted for its present absurd designation, as also that the name of the British Queen will be dropped from the still greater N'yanza) occupies a deep depression in the mountains. Into the lower, that is, the northern end, falls the river (sometimes called the Somerset) issuing from the Victoria N'yanza. The Albert N'yanza is simply a great *bayou* or offset of this stream, from which it derives all of its waters, excepting a few insignificant mountain torrents. Still it is a very considerable body of fresh water, shallow at margins and deep in the centre. Its length is about one hundred and forty miles, with an extreme breadth of forty miles. Its area is about half that of Lake Ontario. It is in no proper sense a source of the White Nile. That is in the other lake; or, rather, in the largest river which supplies it.

In 1869 Sir Samuel Baker, notwithstanding his expressed resolution to enter upon no more African enterprises, undertook the command of a military expedition into Central Africa, set on foot by the Khedive of Egypt. He had in the meantime published a novel, *Cast Up by the Sea* (1869). In his new African enterprise he was placed at the head of 1,500 picked Egyptian troops, and was entrusted for a period of four

years with absolute and uncontrolled power in the vast region of Equatorial Africa, with the lofty title of "Governor-General of the Equatorial Nile Basin." The Sultan of Turkey, the nominal suzerain of the Khedive, conferred upon Baker the dignity of a Pasha and the military rank of major-general. The declared object of this expedition was to subdue this vast region and annex it to Egypt; to put an end to the slave-trade there; and to open up to civilization Kordofan, the Soudan, and all the great lake region. Accompanied by his wife, Sir Samuel Baker set out from Cairo, near the close of 1869. He returned to Cairo in 1873, and announced the complete success of this expedition. He had nominally annexed a region having an area of more than 1,000,000 square miles, with an estimated population of 11,000,000; thus quadrupling the territory and nearly trebling the population subject to the rule of the Khedive. How illusory were these acquisitions was manifest within less than ten years. In 1874 he published *Ismailïa: a Narrative of the Expedition to Central Africa for the Suppression of the Slave-Trade, organized by Ismail, Khedive of Egypt*, a work full of adventure. He thought, indeed, that when he had fulfilled the work which he had taken in hand, but little more remained to be done. As far as political results are concerned, Baker's rule in Central Africa, followed by that of Gordon, came to nothing. But here and there in *Ismailïa* are clever bits of description; as this:

STRENGTH OF THE ELEPHANT.

Elephants are generally attracted by the ripe *lalobes*, the fruit of the héglik (*Balanites Egyptiaca*). The trees, if of medium size, are frequently torn down for the sake

of this small production, that would appear too insignificant for the notice of so huge an animal. I once had an opportunity of witnessing an elephant's strength exerted in his search for this small fruit. One evening I strolled into the forest, about half a mile from our vessels, in search for a water-buck, in a small glade where I had shot one on the previous evening. I had not long been concealed, when I heard a peculiar noise in the thick forest, that denoted the approach of elephants. I and my companion at once retreated to some rising ground about 150 paces distant, as our small rifles would have been useless against such heavy game. In a short time several elephants appeared from various portions of the covert; and one of extraordinary size moved slowly toward us, until he halted beneath a tall, spreading hēglik.

This tree must have been nearly three feet in diameter, and was about thirty feet high from the ground to the first branch. It was therefore impossible for the elephant to gather the coveted fruit. To root up such a tree would have been out of the question; and I should not have thought that the power of any animal could have effected it. The elephant paused for a short time, as though considering. He then butted his forehead suddenly against the trunk. I could not have believed the effect. This large tree, which was equal in appearance to the average size of park timber, quivered in every branch to such a degree that had a person taken refuge from an elephant, and thought himself secure on the top, he would have found it difficult to hold on. When the lalobes fall, they must be picked up individually; and though the trouble appears disproportioned to the value of the fruit, there is no food so much coveted by elephants. — *Ismailïa, Chap. XIII.*

After completing this adventure Sir Samuel Baker took up his residence upon his large estates in England, and was made a deputy-lieutenant of Gloucestershire, and a justice of the peace of Devonshire. In 1879 he made a visit to the island of Cyprus, which had just been placed by the sultan, provisionally, in

the hands of the British, and wrote a volume entitled *Cyprus as I Saw it in 1879.* Subsequently he made tours of research in Syria, India, Japan, and America. In 1890 he published *Wild Beasts and Their Ways.* He was an honorary member of learned societies in Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, and America.

BAKER, WILLIAM MUMFORD, an American clergyman and novelist; born at Washington, D. C., June 27, 1825; died at South Boston, Mass., August 20, 1883. He was graduated from Princeton College, and afterward studied theology at the Presbyterian Seminary there. In 1850 he went to Texas, where his father was residing, and became pastor of a church at Galveston, and subsequently at Austin. He was in the South during the whole period of the civil war and the year which preceded it. In 1865 he removed to the North, and became pastor at Zanesville, O., subsequently at Newburyport, Mass., and in 1874 at South Boston. His literary career began properly after his return to the North; although one of his most important works, *Inside: a Chronicle of Secession* (1866), was written during his residence in Texas. His first published work was *The New Timothy,* which portrays the experiences of a student of theology and young clergyman. His last work, completed just before his death, *The Ten Theophanies; or the Manifestations of Christ Before His Birth at Bethlehem,* is in some sort a record of the writer's own religious experiences and

struggles. Apart from these, his writings consist of pictures of Southern life, mainly during the era of secession. They include *Carter Quarterman* (1876); *His Majesty Myself* (1879); *The Virginians in Texas* (1878); *Colonel Dunwoddie, Millionaire* (1878); *The Making of a Man* (1880); and *Blessed Saint Certainty* (1881).

If one chances to turn up the copy of an early edition of *Inside,* he will find that the name of the author is set down as "George F. Harrington," and there is a little preface — "Not a preface for preface's sake, but as few words as possible by way of explanation."

INTRODUCTION TO "INSIDE."

This book was written in one of the centres of Secession. Begun at the outset, it grew with the growth thereof, and closed with its ending. Owing to peculiar circumstances, the writer, never out of the pale of Secession during its continuance, had as full time and opportunity for as careful a study of the period as he could wish. If he has cast the result in the form of a fiction, his work is none the less as essentially true as the dryest history ever penned. And it is as true, in most respects, for one region of the South as for any other: the Secessionists, as a class and in all its varieties, and the Union men, as a class in all its varieties, being in every village throughout the South very much the same as in Somerville. . . . Born at, and having spent almost his entire life in, the South, the writer's first affections are with and for the South. At the very same time he entertains a love yet larger and stronger for the nation of which the South is but a part, and is powerless to refuse conviction, both of head and heart, to the truth that the whole is greater than part of the whole. . . . The very manuscript from which these lines are printed could tell a tale of its own, apart from that which it narrates. While writing it, the author was perfectly aware that his life would have paid the forfeit

had a written page been discovered. On more than one Sunday the wife of the writer has borne the manuscript to church, concealed about her person, in terror of leaving it, like powder exposed to chance sparks, at home. On two occasions the writer was obliged to bury his manuscript in the ground, thereby damaging it seriously. To *that* the printer whose misfortune it is to set up these pages will tearfully depone.

A NEGRO MEETING.

The building used for worship had been whitewashed without and within. It was open to the shingles of the cavernous roof overhead, and was fitted up with rude benches. The house seated several hundreds, and was densely crowded. The varieties of white and yellow and black in the faces of those present, the many-colored clothing, the multitudes of fans adding their hues as well as motion to the spectacle, made it as diversified as could be wished. Anderson Parker occupied the pulpit at the end. One patriarchal negro, with white hair, was with him in the place of honor; but there were quite a number of colored preachers in the congregation who made up for their exclusion from the pulpit by singing that much more vigorously. One voice would start a familiar hymn, but with the second line the whole audience would join in; and no sooner was one hymn ended than a voice in a different part of the room would begin another, in which all would follow. The singing was in keeping with the tropical hues of the people. The accuracy of the various parts was beyond that which comes from instruction and practice, because it was as much an affair of natural gift as with the mocking-birds; and every line was colored, as it were, by the hearts of those that sang. Song after song: it seemed as if it would never end; as if it were impossible for any one to get himself out of the ever-renewed volume of melody.

Even Anderson Parker, who had been for some time standing up in the pulpit, his Bible in one hand, and motioning with the other, could not arrest it. Watching his opportunity at last, just before a chorus came to

an end, he began to pray. His voice was so powerful from the first — although the words were slow in coming — that it gradually bore down all other sound, like a strong wind against an in-rolling sea:

"Thou knowest, O God," he prayed, "dat song is good; an' thou knowest dat song is not always sense. In dis Book is *Thy* voice, an' we will shet up now, an' hear God speak some." And with a voice which more and more held every ear, he proceeded to ask for such a presence of their Maker as would keep everybody quiet. The man was evidently addressing himself to One whose companionship was closer to him than that of his sable congregation. It was plain that there was a deep and sullen and defiant insurrection against their leader on the part of the people; and the effort of the one praying seemed to be to get into yet nearer relations to God, in view of what he was about to do. In virtue of becoming absorbed himself, he absorbed the rest more and more in his supplication. The "Amens" were becoming so frequent that his voice had to rise stronger and stronger, and as if from a reserve capable of anything. Suddenly, and with almost electric effect, a woman's shrill scream "Glory! Glory!" rang out upon the excited congregation; and, on the instant, the preacher had done praying, and was reading aloud from the Bible. The change to the level of a slow and somewhat monotonous tone seemed to strike out all foundation for any enthusiasm, and there was a general silence.

Throughout the South, when negroes are the hearers, no part of Scripture is quite so popular as the story of the leading of the Israelites out of Egypt; and Anderson Parker read it with increasing fluency, adding now and then a word of comment to identify the case of the Israelites with their own. He secured the unbroken attention of the people at last, with only an occasional "Bress the Lord!" and "Yes, dat's so!" from some one here and there, which but deepened the fervor. Carrying them up to the moment when, rescued from their oppressors, the Hebrews were standing in their greatest peril upon the edge of the Red Sea — the Egyptians pressing

upon them from behind — the preacher read in full career:

"'And de Lord said unto Moses, wherefore cryest thou unto me? Speak unto the children of Israel dat dey go forward!'" And then, shutting the book, he said, with his utmost force: "Go forward! The Lord says it to *us* — Go forward! Look here," he continued rapidly, and so as to hold their strained interest: "See how it is!" and he ran a rapid parallel, yet once more, showing how often he had thought it over, between the Jews and themselves; depicting every point of slavery, plague, unbelief, deliverance, with graphic plainness, up to the same point; and then rang his text upon their ears once more: "Go forward! We are free! It was God did it. But we ain't out of Egypt yet. Canaan is right 'fore us; but we hain't got dere!"

"Bress de Lord, we soon will be dar," came from the old patriarch in the pulpit, beside the speaker.

"Yes, Farder Jones," he continued with increasing force, "dat is *death*. But dat is one thing; I'm talking about *anudder*. You can't keep from dyin' when dat comes. But de Jews wasn't dyin'; dey was standin' still. 'Go forward!' was to make 'em *go*. Go, when dey could go, and didn't want to go. Some people likes to preach about dyin'— Brudder Erkle down dar, Brudder Poskins, Brudder Johnson, an' de like; Yellow Jessamine, he loves to preach about hebben. Dat is dere gift. But I hain't got dere gift. It's livin' I want to talk about. Look here! Most of us has got a good long time to live in *dis* world, please de Lord. Our people will be here hunders and hunders of years after we are gone. We must get ahead in dis world where we now is; must give our chillern such a start dat dey will give their chillern such a bigger start along dat some day the Red Sea will be way behind. And how! Look here! I'll tell you what won't do it."

And the speaker earnestly proceeded, — as against a counter-sentiment of his hearers — to argue that singing was good; but that mere singing would not put them along: "'Member," he said, "what corn shuckin's we used to hab? Pile of corn almost as big as dis house — fifty black folks round it. We nebber sing now as we

used to sing in dose days! An' how dat corn would fly! ebbry ear shucked afore mornin'! — De singin' was splendid — you could hear it miles an' miles. But it wasn't de *singin'* did it. It was de shuckin' goin' wid de singin'. Heh!" And the speaker wiped his forehead with the handkerchief hanging in a loop around his neck. "Go forward!" he exclaimed, "And it isn't readin' de blessed Book only."

Here he urged a thorough study of the Bible, in order to add: "Is dat all? God talks to you in dis Book. S'pose you hear him, an' hear him, an' hear him, an' keep sayin', 'Yes, sir,' an' 'Yes, sir,' an' 'Yes, sir' — what's de use of hearin' unless you go an' *do* it?"

Next, he warned them — after fully urging the duty of prayer — against thinking that mere praying would do everything for them. "Look dar at Moses!" he explained; "he was in a mighty tight place, sure; an' he stood dere cryin'. Yes, like a big baby — bress you — cryin' to de Lord. Best thing he could do, till de Lord said unto Moses, 'Wherefore criest thou unto me? Speak unto the chillern of Israel dat dey go forward! — start, march, get ahead, go on!' S'pose dey had just stopped dar, cryin', cryin', cryin'; and dat's jest what you are doin'." Which fact the speaker enforced with more power than politeness.

In the same way he proceeded to show that their class-meetings, and so forth, did no good, except as they helped them mutually onward. The man had evidently given himself up to one idea; and he wiped his face for a new onset, as beginning afresh, he told them very definitely what held them back. As it appeared from the after-history of the Jews, it was the fish of Egypt, the cucumbers and the melons, the leeks, the onions, and the garlic. So with them.

"You hanker after de *fish,* do you? Dere is no white man here!" the orator continued; "an' do you want to know what *your* fish is?" There was an apprehensive silence, and, leaning over the pulpit, he said in a low whisper, heard in the farthest corner: "Bretherin and Sisters, your fish — de miserable cat-fish of Egypt — is

chickens!" Not an individual smiled, and the many exclamations of "Dat's so!" from various parts of the room, seemed to express the general assent. It was a delicate subject; and even the present speaker but touched upon it. "And do you know," he continued, "what *leeks* stand for? Help you to 'member: fish, F, stands for *Fowls;* well, leeks, L, stands for *Laziness.*

"An' cucumbers? — it's *cowcumbers* those people meant. What cowcumbers stand for? it begins with a C: C? — canned fruit, sure's you live! It's amazin' to me you folks can spend your money dat way. Canned peaches, canned pears, canned oysters: what *you* got to do wid oysters? Some of you people buy canned corn, an' peas, an' sichlike de Lord is sendin' you in your own gardens, if you'd wait. An' C stands for candy, as if we was babies; an' cranberries — ain't our berries good enough?

"The Hebrews longed for onions. My friends, dat was de sort of tobacco dey used in Egypt — at least, maybe so. Do you know how much money you pay out in a year for *dat?"* And the practical preacher told them the average sum, and how far it would go towards buying a home. — "Den dere is garlic. G stands for gin, rum, whiskey," and the orator made a brief but forcible temperance address at this point.

"Dere is one more thing you hanker after," he continued, "leavin' out some things too bad to talk about in dis sacred place. It is *melons.* It begins with an M — M? M? — It means — what's the worst thing yet. All of you don't sin in de way I done mentioned — maybe one or two don't — but you all do in dis. M stands for *Much dress!"* the speaker said it in accents of the sternest rebuke. "Just look at you dis day! O my hebbenly Marster, you just look at dese poor people!" And the speaker, his eyes turned to the skies, held the gorgeously arrayed congregation up as upon his out-stretched palms, for the inspection of their Maker. "Just take one good look at dem, O Lord!" and he lifted and let fall, and lifted again, the people upon his muscular arms, under the divine scrutiny, in a way that was uncomfortable in

the last degree to his hearers. Then, with a sudden change into almost ferocity of rebuke: "What you doin' wid dem hankerchers? Wipe off de sweat? What use, dis bright Sabba'-day, you got for dem parasols and umborellas? Sun spile your skin? You mis'rable fools — I beg pardon, I mean dear bred'ren an' sisters — will you let me tell you de truf. One half of all de little you make you put in your belly; de odder half it goes on your back, you poor sinners — an' you know it."

But the man was sensible, and he was not so impassioned as not to feel that he had reached the utmost bounds of rhetoric.

"One las' thing, an' I is done," he added. "Dere is one thing not down here. De Jews wasn't tempted to it in Egypt. Dey went crazy about bread an' water in de wilderness, but not about *dat*. Dem people made wood gods to pray to in Canaan, but dey steer clear ob *one* thing." The speaker paused to wipe his face, to hold himself in due bounds. "You know what I mean," he said with deeper feeling. "Bad as de Jews were, dey nebber go into *politics!* Look here!" And the man told them, as he had often done before, the story of his own experiences at the Legislature, and since. The mean white men, and the ignorant dupes among the negroes; the members openly paid for their votes; the champagne and cigars, and almost everything else, charged as stationery; the lying and perjury; — the whole miserable tired as after a day's work, when they stood up for rapturous description of heaven; leaving the people as story, over again, of corruption and gluttonous greed.

He closed — a negro preacher always does — with a prayer. This was put up by "Ole Farder Jones," who was the chief authority in religious experience, and who now begged help from God that the people might do what the preacher had taught. The utterances of the patriarch, trembling at first, became more and more impassioned, and closed in universal Amens. Before he was well ended a clear voice at the other end of the building struck up, all joining in:

When Israel was in Egypt land;
Let my people go!
Oppressed so hard dey could not stand;
Let my people go!
Go down, Moses, way down in Egypt land;
Tell ole Pharaoh, Let my people go.

There were about twenty verses. Middleton, awakened by the singing from a nap in his room nearly a mile away, thought the hymn would never end. But he agreed also that he had never heard genuine music before. There certainly was the plenty as well as the lusciousness of the equator in it. The preacher joined in; but he felt all along that the seed he had tried to sow was being swept away by the sheer force of this freshet of song. And so the services ended with the setting sun. There was the usual and universal hand-shaking following upon this; but very few seemed disposed either to thank him or to shake hands with him. Alas for Addison Parker — he did not know it — but he was in advance of his age. — *Colonel Dunwoddie, Millionaire, Chap. XXVII.*

BALDWIN, JAMES MARK, an American philosopher and psychologist; born at Columbia, S. C., January 12, 1861. He is a son of Hon. Cyrus H. Baldwin, United States Sub-Treasurer. He was graduated from Princeton in 1884, and then went abroad and studied at Leipsic, Berlin and Tübingen. In 1886 he was appointed instructor in French and German in Princeton University, and from 1887 to 1889 was professor of philosophy at Lake Forest University. From 1889 to 1893 he was professor of philosophy in Toronto University. In 1893 he

became professor of psychology in Princeton University.

Professor Baldwin was vice-president of the International Congress of Psychology held in London in 1892; honorary president of the International Congress of Criminal Anthropology at Geneva in 1896; president of the American Psychological Association in 1897-98; and is a member of numerous learned societies.

His works include *German Psychology of Today; Handbook of Psychology; Elements of Psychology; Mental Development in the Child and the Race; Social and Ethical Interpretations in Mental Development; The Story of the Mind,* and other works. Several of these volumes have been translated into French and German. He was editor-in-chief of *The Dictionary of Philosophy and Psychology.*

RELATION OF FANCY TO REALITY.

Passive imagination is characterized throughout by the absence of reference to the real world. In it the mind frees itself, as it were, from its accustomed bondage to external things, and makes its universe entirely within. The truthful images of memory are torn asunder and built up into forms never realized in nature or in sober thought. Animals are given voices, inanimate objects legs, and the world is peopled with beings as strange as rare. Yet this is true only in the nature of imagination, not in its actual results; for in its active forms, as we shall see, it maintains a constant though covert reference to reality; and even in the most automatic play which is ever realized there is slight supervision and correction from the underlying sense of consistency, beauty, and truth. The vague feeling of satisfaction or dissatisfaction which we experience in connection with our fancies is due to the habit of comparing our mental states with reality, and even in

dreams, where all such reference to the external world is impossible, we make objects of our visions as truly as in the experience of our waking life.— *Elements of Psychology.* Copyright by Henry Holt & Co., 1893.

DEFINITION OF MEMORY.

In considering the entire mental function which we call memory, we find that it involves several factors or stages, which are sometimes treated as distinct operations, but may more properly be considered, as we find them, together. Together they constitute a chain of events whereby the mental life of the past is retained and utilized in the present. First, there is the permanent possibility of the revival of a past experience when its first circumstances are repeated; this is called *Retention.* Next, there is the actual return of the image to consciousness: *Reproduction.* Third, this image is known as having already been presented in our past experience: *Recognition.* And finally, there is, in most cases, an immediate reference to the exact past time of its first experience: *Localization in time.* These, taken together, constitute a finished act of memory, and will be considered in the order of their actual rise in consciousness.

Accordingly, memory may be defined as a *mental revival of conscious experience:* in which the word experience refers to the past and suggests Retention; the term revival answers to Reproduction; and the word mental makes the whole a conscious feat of Recognition. This definition puts the case in the broadest light and admits any interpretation of the subordinate operations which may be consistent with fact.— *Elements of Psychology.* Copyright by Henry Holt & Co., 1893.

BALFOUR, Arthur James, an English statesman and author; born at Whittinghame, July 25, 1848. He was educated at Eton and at Cambridge. He was private secretary to his uncle, the Marquis of Salisbury, when the latter was Secretary of Foreign Affairs (1878-80). Up to 1878 he was known only as a brilliant young scholar, but in that year he was employed on the special mission of Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury to Berlin. From 1886 to 1892 he was Chief Secretary for Ireland. After the death of W. H. Smith he became the leader of the House of Commons, and again leader of the House in 1895. Besides many magazine articles and several encyclopædia articles on music, he is the author of *Defense of Philosophic Doubt* (1879); *Essays and Addresses* (1893), and the volume on *Golf* in the Badminton series. *The Foundations of Belief: Being Notes Introductory to the Study of Theology* was published in 1895, "for the general body of interested readers rather than for the specialist in philosophy. My object is to recommend a particular way of looking at the world problems which, whether we like it or not, we are compelled to face. I wish to lead the reader to a point of view whence the small fragments of the infinite whole may appear to us in their true relative proportions."

FORMULAS OF BELIEF.

Assuming that Knowledge exists, we can hardly do otherwise than make the further assumption that it has grown and must yet further grow. In what manner, then, has that growth been accomplished? What are the external signs of its successive stages, the marks of

its gradual evolution? One, at least, must strike all who have surveyed, even with a careless eye, the course of human speculation — I mean the recurring process by which the explanations or explanatory formulas in terms of which mankind endeavor to comprehend the universe are formed, are shattered, and then in some new shape are formed again. It is not, as we sometimes represent it, by the steady addition of tier to tier that the fabric of knowledge uprises from its foundation. It is not by the mere accumulation of material, nor even by a plant-like development, that our beliefs grow less inadequate to the truths which they strive to represent. Rather are we like one who is perpetually engaged in altering some ancient dwelling in order to satisfy new-born needs. The ground-plan of it is being perpetually modified. We build here; we pull down there. One part is kept in repair, another part is suffered to decay. And even those portions of the structure which may in themselves appear quite unchanged, stand in such new relations to the rest, and are put to such different uses, that they would scarce be recognized by their original designer.— *Foundations of Belief.*

BALFOUR, Francis Maitland, an English naturalist; born at Edinburgh, November 10, 1851; died in the Alps, July 19, 1882. He was educated at Harrow and at Trinity College, Cambridge, which he entered in 1870. In 1871 he became Natural Science Scholar of his college, and soon after he began making investigations into many obscure points in embryology, taking an active and leading part in building up the Cambridge School of Natural Science, then in its infancy. His work in college gained for him a fellowship, and in 1876 he was

appointed Lecturer of Animal Morphology at Cambridge. His class soon became very large, students attending it not only from Cambridge, but from all parts of the world. In 1878 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and in 1881 received a royal medal for his discoveries. He received alluring offers from Oxford and Edinburgh, Oxford being especially anxious to have him succeed the late Professor G. Rolleston, but he would not leave his own university. In 1882, in recognition of his ability and loyalty, a special professorship of animal morphology was created for him at Cambridge. In June of that year he went to Switzerland, hoping to improve his impaired health in the Alps, but was killed by a fall while attempting to climb a spur of Mont Blanc. A few days later his body and that of his guide were found on the rocks by an exploring party. His *Comparative Embryology* appeared 1873–83.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE BRAIN OF ELASMOBRANCH FISHES.

In stage G the brain presents a very simple constitution, and is in fact little more than a dilated termination to the cerebro-spinal axis. Its length is nearly one-third that of the whole body, being proportionately very much greater than in the adult.

It is divided by very slight constrictions into three lobes, the posterior of which is considerably the largest. These are known as the fore-brain, the mid-brain, and the hind-brain. The anterior part of the brain is bent slightly downwards, about an axis passing through the mid-brain. The walls of the brain, composed of several rows of elongated columnar cells, have a fairly uniform thickness, and even the roof of the hind-brain is as thick as any other part. Towards the end of stage G the section of the hind-brain becomes somewhat triangular, with the apex of the triangle directed downwards.

In Pristiurus during stage H no very important changes take place in the constitution of the brain. In Scyllium, however, indications appear in the hind-brain of its future division into a cerebellum and medulla oblongata. The cavity of the anterior part dilates and becomes rounded, while that of the posterior part assumes in section an hour-glass shape, owing to an increase in the thickness of the lateral parts of the walls. At the same time the place of the original thick roof is taken by a very thin layer, which is formed not so much through a change in the character and arrangements of the cells composing the roof, as by a divarication of the two sides of the hind-brain, and the simultaneous introduction of a fresh structure in the form of a thin sheet of cells connecting dorsally the diverging lateral halves of this part of the brain. — *Comparative Embryology.*

BALL, Sir Robert Stawell, a British astronomer and mathematician; born at Dublin, Ireland, July 1, 1840. He was appointed university student at Trinity College, Dublin, 1861; Lord Rosse's Astronomer at Parsonstown, 1865; Professor of Applied Mathematics and Mechanics at the Royal College of Science for Ireland, 1867; Fellow of the Royal Society, 1873; Andrews Professor of Astronomy in the University of Dublin, Royal Astronomer of Ireland, 1874; Lowndean Professor of Astronomy and Geometry in the University of Cambridge, 1892. He was knighted January 25, 1886. He has been a frequent astronomical lecturer at institutions of learning. Among his publications are: the *London Science Class-Books on Astronomy and Mechanics; Theory of Screws* (Dublin, 1876); *Story of*

the Heavens (1885); *Time and Tide* (1889); *Story of the Sun* (1893); *Great Astronomers* (1895); and *The Earth's Beginning* (1901). He is the editor of the *Admiralty Manual of Scientific Inquiry*. His most widely known work is the little volume *Starland* (1889), containing his Christmas Talks about the Stars with Juveniles at the Royal Institution of Great Britain.

THE MOON AND THE TIDES.

The present is the clue to the past. It is the steady application of this principle which has led to such epoch-making labours as those by which Lyell investigated the earth's crust, Darwin the origin of species, Max Müller the origin of language. In our present subject the course is plain. Study exactly what is going on at present, and then have the courage to apply consistently and rigorously what we have learned from the present to the interpretation of the past.

Thus we begin with the ripple of the tide on the sea-beach which we see to-day. The ebb and the flow of the tide are the present manifestations of an agent which has been constantly at work. Let that present teach us what tides must have done in the indefinite past.

It has been known from the very earliest times that the moon and the tides were connected together — connected, I say, for a great advance had to be made in human knowledge before it would have been possible to understand the true relation between the tides and the moon. Indeed, that relation is so far from being of an obvious character, that I think that I have read of a race who felt some doubt as to whether the moon was the cause of the tides, or the tides the cause of the moon. I should, however, say that the moon is not the sole agent engaged in producing this periodic movement of our waters. The sun also arouses a tide, but the solar tide is so small in comparison with that produced by the moon, that for our present purpose we may leave

it out of consideration. We must, however, refer to the solar tide at a later period of our discourses, for it will be found to have played a splendid part at the initial stage of the Earth-Moon History, while in the remote future it will again rise into prominence. — *Time and Tide.*

THE VOLCANO KRAKATOA.

There is one volcanic outbreak of such exceptional interest in these modern times that I cannot refrain from alluding to it. Doubtless every one has heard of that marvellous eruption of Krakatoa, which occurred on August 26 and 27, 1883, and gives a unique chapter in the history of volcanic phenomena. Not alone was the eruption of Krakatoa alarming in its more ordinary manifestations, but it was unparalleled both in the vehemence of the shock and in the distance to which the effects of the great eruption were propagated. I speak not now of the great waves of ocean that inundated the coasts of Sumatra and Java, and swept away thirty-six thousand people, nor do I allude to the intense darkness which spread for one hundred and eighty miles or more all round. I shall just mention the three most important phenomena, which demonstrate the energy which still resides in the interior of our earth. Place a terrestrial globe before you, and fix your attention on the Straits of Sunda; think also of the great atmospheric ocean some two or three hundred miles deep, which envelopes our earth. When a pebble is tossed into a pond a beautiful series of concentric ripples diverge from it; so when Krakatoa burst up in that mighty catastrophe, a series of gigantic waves were propagated through the air; they embraced the whole globe, converged to the antipodes of Krakatoa, thence again diverged, and returned to the seat of the volcano; a second time the mighty series of atmospheric ripples spread to the antipodes, and a second time returned. Seven times did that series of waves course over our globe, and leave their traces on every self-recording barometer that our earth possesses. Thirty-six hours were occupied in the journey of the great undula-

tion from Krakatoa to its antipodes. Perhaps even more striking was the extent of our earth's surface over which the noise of the explosion spread. At Batavia, ninety-four miles away, the concussions were simply deafening; at Macassar, in Celebes, two steamers were sent out to investigate the explosions which were heard, little thinking that they came from Krakatoa, nine hundred and sixty-nine miles away. Alarming sounds were heard over the island of Timor, one thousand three hundred and fifty-one miles away from Krakatoa. Diego Garcia in the Chogos islands is two thousand two hundred and sixty-seven miles from Krakatoa, but the thunders traversed even this distance, and were attributed to some ship in distress, for which a search was made. Most astounding of all, there is undoubted evidence that the sound of the mighty explosion was propagated across nearly the entire Indian Ocean, and was heard in the island of Rodriguez, almost three thousand miles away. The immense distance over which this sound journeyed will be appreciated by the fact, that the noise did not reach Rodriguez until four hours after it had left Krakatoa. In fact, it would seem that if Vesuvius were to explode with the same vehemence as Krakatoa did, the thunders of the explosion might penetrate so far as to be heard in London.

There is another and more beautiful manifestation of the world-wide significance of the Krakatoa outbreak. The vast column of smoke and ashes ascended twenty miles high in the air, and commenced a series of voyages around the equatorial regions of the earth. In three days it crossed the Indian Ocean and was traversing equatorial Africa; then came an Atlantic voyage; and then it coursed over Central America, before a Pacific voyage brought it back to its point of departure after thirteen days; then the dust started again, and was traced around another similar circuit, while it was even tracked for a considerable time in placing the third girdle round the earth. Strange blue suns and green moons and other mysterious phenomena marked the progress of this vast volcanic cloud. At last the cloud began to lose its density, the dust spread more widely over the tropics, became

diffused through the temperate regions, and then the whole earth was able to participate in the glories of Krakatoa. The marvellous sunsets in the autumn of 1883 are attributable to this cause; and thus once again was brought before us the fact that the earth still contains large stores of thermal energy.— *Time and Tide.*

BALZAC, Honoré d', a French novelist; born at Tours May 20, 1799; died at Paris August 18, 1850. His father, who held a civil office, lost his position, and was obliged to withdraw his son from school, and placed him as clerk in the office of a notary. He began writing stories, of which he put forth some thirty, under various pseudonyms, before he had completed his twenty-fifth year. None of these met with popular favor, and he lived in great poverty. In 1826 he entered into partnership with a printer, named Barbier, and they published several books. This business enterprise proved unsuccessful, and Balzac resumed literary labor. His first successful novel was *Les Dernieres Chouans* (1829). After writing several other novels, he formed the design of presenting in the *Human Comedy* a complete picture of modern civilization. All ranks, professions, arts, trades, all phases of manners in town and country, were to be represented in his imaginary system of things. In attempting to carry out this impossible design, he produced what is almost in itself a literature. The stories composing the *Human Comedy* are classified as *Scenes of Private Life, of Parisian Life, of Political Life, of Military Life,* etc. They

are connected by a web of intrigue which has the Paris of the Restoration for its center, but which stretches its threads over the provinces. Each of the actors in the brilliant crowded drama is minutely described and clothed with individuality, while the scenes in which they move are set forth with a picturesqueness and verisimilitude hardly to be matched in fiction. Among the masterpieces which form part of Balzac's vast scheme may be mentioned *Lost Illusions; The Peasants; The Woman of Thirty; Poor Relations; The Quest of the Absolute,* and *Eugénie Grandet.* The *Droll Stories* (1833) stand by themselves. They are in the vein of Rabelais, Balzac reproducing with masterly skill the French of the sixteenth century. Balzac's industry was phenomenal. He represents himself as working regularly for fifteen and even eighteen hours a day. He wrote eighty-five novels in twenty years, and he was not a ready writer, being very fastidious in regard to style, and often expending more labor on his proof sheets than he had given to his manuscript. His work did not bring him wealth; his yearly income, even when he was at the height of his fame, is said to have rarely exceeded 12,000 francs.

During his later years he lived principally in his villa, Les Jardies, at Sèvres. In 1849, when his health had broken down, he travelled to Poland to visit Madame Hanska, a rich Polish lady, with whom he had corresponded for more than fifteen years. In 1850 she became his wife, and three months after the marriage, in August of the same year, Balzac died at Paris.

Balzac was a visionary as well as an analyst, an idealist and a realist in one. The materials acquired by study were shaped and colored by his fiery and

teeming imagination. In the *Human Comedy* we see the everyday world reflected in a magic mirror, where the lights are brighter, the shadows darker; where objects stand out in sharper relief, and are sometimes oddly distorted. He strenuously exaggerates in the delineation of character. His work bears trace of the strain with which it was produced; it is often extravagant, occasionally dull. But few writers give such an impression of intellectual force, and in the power of investing his creations with apparently reality he stands first among novelists. His sister, Laura Surville, whom he loved with a rare affection, and to whom he opened throughout his life all the hopes and sorrows of his heart, wrote his biography (1858). The edition definitive of his works was published in twenty-five volumes (1869-1875); the last contains his correspondence from 1819 to 1850 (English translation, with memoir, two volumes, 1879). A supplemental volume is the *History of the Works of Honoré de Balzac* by Lovenjoul (1879). A complete translation was made by Miss K. P. Wormley (1889-1894) and another edition (1899) was published in Philadelphia.

FROM THE PREFACE TO LA COMEDIE HUMAINE.

Having withdrawn various prefaces which were published in reply to criticisms essentially ephemeral, I shall here recall only one of the observations which I have heretofore made upon my books.

Writers who have an end in view, be it even a return to the principles of the past for the reason that they contain truths which are eternal, should be careful to clear their way of all difficulties. Now, whoever attacks the realm of preconceived ideas, whoever points out an abuse, or sets a mark on evils that they may be checked and curtailed, is held, almost invariably, to be unprincipled. The

reproach of immorality has never failed to pursue a courageous writer, and is often the only arrow in the quiver of those who can say nothing else against a poet. If a man is faithful in his portraiture; if, toiling night and day, he attains at last to a full expression of that life and language which of all others is the most difficult to render, — the stigma of immorality is flung upon him. . . .

In copying the whole of Society, and in trying to seize its likeness from the midst of the seething struggle, it necessarily happens that more evil than good is shown. Thus some portion of the fresco representing a guilty group excites the cry of immorality, while the critic fails to point out a corresponding part which was intended to show a moral contrast. As such critics were ignorant of my general plan I readily pardon their mistake, for an author can no more hinder criticism than he can hinder the use of sight or hearing or language. Besides, the day of impartial judgment has not yet dawned for me; and I may add that the writer who cannot stand the fire of criticism is no more fit to start upon the career of authorship than a traveller is fit to undertake a journey if he is prepared only for fine weather. I shall merely remark, that although the most scrupulous moralists have doubted whether society is able to show as much good as it shows evil, yet in the pictures which I have made of it virtuous characters outnumber the bad. Blameworthy conduct, faults, and crimes have invariably received their punishment, human or divine, startling or secret. In this I have done better than the historian, for I have been free to do so. . . .

The extent of a plan which embraces both the history and the criticism of Society, which analyzes its evils and lays bare its hidden springs, justifies me, I think, in giving to my work the title under which it now apears — *The Comedy of Human Life.*

THE COMING OF THE MORNING.

When Mlle. de Verneuil stepped out in the open country she felt as though new born, and the cool morning refreshed her face, which for some hours past seemed to her

to have been stricken by a burning atmosphere. She tried to find the path which the miser had indicated, but since moonset the darkness had become so intense that she was obliged to go at a venture. Soon the fear of falling among the cliffs struck a chill to her heart and saved her life, for she made a sudden stop with the presentiment that another step would find the earth yawning beneath her. The cooler breeze which kissed her hair, the ripple of the waters, as well as her own instinct, gave her a hint that she had come to the end of the rocks of Saint Sulpice. She threw her arms round a tree, and waited for the dawn in a state of lively anxiety, for she heard a noise of weapons, of horses, and of human tongues. She felt thankful to the night which protected her from the danger of falling into the hands of the Chouans if they really, as the miser had said, were surrounding Fougeres.

Like bonfires suddenly kindled by night, as a signal of liberty, some gleams of faint purple ran along the mountain-tops, the lower slopes retaining a bluish tinge in contrast with the dewy clouds floating over the valleys. Soon a crimson disk rose slowly on the horizon; the skies gave answering light; the ups and downs of the landscape, the steeple of Saint Leonard's, the rocks, the meadows, which had been buried in shadow, reappeared little by little, and the trees on the hill-tops showed their outlines in the nascent blaze. Rising with a graceful bound, the sun shook himself free from his ribbons of flame-color, of ochre, and of sapphire. His lively light sketched harmonies of level lines from hill to hill, and flowed from vale to vale. The gloom fled, and day overwhelmed all nature. A sharp breeze shivered through the air; the birds sang; on all sides life awoke. — *The Chouans.*

THE SECRET OF LIFE.

I will tell you in a few words the great secret of human life. By two instinctive processes man exhausts the springs of life within him. Two verbs cover all the forms which these two causes of death may take — To Will and To have your Will. Between these two limits of human activity the wise have discovered an interme-

diate formula, to which I owe my good fortune and long life. To Will consumes us, and To have our Will destroys us, but to Know steeps our feeble organisms in perpetual calm. In me Thought has destroyed Will, so that Power is relegated to the ordinary functions of my economy. In a word, it is not in the heart which can be broken, nor in the senses that become deadened, but it is in the brain that cannot waste away and survives everything else, that I have set my life. Moderation has kept mind and body unruffled. Yet, I have seen the whole world. I have learned all languages, lived after every manner. I have lent a Chinaman money, taking his father's corpse as a pledge, slept in an Arab's tent on the security of his bare word, signed contracts in every capital of Europe, and left my gold without hesitation in savage wigwams. I have attained everything, because I have known how to despise all things. — *La Peaü de Chagrin.*

MOTION.

As for motion pure and simple, I tell you humbly, that we cannot possibly define it. That disposed of, unvarying phenomena have been observed which accompany the actions of solids and fluids. If we set up the conditions by which these phenomena are brought to pass, we can transport bodies or communicate locomotive power to them, at a predetermined rate of speed. We can project them, divide them up in a few or an infinite number of pieces, accordingly as we break them or grind them to powder; we can twist bodies or made them rotate, modify, compress, expand, or extend them. The whole science, sir, rests upon a single fact.

"You see this ball," he went on; "here it lies upon this slab. Now, it is over there. What name shall we give to what has taken place, so natural from a physical point of view, so amazing from a moral? Movement, locomotion, changing of place? What prodigious vanity lurks underneath the words. Does a name solve the difficulty? Yet it is the whole of our science for all that. Our machines either make direct use of this agency, this fact, or they convert it. This trifling phenomenon, ap-

plied to large masses, would send Paris flying. We can increase speed by an expenditure of force, and augment the force by an increase of speed. But what are speed and force? Our science is as powerless to tell us that as to create motion. Any movement whatever is an immense power, and man does not create power of any kind. Everything is movement, thought itself is a movement, upon movement nature is based. Death is a movement whose limitations are little known. If God is eternal, be sure that He moves perpetually; perhaps God is movement. That is why movement, like God, is inexplicable, unfathomable, unlimited, incomprehensible, intangible. Who has ever touched, comprehended, or measured movement? We feel its effects without seeing it; we can even deny them as we can deny the existence of a God. Where is it? Where is it not? Whence comes it? What is its source? What is its end? It surrounds us, it intrudes upon us, and yet escapes us. It is evident as a fact, obscure as an abstraction; it is at once effect and cause. It requires space, even as we, and what is space? Movement alone recalls it to us; without movement, space is but an empty meaningless word. Like space, like creation, like the infinite, movement is an insoluble problem which confounds human reason; man will never conceive it, whatever else he may be permitted to conceive.— *La Peaü de Chagrin.*

The descriptive powers of Balzac are shown in the extract which follows, taken from the first half of one of his shorter tales:

THE HOUSE OF THE TENNIS-PLAYING CAT.

On the Rue Saint-Denis, almost at the corner of the Rue du Petit-Lion, there stood not long since one of those precious houses that enable historians to reconstruct by analogy ancient Paris. The tottering walls of this rickety building seemed to have been made motley with hieroglyphics. What other name could the lounger give to the *X's* and *V's* traced on its front by the transverse or

diagonal pieces of wood showing through the paint in small parallel cracks? Evidently, whenever the lightest carriage passed by, each of these joists shook in its mortise. This venerable edifice was surmounted by a triangular roof, of which no model will soon be seen any more in Paris. This roof, warped by the inclemency of the Parisian climate, projected three feet out over the street, as much to guard the threshold of the door from the rain as to shelter the wall of a garret and its unsilled window. This upper story was constructed of boards nailed one upon another like slates, so, no doubt, as not to overload this frail house.

One rainy morning in the month of March, a young man, carefully wrapped in his cloak, stood under the awning of a shop opposite this old house, which he examined with the enthusiasm of an archæologist. In truth, this remnant of sixteenth-century life offered the observer more than one problem to puzzle over. On each story some peculiarity: On the first, four tall, narrow windows, close together, had wooden panes in their lower part, in order to produce that dim light by the aid of which a skillful tradesman imparts to his stuffs the color desired by his customers. The young man seemed disdainful enough toward this essential portion of the house; his eyes had not yet rested upon it. The windows of the second story, whose raised blinds allowed a glimpse, through large panes of Bohemian glass, of some small red muslin curtains, interested him not a whit more. His attention was directed, especially at the third story, to some humble casements, the rudely joined wood of which would have deserved a place in the Conservatory of Arts and Manufactures as a specimen of the early efforts of French carpentry. These casements had little panes of so green a color that, but for his excellent sight, the young man could not have perceived the cloth curtains with blue squares that concealed the mysteries of this apartment from the eyes of the profane. Occasionally this observer, wearied by his unavailing contemplation or by the silence in which the house was buried, as well as all that part of town, dropped his glance toward the

lower regions. An involuntary smile then curled his lips, as he saw the shop again, where indeed some rather laughable things were to be encountered. A huge piece of wood, horizontally supported upon four pillars that seemed bent under the weight of the decrepit house, had been set off by as many coats of different paints as the cheek of an old duchess has received of rouge. In the middle of this broad, delicately-carved beam there was an antique picture representing a cat playing tennis. This painting was the cause of the young man's merriment. But it must be said that the cleverest of modern painters could not have invented a more comical caricature. The animal held a racket as large as himself in one of his fore-paws, and stood erect on his hind-paws ready to hit at an enormous ball that a gentleman in an embroidered coat was pitching toward him. The drawing, colors, accessories — all had been so treated as to make one believe that the artist had desired to make fun of the tradesman and of the passers-by. In marring this ingenious painting, time had made it even more grotesque by some uncertainties that were well fitted to disturb truth-loving saunterers. Thus, the cat's spotted tail was cut up in such a manner that it might have been taken for a spectator, so big, long, and bushy was the tail of our ancestors' cats. At the right of the picture, on an azure background that imperfectly disguised the rottenness of the wood, the passers read: "Guillaume" and at the left: "Successor of M. Chevrel." The sun and the rain had corroded the greater part of the ormolu parsimoniously applied on the letters of this inscription, in which the *U's* replaced the *V's,* and reciprocally, according to the rules of our ancient orthography. In order to bring down the pride of those who believe the world is becoming more intelligent from day to day, and modern charlatanism surpasses everything, it may be here remarked, that these signs, whose etymology seems strange to more than one Parisian merchant, are the dead pictures of the living pictures, by the aid of which our enterprising ancestors succeeded in enticing customers into their shops. Thus the *Spinning Pig,* the *Green Ape,* etc., were animals in

cages, whose cleverness astonished the people passing, and whose education proved the fifteenth century shopkeeper's patience. Curiosities of this kind enriched their lucky possessors more speedily than such signs as *Providence, Good Faith, Grace of God,* and *Beheading of St. John the Baptist,* which may still be seen in the Rue Saint-Denis. The unknown man, however, certainly did not stand there to admire this cat, which a moment's attention would have sufficed to engrave upon the memory. This young gentleman had his peculiarities as well. His mantle, folded in the style of ancient drapery, allowed a glimpse of an elegant pair of shoes, the more remarkable amid the Parisian mud, because he wore white-silk stockings, the spots on which gave evidence of his impatience. Doubtless he had just come from some wedding-party or ball, for at this early hour he carried white gloves in his hand, and the ringlets of his black hair, out of curl and hanging over his shoulders, showed it had been dressed *à la Caracalla,* a fashion due as much to David's school of painting as to that infatuation for Greek and Roman forms which marked the first years of the present century. Despite the noise made by a few belated kitchen-gardeners galloping toward the great market, this busy street had then a calm whose magic is known only to those who have strolled through deserted Paris at such hours as its clatter, silenced for a time, is born again and may be heard in the distance like the gruff voice of the sea. This singular young man must have been as interesting to the people of the *Tennis-Playing Cat* as the *Tennis-Playing Cat* was to him. A cravat of dazzling whiteness made his troubled face look paler than it really was. The fire, alternately dull and sparkling, of his black eyes harmonized well with the odd contours of his visage, with his large and sinuous mouth, which contracted in smiling. His brow, frowning in violent vexation, had something unpleasant about it. Is not the brow the most prophetic feature of a man? Whenever that of the unknown expressed passion, the wrinkles forming in it caused a sort of terror by the vigor with which they were pronounced; but when he regained his calmness, so easily disturbed, there breathed

in it a luminous charm which made attractive this physiognomy where joy, grief, love, anger, disdain, burst forth in so contagious a manner that the coldest of men must have been impressed. This unknown gentleman was so vexed at the moment that the window of the attic was hastily opened that he did not notice appearing there three merry faces, plump, white, and rosy, but as commonplace as are the figures of Commerce sculptured on certain monuments. These three faces, framed by the window, reminded one of the heads of chubby angels scattered through the clouds that accompany the Eternal Father. The apprentices breathed in the exhalations of the street with an eagerness that demonstrated how hot and mephitic must be the air of their garret. After pointing out this strange sentinel, the shop-boy, who was apparently the jolliest, disappeared, and came back holding in his hand an instrument whose inflexible metal has of late been replaced by supple leather; then they all assumed a malicious expression in looking at the idler, and sprinkled him with a fine and whitish rain the perfume of which proved that these three chins had just been shaved. Standing on tiptoe and drawing back in their garret to enjoy their victim's wrath, the shop-boys stopped laughing as they saw the heedless disdain with which the young man shook his cloak, and the profound contempt depicted on his countenance when he lifted his eyes to the empty window. Just at that moment a white and delicate hand raised the lower part of one of the rude casements of the third story, by sliding it up and fastening it with an arrangement which often lets unexpectedly fall the heavy sash that it ought to hold fast. The man in the street was rewarded for his long waiting. A young girl's face, fresh as one of those white chalices that flower upon the bosom of waters, showed itself, crowned with a quilling of rumpled muslin that gave her head a look of admirable innocence. Although covered with a brown stuff, her neck and shoulders could be perceived, thanks to the slight interstices produced by her tossing about in sleep. No expression of constraint marred the artlessness of that face, or the serenity of those eyes, immortalized

in advance by the sublime compositions of Raphael; it was the same grace and the same tranquillity that have now become proverbial in his Madonnas. There existed a charming contrast between the youth of this figure's cheeks, on which sleep had put in relief, as it were, a superabundance of life, and the old age of that massive window with its rude shapes and blackened sill. Like those flowers of the day which in the morning have not yet unfolded their tunic rolled up by the cold of night, the hardly-awake young woman let her blue eyes roam over the neighboring roofs and looked up at the sky; then, by the force of habit, she lowered them to the sombre regions of the street, where they encountered at once the eyes of her adorer. Coquetry doubtless made her suffer at being seen in undress; she stepped back hastily, the worn window-fastening slipped, the sash dropped with a rapidity which, in our time, has given a bad name to this simple invention of our ancestors, and the vision disappeared. To the young man the most brilliant of the morning's stars seemed to have been suddenly obscured by a cloud.

During these slight occurrences, the heavy inside shutters guarding the light shop-windows of the *Tennis-Playing Cat* were taken down as if by magic. The old door with its knocker was thrown back upon the inner wall of the house by a servant, probably contemporary with the sign, who with a trembling hand attached to it the square piece of cloth on which was embroidered in yellow silk the name of "Guillaume, Successor of M. Chevrel." It would have been difficult for a stranger to guess the kind of business carried on by M. Guillaume. Through the big iron bars protecting his shop on the outside, one could barely discern packages wrapped in brown cloth and as numerous as are the herrings crossing the ocean. Notwithstanding the apparent simplicity of this Gothic façade, M. Guillaume was, of all the dry-goods dealers of Paris, the one whose store was always the best stocked, whose business was the most extensive, and whose commercial repute labored under not the least suspicion. If any of his fellow-tradesmen took govern-

ment contracts without having the requisite quantity of cloth, he was always ready to furnish them with it, however considerable might be the number of pieces called for. The wily merchant knew a thousand ways of appropriating the biggest profit without being obliged, like them, to run after influential persons, to have recourse to mean tricks or rich bribes. If his fellow-tradesmen could only pay him in excellent notes with rather a long time to run, he referred them to his notary as an accommodating person, and managed to extract a second profit from them by this expedient, which made the merchants of the Rue Saint-Denis say as a proverb: "God deliver you from M. Guillaume's notary!" to indicate an extortionate discount. The old merchant happened to be standing on the threshold of his shop, as by a miracle, at the very moment the domestic withdrew. M. Guillaume looked at the Rue Saint-Denis, the neighboring shops, and the weather, like a man landing at Havre and seeing France once more after a long voyage. Thoroughly convinced that nothing had changed during his sleep, he then noticed the man doing sentry duty, who, on his side, contemplated the patriarch of the dry-goods business as Humboldt must have examined the first electrical eel that he saw in America. M. Guillaume wore large black-velvet breeches, dyed stockings, and square shoes with silver buckles. His square-cut coat, with square skirts and a square collar, enveloped his slightly protuberant body with a greenish cloth garnished with big buttons, of a metal, naturally white, but reddened by use. His gray hairs were so exactly flattened down and combed out over his yellow skull that they made it look like a plowed field. His little green eyes, as piercing as a gimlet, blazed under two arches marked with a slight red for want of eyebrows. Anxiety had traced on his forehead horizontal wrinkles as numerous as the folds of his coat. This sallow face indicated patience, commercial wisdom, and the species of crafty cupidity that is called for in business. At this period one saw less rarely than in our day those old families keeping up, like precious traditions, the manners and distinctive costumes of their professions, and

going on amid the new civilization like those antediluvian remains found by Cuvier in the quarries. The head of the Guillaume family was one of these notable guardians of ancient customs; he might be surprised regretting the "provost of the tradesmen," and never did he speak of a judgment of the tribunal of commerce without calling it the *sentence of the consuls.* The first one to rise in his house, no doubt by virtue of these customs, he calmly awaited the coming of his three shop-boys, in order to scold them if they should be late.

BANCROFT, GEORGE, an American historian, statesman, and diplomat; born at Worcester, Mass., October 3, 1800; died at Washington, D. C., January 17, 1891. He entered Harvard College in 1813; was graduated in 1817; and went to Germany to complete his studies. He returned to America in 1822, and for a year held the position of Tutor of Greek in Harvard College. In 1823, in conjunction with Joseph G. Cogswell, afterward noted for his connection with the Astor Library, he founded the Round Hill School at Northampton, Mass., and published a volume of poems, and in 1824 a translation of Heeren's *Politics of Ancient Greece.* He had already chosen American history as his special department of activity, and in 1834 appeared the first volume of his *History of the United States,* the successive volumes being issued at intervals until the twelfth volume was published, bringing the history down to the formation of the existing Government of the United States in 1789 — a period which the author appears to have fixed upon for the close of his history. In 1882 Mr. Ban-

Geo. Bancroft

croft began a thorough revision of his history, which was carried on until the completion of the work, in 1885. This revised edition, in six volumes, is of course the standard edition, embodying the matured convictions of the author. In the preface to this edition he says:

> The adoption of the Federal Government marks the chief division in the history of the United States. The period which leads to that epoch has within itself perfect unity and completeness. The narrative which has been carried forward to this broad line of demarcation is therefore now laid before the public in a compact form, after a revision by the author, which must be his last. . . . In this last revision, as in the first composition, it is the fixed purpose to secure perfect accuracy in the relation of facts, even to their details and coloring, and to keep truth clear from the clouds, however brilliant, of conjecture and tradition. No well-founded criticism that has been seen, whether made here or abroad, with a good will or a bad one, has been neglected. . . . There is no end to the difficulty in choosing language which will awaken in the mind of the reader the very same thought that was in the mind of the writer. In the form of expression, many revisions are hardly enough to assure strict correctness and propriety. Repetitions and redundancies have been removed; greater precision has been sought for; the fitter word that offered itself accepted; and, without the surrender of the right of History to pronounce its opinion, care has been taken never unduly to forestall the judgment of the reader, but to leave events as they sweep onward to speak their own condemnation or praise.

Meanwhile, during the period of more than forty years between the publication of the successive volumes of his history, Mr. Bancroft held important civil and political positions. In 1838 President Van Buren appointed him collector at the port of Boston.

In 1844 he was nominated as the Democratic candidate for Governor of Massachusetts; he was not elected, but he received a larger vote than had ever before been given for any candidate of the party in that State. In 1845 Mr. Bancroft became Secretary of the Navy, in the administration of President Polk. As Secretary of the Navy he gave the order to take possession of California; and while acting *pro tem.* as Secretary of War, he issued the order in virtue of which General Taylor marched his force into Texas. In 1846 Mr. Bancroft was made Minister Plenipotentiary to Great Britain. He returned to America in 1849, and took up his residence in New York, busying himself for several years in writing the successive volumes of his history, declining in the meantime several public offices which were offered to him. In February, 1866, at the request of Congress, he delivered an address in memory of Abraham Lincoln. In May, 1867, he was appointed Minister to Prussia; in 1868 he was accredited to the North German Confederation; and in 1871 to the newly formed German Empire, a position which he held until 1874, when he was recalled at his own request.

Besides his great work, *The History of the United States of America,* Mr. Bancroft contributed numerous essays to *The North American Review* and other periodicals. A collection of some of these *Miscellanies* was published in New York in 1855. His *History of the United States Constitution* appeared in 1882.

THE BATTLE OF QUEBEC, AND DEATH OF WOLFE.

In the mean time Wolfe applied himself intently to reconnoitring the north shore above Quebec. Nature had given him good eyes as well as a warmth of temper to fol-

low first impressions. He himself discovered the cove which now bears his name, where the bending promontories almost form a basin, with a very narrow margin over which the hill rises precipitously. He saw the path that wound up the steep, though so narrow that two men could hardly march in it abreast; and he knew, by the number of tents which he counted on the summit, that the Canadian post which guarded it could not exceed a hundred. Here he resolved to land his army by a surprise. To mislead the enemy his troops were kept far above the town; while Saunders, as if an attack was intended at Beauport, sent Cook, the great mariner, with others, to sound the water and plant buoys along that shore.

The day and night of the 12th [September, 1759] were employed in preparations. The autumn evening was bright, and the general, under the clear starlight, visited his stations, to make his final inspection, and utter his last words of encouragement. As he passed from ship to ship, he spoke to those in the boat with him of the poet Gray, and his *Elegy in a Country Churchyard,* saying, "I would prefer being the author of that poem to the glory of beating the French tomorrow;" and while the oars struck the river as it rippled under the flowing tide, he repeated:

> The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power
> And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
> Await alike the inevitable hour,
> The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Every officer knew his appointed duty, when, at one o'clock on the morning of the 13th, Wolfe, Monckton, and Murray, and about half the forces, set off in boats, and using neither sail nor oars, glided down with the tide. In three-quarters of an hour the ships followed; and though the night had become dark, aided by the rapid current, they reached the cove just in time to cover the landing. Wolfe and the troops with him leaped on shore: the light infantry, who found themselves borne by the current a little below the intrenched path, clambered up the steep hill, staying themselves by the roots and boughs of the maple

and spruce and ash trees that covered the precipitous declivity, and, after a litle firing, dispersed the picket which guarded the height; the rest ascended safely by the pathway. A battery of four guns on the left was abandoned to Colonel Howe. When Townshend's divisions disembarked, the English had already gained one of the roads to Quebec; and, advancing in front of the forest, Wolfe stood at daybreak with his battalions on the Plains of Abraham, the battle-field of the Celtic and Saxon races for half a continent.

"It can be but a small party come to burn a few houses and retire," said Montcalm, in amazement, as the news reached him in his intrenchments the other side of the St. Charles, but, obtaining better information, "Then," he cried, "they have at the last got to the weak side of this miserable garrison; we must give battle and crush them before mid-day." And before ten, the two armies, equal in numbers, each being composed of less than 5,000 men, were ranged in presence of one another for battle. The English, not easily accessible from intervening ravines and rail-fences, were all regulars, perfect in discipline, terrible in their fearless enthusiasm, thrilling with pride at their morning's success, commanded by a man whom they obeyed with confidence and love. Montcalm had what Wolfe had called but "five weak French battalions," of less than 2,000 men, "mingled with disorderly peasantry," formed on commanding ground. The French had three little pieces of artillery; the English one or two. The two armies cannonaded each other for nearly an hour; when Montcalm having summoned Bougaineville to his aid, and despatched messenger after messenger for Vaudreuil, who had 1,500 men at the camp, to come up before he should be driven from the ground, endeavored to flank the British and crowd them down the high bank of the river. Wolfe counteracted the movement by detaching Townshend with Amherst's regiment, and afterwards a part of the Royal Americans, who formed on the left with a double front.

Waiting no longer for more troops, Montcalm led the French army impetuously to the attack. The ill-disci-

plined companies broke by their precipitation and the unevenness of the ground, and fired by platoons, without unity. Their adversaries, especially the forty-third and the forty-seventh, of which Monckton stood at the head — and three men out of four were Americans — received the shock with calmness; and after having, at Wolfe's command, reserved their fire until their enemy was within forty yards, their line began a regular, rapid, and exact discharge of musketry. Montcalm was present everywhere, braving danger wounded, but cheering by his example. Sennezergues, the second in command, his associate in glory at Ticonderoga, was killed. The brave but untried Canadians, flinching from a hot fire in the open field, began to waver, and as soon as Wolfe, placing himself at the head of the twenty-eighth and the Louisburg grenadiers, charged with bayonets, they everywhere gave way. Of the English officers Carleton was wounded; Barré, who fought near Wolfe, received in the head a ball which made him blind of one eye, and ultimately of both. Wolfe, as he led the charge, was wounded in the wrist; but, still pressing forward, he received a second ball; and having decided the day, was struck a third time, and mortally, in the breast. "Support me," he cried to an officer near him; "let not my brave fellows see me drop." He was carried to the rear, and they brought him water to quench his thirst. "They run! they run!" spoke the officer on whom he leaned. "Who run?" asked Wolfe, as his life was fast ebbing. "The French," replied the officer, "are giving way everywhere."— "Go, one of you to Colonel Burton," cried the expiring hero: "bid him march Webb's regiment with all speed to Charles River to cut off the fugitives from the bridge." Four years before he had looked forward to early death with dismay. "Now, God be praised, I die in peace;" these were his words as his spirit escaped in the moment of his glory. Night, silence, and the rushing tide, veteran discipline, the sure inspiration of genius, had been his allies; his battle-field, high over the ocean river, was the grandest theatre for illustrious deeds; his victory, one of the most momentous in the annals of mankind, gave to the English

tongue and the institutions of the Germanic race the unexplored and seemingly infinite West and North. He crowded into a few hours actions that would have given lustre to length of life, and filling his day with greatness, completed it before its noon.—*History, Vol. II., p. 508.*

THE FIRST AMERICAN CONGRESS.

On Monday, the 7th of October, 1765, delegates chosen by the House of Representatives of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and South Carolina; delegates named by a written requisition from the individual representatives of Delaware and New Jersey, and the legislative committee of correspondence of New York met at New York in Congress. New Hampshire, though not present by deputy, agreed to abide by the result, and they were gladdened during their session by the arrival of the messenger from Georgia, sent near a thousand miles by land to obtain a copy of their proceedings. The members of this first union of the American people were elected by representatives of each separate colony; and notwithstanding great differences in the respective population and extent of territory of the several colonies, they recognized each other as equals "without the least claim of pre-eminence one over the other."

The Congress entered directly on the consideration of the safest groundwork on which to rest the collective American liberties. Should they build on charters or natural justice, on precedents and fact or abstract truth, on special privileges or universal reason? Otis was instructed by Boston to support not only the liberty of the colonies, but chartered rights; and Johnson, of Connecticut, submitted a paper which pleaded charters from the Crown. But Robert R. Livingston, of New York, "the goodness of whose heart set him above prejudices, and equally comprehended all mankind," would not place the hope of America on that foundation; and Gadsden, of South Carolina, spoke against it with irresistible impetuosity. "A confirmation of our essential and common rights as Englishmen," thus he himself reports his sentiments, "may be pleaded from charters safely enough; but any further

dependence upon them may be fatal. We should stand upon the broad common ground of those natural rights that we all feel and know as men, and as descendants of Englishmen. I wish the charters may not ensnare us at last by drawing different colonies to act differently in this great cause. Whenever that is the case, all will be over with the whole. There ought to be no New England man, no New-Yorker, known on the continent, but all of us Americans."

These views prevailed; and in the proceedings of the Congress, the argument for American liberty from royal grants was avoided. This is the first great step towards independence. Dummer had pleaded for colony charters; Livingston, Gadsden, and the Congress of 1765 provided for American self-existence and union, by claiming rights that preceded charters and would survive their ruin. And how would that union extend? What nations would be included in the name of Americans? Even while Congress were deliberating, the prairies of Illinois, the great eastern valley of the Mississippi, with all its solitudes in which futurity would summon the eager millions of so many tongues to build happy homes, passed from the sway of France into the temporary custody of England.—*History, Vol. III., p. 149.*

THE CONFLICT AT LEXINGTON.

At two in the morning [of April 19, 1775], under the eye of the minister, and of Hancock and Adams, Lexington common was alive with the minute-men; and not with them only, but with the old men, who were exempt except in case of immediate danger to the town. The roll was called, and of the militia and alarm-men about 130 answered to their names. The captain, John Parker, ordered every one to load with powder and ball, but take care not to be the first to fire. Messengers sent to look for the British regulars reported that there were no signs of their approach. A watch was therefore set, and the company dismissed, with orders to come together at beat of drum. Some went to their own homes; some to the tavern, near the south-east corner of the common. Sam-

uel Adams and Hancock, whose seizure was believed to be intended, were persuaded to retire toward Woburn.

The last stars were vanishing from night, when the foremost party, led by Pitcairn, a major of marines, was discovered advancing quickly and in silence. Alarm-guns were fired, and the drums beat, not a call to village husbandmen, but the reveille to humanity. Less than seventy, perhaps less than sixty, obeyed the summons, and, in sight of half as many boys and unarmed men, were paraded in two ranks, a few rods north of the meeting-house. . . . The British van, hearing the drum and the alarm-guns, halted to load; the remaining companies came up; and at half an hour before sunrise, the advance party hurried forward at double-quick time, almost upon a run, closely followed by the grenadiers. Pitcairn rode in front, and when within five or six rods of the minute-men, cried out: "Disperse, ye villains! ye rebels, disperse! lay down your arms! why don't you lay down your arms and disperse?" The main part of the countrymen stood motionless in the ranks, witnesses against aggression; too few to resist, too brave to fly. At this moment Pitcairn discharged a pistol, and with a loud voice cried, "Fire!" The order was followed first by a few guns, which did no execution, and then by a close and deadly discharge of musketry.

In the disparity of numbers, Parker ordered his men to disperse. Then, and not till then, did a few of them, on their own impulse, return the British fire. These random shots of fugitives or dying men, did no harm, except that Pitcairn's horse was perhaps grazed, and a private of the tenth light infantry was touched slightly in the leg. . . . Seven men of Lexington were killed, nine wounded: a quarter part of all who stood in arms on the green. . . . The British troops drew up on the village green, fired a volley, huzzaed thrice by way of triumph, and, after a halt of less than thirty minutes, marched on for Concord.—*History, Vol. IV., p. 154.*

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

On the morning of the first of July, 1776, the day set apart for considering the resolution of independence, John Adams, confident as if the vote had been taken, invoked the blessing of heaven to make the new-born republic more glorious than any which had gone before. . . . The resolution for independence was sustained by nine colonies, two-thirds of the whole number. . . . The committee rose, and Harrison reported the resolution; but at the request of Edward Rutledge, on behalf of South Carolina, the determination of it was put off till the next day. . . . On the 2d day of July there were present in Congress probably 49 members. Rodney had arrived from Delaware, and, joining Mackean, secured that colony. Dickinson and Morris stayed away, which enabled Franklin, Wilson, and Morton of Pennsylvania, to outvote Willing and Humphreys. The South Carolina members, still uncertain if Charleston had not fallen, for the sake of unanimity, came round; so, though New York was still unable to vote, twelve colonies, with no dissenting one, resolved: "That these United Colonies are, and ought to be, Free and Independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be totally dissolved." . . . The Declaration was not signed by the members of Congress on the day on which it was agreed to; but it was duly authenticated by the president and the secretary, and published to the world. The nation, when it made the choice of its great anniversary, selected not the day of the resolution of independence, when it closed the past, but that of the declaration of the principles on which it opened its new career.— *History, Vol. IV., p. 435.*

THE SURRENDER OF BURGOYNE.

In the following hours Burgoyne, abandoning the wounded and sick in his hospital, continued his retreat;

but the road being narrow and heavy from rain, and the night dark, he made halt two miles short of Saratoga. In the night before the 10th of October, 1777, the British army finding the passage of the Hudson too strongly guarded, forded the Fishkill, and in a very bad position at Saratoga made their last encampment. On the 10th Burgoyne sent out a party to reconnoitre the road on the west of the Hudson; but Stark, who after the battle of Bennington had been received at home as a conqueror, had returned with more than 2,000 men of New Hampshire, and held the river at Fort Edward. At daybreak of the 11th an American brigade, favored by a thick fog, broke up the British posts at the mouth of the Fishkill, and captured all their boats, and all their provisions except a short allowance for five days. On the 12th the British army was completely invested, and every spot in its camp was exposed to rifle-shot or cannon. On the 13th Burgoyne for the first time called the commanders of the corps to council, and they were unanimous for treating on honorable terms.

Gates, who had never appeared in the field during the campaign, took to himself the negotiation, and proposed that they should surrender as prisoners of war. Burgoyne replied by the proposal that his army should pass from the port of Boston to Great Britain upon the condition of not serving again in North America during the present contest; and that his officers should retain their carriages, horses, and baggage free from molestation or search, Burgoyne "giving his honor that there are no public stores secreted therein." Gates, uneasy at news of British forces on the Hudson river, closed with these "articles of convention" and on the 17th "the convention was signed." A body of Americans marched to the tune of Yankee Doodle into the lines of the British, who marched out, and in mute astonishment laid down their arms, with none of the American soldiery to witness the spectacle. Bread was then served to them, for they had none left, nor flour.

Their number, including officers, was 5,791, among whom were six members of Parliament. Previously there

had been taken 1,856 prisoners of war, including the sick and wounded who had been abandoned. Of deserters from the British ranks there were 300; so that, including the killed, prisoners, and disabled at Hubbardton, Fort Ann, Bennington, Oriskany, the outposts of Ticonderoga, and round Saratoga, the total loss of the British in this northern campaign was not far from 10,000. The Americans acquired 35 pieces of the best ordnance then known, besides munitions of war, and more than 4,000 muskets. Complaints reached Congress that the military chest of the British Army, the colors of its regiments, and arms, especially bayonets, had been kept back; and that very many of the muskets which were left behind had been purposely rendered useless.

During the resistance to Burgoyne, Daniel Morgan, from the time of his transfer to the northern army, never gave other than the wisest counsels, and stood first for conduct, effective leadership, and unsurpassable courage on the field of battle; yet Gates did not recommend him for promotion, but asked and soon obtained the rank of brigadier for James Wilkinson, an undistinguished favorite of his own.— *History, Vol. V., p. 189.*

THE SURRENDER OF YORKTOWN.

On the 17th of October, 1781, Cornwallis, who could neither hold his post nor escape, proposed to surrender. On the 18th, Colonel Laurens and the Viscount de Noailles as commissioners on the American side, met two high officers of the army of Cornwallis, to draft the capitulation. The articles were the same which Clinton had imposed upon Lincoln at Charleston. All the troops were to be prisoners of war; all public property was to be delivered up. Runaway slaves and the plunder taken by officers and soldiers in their marches through the country might be reclaimed; with this limitation private property was to be respected. All royalists were left to be dealt with according to the laws of their own countrymen; but Cornwallis, in the packet which took his despatches to Sir Henry Clinton, was suffered silently to send away such persons as were most obnoxious.

Of prisoners there were 7,247 regular soldiers, the flower of the British army in America, besides 840 sailors. The British loss during the siege amounted to more than 350; 244 pieces of cannon were taken, of which 75 were of brass. The land forces and stores were assigned to the Americans, the ships and mariners to the French. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the 19th — Cornwallis remaining in his tent — Major-General O'Hara marched the British army past the lines of the combined armies and, not without signs of repugnance, made his surrender to Washington. His troops then stepped forward decently, and piled their arms upon the ground. The English soldiers affected to look upon the allied army with scorn; their officers conducted themselves with decorum, yet felt most keenly how decisive was their defeat.

Nor must impartial history fail to relate that the French provided for the siege of Yorktown thirty-six ships of the line; and that while the Americans supplied 9,000 troops, the contingent of the French consisted of 7,000. There was no day before it or after it like that on which the elder Bourbon King, through his army and navy, assisted to seal the victory of the rights of man, and to pass from nation to nation the lighted torch of freedom. — *History, Vol. V., p. 522.*

THE INAUGURATION OF WASHINGTON.

The election to the Presidency found Washington prepared with a federal policy which was the result of long meditation. He was resolved to preserve freedom, never transcending the power delegated by the Constitution; even at the cost of life to uphold the Union — a sentiment which in him had a tinge of anxiety from his thorough acquaintance with what Grayson called "The Southern genius of America;" to restore the public finances; to establish in the foreign relations of the country a thoroughly American system; and to preserve neutrality in the impending conflicts between nations in Europe.

On the 14th of April, 1789, he received the official announcement of his recall to the public service, and was at ten o'clock on the morning of the 16th on his way.

Though reluctant "in the evening of life to exchange a peaceful abode for an ocean of difficulties," he bravely said: "Be the voyage long or short, although I may be deserted by all men, integrity and firmness shall never forsake me."

His journey to New York was one continued march of triumph. All the way he was met with addresses from the citizens of various towns, from societies, universities, and churches. . . . As he touched the soil of New York, he was welcomed by the two houses of Congress, by the Governor of the State, by the magistrates of the city, by its people; and so attended he proceeded on foot to the modest mansion lately occupied by the presiding officer of the confederate Congress. On that day he dined with Clinton; in the evening the city was illuminated. The Senate, under the influence of John Adams, and the persistency of Richard Henry Lee, would have given him the title of "Highness;" but the House, supported by the true republican simplicity of the man whom they both wished to honor, insisted on the simple words of the Constitution, and prevailed.

On the 30th, the day apointed for the inauguration, Washington, being fifty-seven years, two months, and eight days old, was ceremoniously received by the two Houses in the hall of the Senate. Stepping out to the middle compartment of a balcony, which had been raised in front of it, he found before him a dense throng extending to Broad Street, and filling Wall Street to Broadway. All were hushed as Livingston, the Chancellor of the State, administered the oath of office; but when he cried: "Long live George Washington, President of the United States!" the air was rent with huzzas, which were repeated as Washington bowed to the multitude. Then returning to the Senate-chamber, with an aspect grave almost to sadness, and a voice deep and tremulous, he addressed the two Houses, confessing his distrust of his own endowments and his inexperience in civil administration. The magnitude and difficulty of the duties to which his country had called him weighed upon him so heavily that he shook as he proceeded:

"It would be peculiarly improper to omit, in this first official act, my fervent supplications to that Almighty Being who presides in the Councils of nations, that his benediction may consecrate to the liberties and happiness of the people of the United States, a government instituted by themselves. No people can be more bound to acknowledge the invisible hand which conducts the affairs of men than the people of the United States. Every step by which they have advanced to the character of an independent nation sems to have been distinguished by some token of providential agency. There exists in the economy of nature an indissoluble union between an honest and magnanimous policy and public prosperity. Heaven can never smile on a nation that disregards the eternal rules of order and right. The preservation of liberty, and the destiny of the republican model of government are pertly considered as deeply, perhaps as finally, staked on the experiment intrusted to the American people."

At the close of the ceremony the President and both branches of Congress were escorted to the church of St. Paul, where the Chaplain of the Senate read prayers suited to the occasion, after which they all attended the President to his mansion.—*History, close of Vol. VI.*

BANCROFT, HUBERT HOWE, an American historian; born at Granville, O., May 5, 1832. In 1856 he went to San Francisco, Cal., and opened a book-store, and soon after, with the view of some time writing a history of the Pacific States, began collecting books and all available material relating to these States. In 1868 he began the classification and arrangement of his collection preparatory to the writing and publication of his history. In 1893 the library numbered over 40,000 volumes. His work,

History of the Pacific States of North America, was prepared with the assistance of collaborators. His published works are: *Native Races of the Pacific States* (5 vols., 1875–76); *Central America* (3 vols., 1882–83); *Northwest Coast* (2 vols., 1884); *Mexico* (6 vols., 1883–85); *North Mexican States* (2 vols., 1887); *California* (7 vols., 1886–90); *Oregon* (2 vols., 1886–87); *Nevada and Colorado; New Mexico; Utah; Alaska; British Columbia; California Pastoral; California inter Pocula; Popular Tribunals; Literary Industries; Resources and Development of Mexico; The Book of the Fair,* in 25 parts (1894). Mr. Bancroft says that the purpose of his work has been more to furnish accessible information to students than to write history.

WILD TRIBES OF CENTRAL AMERICA.

Under the name of Guatemalans, I include the natives of Guatemala, Salvador, and Nicaragua. I have already pointed out the favorable features of the region inhabited by them. The only sultry portion of Guatemala is a narrow strip along the Pacific; it is occupied by a few planters and fishermen, who find most of their requirements supplied by the palms that grow here in the greatest luxuriance. The chief part of the population is concentrated round the various lakes and rivers of the tableland above, where maize, indigo, cochineal, and sugar-cane are staple products. In the altos, the banana is displaced by hardier fruits sheltered under the lofty cedar, and here we find a thrifty and less humble people who pay some attention to manufactures. Salvador presents less abrupt variation in its features. Although outside of the higher range of mountains, it still possesses a considerable elevation running through its entire length, which breaks out at frequent intervals into volcanic peaks, and gives rise to an abundant and well-spread water-system. Such favorable conditions have not failed to gather a

population, which is not only the most numerous, comparatively, but also the most industrious in Central America. Northern Nicaragua is a continuation of Salvador in its features and inhabitants; but the central and southern parts are low and have more the character of the Guatemalan coast, the climate being hot, yet not unhealthful. The Atlantic coast region, however, partakes of the generally unfavorable condition described above.

The Spanish rulers naturally exercised a great influence upon the natives, and their ancient civilization was lost in the stream of Caucasian progress, a stream which, in this region, itself flowed but slowly in later times. Oppressed and despised, a sullen indifference has settled upon the race, and caused it to neglect even its traditions. The greater portion still endeavor to keep up tribal distinctions and certain customs; certain tribes of lesser culture, as the cognate *Manches* and *Lacandones,* retired before the Spaniards to the north and northeast, where they still live in a certain isolation and independence. The name, Lacandones, has been applied to a number of tribes, of which the eastern are described to be quite harmless as compared with the western. The *Quichés,* a people living in the altos, have also surrounded themselves with a certain reserve, and are truer to their ancient customs than *Zutugils, Cakchiquels,* and many others related by language to the Quichés surrounding them. The *Pipiles,* meaning children, according to Molina, are the chief people in Salvador, where their villages are scattered over a large extent of territory. In Nicaragua we find several distinct peoples. The aboriginal inhabitants seem to have been the different peoples known as *Chorotegans,* who occupy the country lying between the bay of Fonseca and lake Nicaragua. The *Chontales* (strangers, or barbarians) live to the northeast of the lakes, and assimilate more to the barbarous tribes of the Mosquito country adjoining them. The *Cholutecs* inhabit the north from the gulf of Fonseca towards Honduras. The *Orotinans* occupy the country south of the lake of Nicaragua and around the gulf of Nicoya.—*Native Races of the Pacific States.*

CALIFORNIANS.

It is a singular fact that these natives about the bay of San Francisco and the regions adjacent, had no canoes of any description. Their only means of navigation were bundles of tule-rushes about ten feet long and three or four wide, lashed firmly together in rolls, and pointed at both ends. They were propelled, either end foremost, with long double-bladed paddles. In calm weather, and on a river, the centre, or thickest part of these rafts might be tolerably dry, but in rough water the rower, who sat astride, was up to his waist in water. It has been asserted that they even ventured far out to sea on them, but that this was common, I much doubt. They were useful to spear fish from, but for little else; in proof of which I may mention, on the authority of Roquefeuil, that in 1809–11, the Koniagas employed by the Russians at Bodega, killed seals and otters in San Francisco Bay, under the very noses of the Spaniards, and inspite of all the latter, who appear to have had no boats of their own, could do to prevent them. In their light skin baidarkas, each with places for two persons only, these bold northern boatmen would drop down the coast from Bodega Bay, where the Russians were stationed, or cross over from the Farallones, in fleets of from forty to fifty boats, and entering the Golden Gate creep along the northern shore, beyond the range of the Presido's guns, securely establish themselves upon the islands of the bay and pursue their avocation unmolested. For three years, namely from 1809 to 1811, these northern fishermen held possession of the bay of San Francisco, during which time they captured over eight thousand otters. Finally, it occurred to the governor, Don Luis Argüello, that it would be well for the Spaniards to have boats of their own. Accordingly, four were built, but they were so clumsily constructed, ill equipped, and poorly manned, that had the Russians and Koniagas felt disposed, they could easily have continued their incursions. Once within the entrance, these northern barbarians were masters of the bay, and such was their sense of security that they would

sometimes venture for a time to stretch their limbs upon the shore. The capture of several of their number, however, by the soldiers from the fort, made them more wary thereafter.—*Native Races of the Pacific States.*

BANGS, JOHN KENDRICK, an American journalist and humorist; born at Yonkers, N. Y., May 27, 1862. He was educated at Columbia College, where he was graduated from the School of Political Science in 1883. He studied law for a short time, but abandoned the legal profession for a literary life. In 1884 he became associate editor of *Life,* and in 1888 he took charge of the humorous department of the periodicals of Harper Brothers. During 1904 he was editor of *Puck.* His first book, *Roger Camerden,* was written in England in 1886. *New Waggings of Old Tales by Two Wags,* written in collaboration with F. D. Sherman, appeared in 1887, closely followed by *Katherine* and *Mephistopheles,* two travesties, produced by a dramatic association in New York. He also wrote the juvenile story-books: *Tiddledywink Tales* (1890); *In Camp with a Tin Soldier* (1892); *The Tiddledy-wink Poetry-Book* (1892), and *Half-Hours with Jimmieboy* (1893). In *Coffee and Repartee* (1893) he introduces his funnily-wise and very serious "Idiot," who, in *Three Weeks in Politics* (1894), tells what J. Kendrick Bangs learned while trying to become mayor of Yonkers. Later works are: *Toppleton's Client* (1894), *The Water-Ghost* (1894), a series of weird stories; *The*

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

Idiot (1895); *Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica* (1895); *A House-Boat on the Styx* (1895); *A Rebellious Heroine* (1896); *The Pursuit of the House-Boat* (1897); *Bicycles, and Other Farces* (1897); *The Enchanted Typewriter* (1899); *Uncle Sam, Trustee* (1901); *Over the Plum Pudding* (1902).

NOMINATING MAYORS.

"How do they nominate candidates for such offices as Mayor," queried Mr. Pedagog. "In convention?"

"No," said the Idiot, "it is by the direct vote of the people. They are nominated at the primaries. Any man who has money enough to pay for his tickets can enter the race. Primaries are mighty interesting things. Thaddeus never went to a primary until it became necessary for him to manifest an interest. He had been placed in nomination by one of the local newspapers, and, much to his surprise, discovered that the main question that was agitating the public was not as to his fitness, but as to his existence. Ninety per cent. of the people in the town had never heard of him; ninety-five per cent. had never seen him, although he was born in the town and had lived there twenty out of his thirty-two years of life. The trouble with him was, politically, that he wasn't known to the saloons, rarely attended the firemen's balls, and was not given to making himself conspicuous generally. To find himself almost entirely unknown in his own town was the bitterest pill he had to swallow. A man who has received letters from Wisconsin, asking for his autograph, and from Texas, asking for his photograph for preservation in the Galveston Historical Society, fondly imagines that he cuts a figure in the world; but when he travels on a railway and hears two citizens of his own town asking each other who the devil he is, and what in thunder he looks like, and where in creation does he live, his pride suffers a shock, and his children are apt to go to bed that night feeling that the old man isn't the centre of geniality they have fancied."

"Then Perkins isn't known to his own town?" asked Mr. Whitechoker.

"Not very well," said the Idiot, "he's known better now than he was. But that didn't make any difference as far as getting the nomination was concerned. One man proposed his name to two men, two men proposed it to four, and the four called the General Committee together. Thaddeus was dragged out of his library and exhibited to the General Committee, and they, observing the patent-leather shoes and silk hat, decided that if he would have his tickets printed, he'd do."

"But — excuse me," said Mr. Whitechoker, "I thought you said yesterday that silk hats and patent-leather shoes killed a man politically."

"That's with voters," explained the Idiot. "With General Committees it's different. The General Committee had a notion that a man who could afford to wear patent-leather shoes and a silk hat in hard times like these was a good man to — to run. They thought his leg would pan out well."

"Leg?" cried Mrs. Pedagog.

"That's the word," said the Idiot, with a smile. "In politics, Mrs. Pedagog, there is a language that is as distinct from that of the general world as the language of love is distinct from that of commerce. The verb 'to-pull-his-leg' means to extract from his pocket all the lucre it will yield. For instance, the candidate who says 'I will win that office if it costs a leg' means 'I'll spend all I've got to win.' In short, 'leg' is a contraction for bank account, derived, I presume, from the word 'legacy.' So it was that Thaddeus appealed to the General Committee, although he did not know it at the time; and when, after his nomination, the General Committee began to discover that while Thaddeus was a tariff-reformer in national politics, he was also an extreme protectionist as far as his leg was concerned, they perceptibly cooled, and some of them became so icy that on election day they slid over to the other side, according to common report."—*Three Weeks in Politics.*

BANIM, JOHN, an Irish novelist; born at Kilkenny, April 3, 1798; died there August 18, 1842. He began active life as a miniature-painter, but early abandoned art for literature. In 1825 and 1826 appeared two volumes of stories entitled *Tales of the O'Hara Family.* These were followed in 1828 by *The Croppy,* a story connected with the unlucky insurrection of 1798. In the introduction to this story he says: "We paint from the people of a land, amongst whom, for the last six hundred years, national provocations have never ceased to keep alive the strongest and often the worst passions of our nature; whose pauses, during that long lapse of a country's existence, from actual conflict in the field, have been but so many changes into mental strife, and who to this day are held prepared, should the war-cry be given, to rush at each other's throats." Mr. Banim afterward published several other novels, among which are *The Denounced; The Last Baron of Crana,* and *Father Connell* (1842). He also contributed to periodicals in prose and verse. Some time before his death he was stricken by disease, which seemed to preclude literary work, and in 1837 a pension of £150 was given to him from the civil list, and a further sum of £40 was awarded for the education of his daughter. The *Tales of the O'Hara Family* and *The Croppy* are the most characteristic of his works.

BURNING THE HOUSE OF A CROPPY.

The smith kept a brooding and gloomy silence, his almost savage yet steadfast glare fastened upon the element that, not more raging than his own bosom, devoured his

dwelling. Fire had been set to the house in many places within and without, and though at first it crept slowly along the surface of the thatch, or only sent out bursting wreaths of vapor from the interior, or through the doorway, few minutes elapsed until the whole of the combustible roof was one mass of flame, shooting up into the serene air in a spire of dazzling brilliancy, mixed with vivid sparks, and relieved against a background of dark-gray smoke. Sky and earth reddened into common ignition with the blaze. The houses around gleamed hotly; the very stones and rocks on the hillside seemed portions of fire, and Shawn-a-Gow's bare head and herculean shoulders were covered with spreading showers of the ashes of his own roof.

His distended eye, fixed too upon the figures of the actors in this scene, now reddened fiercely distinct, and their scabbards, their buttons, and their polished black helmets, flickering redly in the glow, as at a command from their captain, they sent up the hillside three shouts over the demolition of the Croppy's dwelling. But still, though his breast heaved, and though wreaths of foam edged his lips, Shawn was silent, and little Peter now feared to address a word to him; and other sights and occurrences claimed whatever attention he was able to afford.

Rising to a pitch of shrillness that overmastered the cheers of the yeomen, the cries of a man in bodily agony struck the ears of the listeners on the hill, and looking hard towards a spot brilliantly illuminated they saw Saunders Smyly vigorously engaged in one of his tasks as disciplinarian to the Ballybrechoone cavalry. With much ostentation, his instrument of torture was flourished round his head; and though at every lash the shrieks of the sufferer came loud, the lashes themselves were scarce less distinct.

A second group challenged the eye. Shawn-a-Gow's house stood alone in the village. A short distance before its door was a lime-tree, with benches contrived all round the trunk, upon which in summer weather the gossipers of the village used to seat themselves. This tree, standing between our spectators and the blaze, cut darkly

against the glowing objects beyond it, and three or four yeomen — their backs turned to the hill, their faces to the burning house, and consequently their figures also appearing black — seemed busily occupied in some feat that required the exertion of pulling with their hands lifted above their heads.

Shawn flashed an inquiring glance upon them; and anon a human form, still, like their figures, vague and undefined in blackness, gradually became elevated from the ground beneath the tree, until its head almost touched a projecting branch; and then it remained stationary, suspended from that branch.

Shawn's rage increased to madness at this sight, though he did not admit it to be immediately connected with his more individual causes for wrath. And now came an event that made a climax, for the present, to his emotions, and at length caused some expression of his pent-up feelings.

A loud crackling crash echoed from his house; a volume of flame, taller and more dense than any by which it was preceded, darted up to the heavens; then almost former darkness fell on the hillside; a gloomy red glow alone remained on the objects below; and nothing but thick smoke, dotted with sparks, continued to issue from his dwelling. After everything that could interiorly supply food to the flame had been devoured, it was the roof of his old house that now fell in.

"By the ashes o' my cabin, burnt down before me this night — an' I standin' a houseless beggar on the hillside lookin' at id — while I can get an Orangeman's house to take the blaze, an' a wisp to kindle the blaze up, I'll burn ten houses for that one!"

And so asseverating, he re-crossed the summit of the hill, and, followed by Peter Rooney, descended into the little valley of refuge.— *The Croppy.*

The O'Hara Tales were written in collaboration with his brother, Michael Banim, also an Irish novelist, though of minor importance.

BANVILLE, THEODORE FAULLAIN DE, a French poet, novelist, and dramatist; born at Moulins, March 14, 1823; died at Paris, March 13, 1891. He was the son of an officer in the French army. He began to write poetry at the age of nineteen, and continued for fifty years to be active both in prose and in verse. As a poet, he displayed a remarkable mastery of rhyme and rhythm; and it is in the exhibition of these that he chiefly excelled. Under his auspices the graceful metrical systems of the pléiade, as well as the older forms of the mediæval poets, such as ballades, rondeaus, and triolets, were once more brought into fashion. Saintsbury, speaking of De Banville's writings, says: "His serious poetry is full of poetical language and sentiment; his lighter verse is charming; his prose is excellent; and he was no mean hand at drama." His first volume, *Les Caryatides,* published in 1842, gave him at once a standing as a poet among the younger members of the romantic school; but the first work which attracted general attention, and which, it has been said, awakened expectations that were not fully realized in his subsequent writings, was his *Odes Funambulesques,* issued in 1857. His principal drama is *Gringoire* (1866); and other notable works are *Stalactites* (1846); *Odelettes* (1853); *Les Exilés* (1866); *Occidentales* (1881); *The Sons of Paris* (1890); and a volume of recollections entitled *Mes Souvenirs* (1882).

BALLADE DES PENDUS.

Where wide the forest boughs are spread.
  Where Flora wakes with sylph and fay,
Are crowns and garlands of men dead,
  All golden in the morning gay;
Within this ancient garden grey
  Are clusters such as no man knows,
Where moss and soldan bear the sway;
  This is King Louis' orchard close!

These wretched folk wave overhead,
  With such strange thoughts as none may say;
A moment still, then sudden sped,
  They swing in a ring and waste away.
The morning smites them with her ray;
  They toss with every breeze that blows,
They dance where fires of dawning play:
  This is King Louis' orchard close!

All hanged and dead, they've summonèd
  (With Hell to aid, that hears them pray)
New legions of an army dread,
  Now down the blue sky flames the day;
The dew dies off; the foul array
  Of obscene ravens gathers and goes,
With wings that flap and beaks that flay:
  This is King Louis' orchard close.

ENVOI.

Prince, where leaves murmur of the May,
  A tree of bitter clusters grows;
The bodies of men dead are they!
  This is King Louis' orchard close.
—*From Gringoire; translation* of ANDREW LANG.

THE BALLADIST.

"Aye, 'tis a habit, this making of verse; an idle habit and a waste of precious sheepskin. 'Tis but the arrang-

ing of sister sounds until they make a jingled repetition; like the silver bells upon a distant sledge. And the world despises the poet; despises him as much, perchance, as he despises it. Yet has he no choice; for the gift is of God, and the poet's call is from within. You, Jeanette, have never felt the bitter sweetness of suffering the pangs of others! You have never said to yourself, when full of joy and gladness, 'at this very moment there are thousands of my fellow-creatures weeping; thousands enduring all the pains that harsh fate can send them; thousands beholding their most cherished children die inch by inch, and feeling a portion of their very hearts torn from their living breasts.' These thoughts have never come to *you*."

"Indeed they have, Gringoire; and when I have heard how many are bowed down by pain and oppression, I have wished to be a man that I might fight with might and main in their defence."

"Then you *have* a heart! Hear me tell you that there are on this earth thousands, aye, millions of our fellow creatures born to live in misery and doomed to die in despair."

"Alas!"

"There are white slaves chained to many a gilded chariot, who work and wear out their lives in loathsome labor, that unworthy masters may loll on well-stuffed cushions and dream how much more precious is their dainty flesh than that of all their serfs. What does the poet amid these scenes of sadness? The pains of others touch *his* heart; the tears of others bathe *his* cheek; the sobs of others choke *his* voice, and the wrongs of others cry aloud for justice through *his* throat and pen! No bribe can silence; no prison stifle his uplifted voice. He enters palaces and bids their owners pause; he creeps into cots and gives their tenants hope; he tilts at luxury and waste; and in tones of warning cries:—

"Lords and lordings, titled tyrants,
Listen to my simple lay:
Hear the People's poet tell you,
Poverty's a crime to-day!

"Hear the Truth — that word unwelcome —
Keep the hungry mob at bay;
Let them hide their famished faces;
Poverty's a crime to-day!

"Common people are your cattle,
Born to labor and obey;
Spurn them, work them, tax them, kill them;
Poverty's a crime to-day!

"What if they be bowed with sorrow,
You are healthful, proud, and gay;
You deserve a better fortune;
Poverty's a crime to-day!

"If *their* lives be long December,
Yours is just as much a May;
Loudly laugh, 'twill drown their curses;
Poverty's a crime to-day!

"Heed not starving men and women,
Fallen lifeless in the fray;
Trample on their breathless bodies;
Poverty's a crime to-day!

"They have *Souls,* these common people,
Spurn their bodies as ye may;
In their heart of hearts they *hate* you,
Poverty's a crime to-day!

"Is this truth, or mere complaining?
Dare the rich my words gainsay?
Shame on all their pomp and splendor!
Poverty's a crime to-day!

"Dawn of Hope is dimly breaking,
'Twill come ere our babes are gray:
When 'tis here, let Crœsus cower!
Poverty's *no crime* to-day!"

"And he who speaks thus tenderly of the weak and suffering is the man the King would have me marry! Why do you think I could never love him?"—*From* SHIRLEY'S *Adaptation of Gringoire.*

BARBAULD, ANNA LETITIA AIKIN, an English poet and essayist; born at Kibworth-Harcourt, Leicestershire, June 20, 1743; died at Stoke-Newington March 9, 1825. She was the sister of John Aikin, and aunt of Lucy Aikin. In 1774 she was married to the Rev. Rochemont Barbauld, a dissenting minister of Huguenot descent. She had already acquired a literary reputation; and she and her husband opened a school, which proved very successful. Her works are numerous, both in prose and verse, although none of them come up to the first rank in our literature. She is perhaps best known by the *Evenings at Home,* written by her in conjunction with her brother about 1794, much the larger portion being by him. In her prose writings she imitated the style of Dr. Johnson, who said, as reported by Boswell: "The imitators of my style have not hit it. Miss Aikin has done it the best: for she has imitated the sentiments as well as the diction." Upon another occasion, as reported by Boswell, the doctor spoke sneeringly of Mrs. Barbauld. "Too much," he said, "is expected from precocity, and too little performed. Miss Aikin was an instance of early cultivation; but in what did it terminate? In marrying a little Presbyterian clergyman, who keeps an infant boarding-school; so that all her employment now is 'to suckle fools and chronicle small beer.' She tells

the children, 'This is a cat, and that is a dog, with four legs and a tail. See there; you are much better than a cat or a dog, for you can speak.' If I had bestowed such an education upon a daughter and had discovered that she thought of marrying such a fellow, I would have her sent to the Congress."

Her niece, Lucy Aikin, who edited an edition of the works of Mrs. Barbauld, gives a much fairer presentation of the character of this author. She says: "Her earliest pieces, as well as her more recent ones, exhibit in their imagery and allusions the fruits of extensive and varied reading. In youth the power of her imagination was counterbalanced by the activity of her intellect, which exercised itself in rapid but not unprofitable excursions over almost every field of knowledge. In age, when this activity abated, imagination appeared to exert over her an undiminished sway." Some of the poems of Mrs. Barbauld still hold a place in our literature.

ODE TO SPRING.

Sweet daughter of a rough and stormy sire,
Hoar Winter's blooming child, delightful Spring!
  Whose unshorn locks with leaves
  And swelling buds are crowned;
From the green islands of eternal youth,
Crowned with fresh blooms and ever-springing shade,
  Turn, hither turn, thy step,
  O thou whose powerful voice,
More sweet than softest touch of Doric reed,
Or Lydian flute, can soothe the madding winds,
  And through the stormy deep
  Breathe thy own tender calm.

Thee, best beloved! the virgin train await
With songs, and festal rites, and joy, to rove,
  Thy blooming wilds among,

And vales and dewy lawns,
With untired feet; and cull thy earliest sweets
To weave fresh garlands for the glowing brow
Of him the favored youth
That prompts their whispered sigh.

Unlock thy copious stores. These tender showers
That drop their sweetness on the infant buds,
And silent dews that swell
The milky ear's green stem,
And feed the flowering osier's early shoots;
And call those winds, which through the whispering boughs,
With warm and fragrant breath
Salute the blowing flowers.
Now let me sit beneath the whitening thorn,
And mark thy spreading tints spread o'er the dale,
And watch with patient eye,
Thy fair unfolding charms.

O nymph, approach! while yet the temperate Sun,
With bashful forehead, through the cool, moist air
Throws his young maiden beams,
And with chaste kisses woos
The earth's fair bosom; while the streaming veil
Of lucid clouds, with kind and frequent shade,
Protects thy modest blooms
From his severer blaze.

Sweet is thy reign, but short. The red dog-star
Shall scorch thy tresses; and the mower's scythe
Thy greens, thy flowerets all,
Remorseless shall destroy.
Reluctant shall I bid thee then farewell;
For oh! not all that Autumn's lap contains,
Nor Summer's ruddiest fruits,
Can aught for thee atone,
Fair Spring! whose simplest promise more delights
Than all their largest wealth; and through the heart
Each joy and new-born hope
With softest influence breathes.

HYMN TO CONTENT.

O thou, the nymph with placid eye!
O seldom found, yet ever nigh!
  Receive my temperate vow:
Not all the storms that shake the pole
Can e'er disturb thy halcyon soul
  And smooth the unaltered brow.

O come, in simple vest arrayed,
With all thy sober cheer displayed
  To bless my longing sight:
Thy mein composed, thy even pace,
Thy meek regard, thy matron grace,
  And chaste, subdued delight.

No more by varying passions beat,
O gently guide my pilgrim feet,
  To find thy hermit cell,
Where in some pure and equal sky
Beneath thy soft indulgent eye
  The modest virtues dwell:

Simplicity, in Attic vest,
And Innocence, with candid breast,
  And clear undaunted eye;
And Hope, who points to distant years,
Fair opening through this vale of tears
  A vista to the sky.

There Health through whose calm bosom glide
The temperate joys in eventide,
  That rarely ebb or flow;
And Patience there, thy sister meek,
Presents her mild unvarying cheek
  To meet the offered blow.

Her influence taught the Phrygian sage
A tyrant master's wanton rage
  With settled smiles to wait:

Inured to toil and bitter bread,
He bowed his meek submissive head,
And kissed thy sainted feet.

But thou, O Nymph, retired and coy!
In what brown hamlet dost thou joy
To tell thy tender tale?
The lowliest children of the ground,
Moss-rose and violet blossom round,
And lily of the vale.

O say what soft propitious hour
I best may choose to hail thy power,
And court thy gentle sway.
When Autumn, friendly to the Muse,
Shall thine own modest tints diffuse,
And shed thy milder day.

TO A LADY, WITH SOME PAINTED FLOWERS.

Flowers to the fair; to you these flowers I bring,
And strive to greet you with an earlier Spring.
Flowers sweet and gay, and delicate like you —
Emblem of innocence and beauty too.

With flowers the Graces bind their yellow hair,
And flowery wreaths consenting lovers wear;
Flowers, the sole luxury which Nature knew,
In Eden's pure and guiltless garden grew.

To loftier forms are rougher tasks assigned:
The sheltering Oak resists the stormy wind;
The tougher Yew repels invading foes;
And the tall Pine for future navies grows.

But this soft family, to cares unknown,
Were born for pleasure and delight alone.
Gay without toil, and lovely without art,
They spring to cheer the sense and glad the heart,
Nor blush, my fair, to own you copy these:—
Your best, your sweetest empire is to please.

BARBOUR, JOHN, a Scottish poet; born about 1316; died probably in 1395. He was therefore a contemporary of Chaucer, to whose diction his own bears a striking resemblance; though there is nothing to evince that he knew anything of the works of his southern contemporary. The language, as spoken in England and Scotland at this period, was undoubtedly almost identical. Barbour stood high, as a scholar, among the men of his country and age, and held good positions in the Scottish Court. He has been fitly styled "the father of Scottish poetry." His most famous extant poem is *The Bruce,* which extends to something like 14,000 octosyllabic lines. For this he seems to have been very well paid, if we may venture to estimate the money of the fourteenth century by that of the nineteenth century. Besides payments in hand, a pension was bestowed upon him in 1378, as the patent reads: "*pro compilacione Libris de Gestis illustrissimi principis quondam Domini Regis Robertii de Brus.*" Simply as an historical poem *The Bruce* of Barbour is worth about as much as is the *Æneid* of Virgil. He confounds the two Robert Bruces, grandfather and grandson, and wholly ignores William Wallace, the true national hero of Scotland of the preceding century, who figures so largely in the somewhat earlier poem of the otherwise hardly known *Blind Harry.* Most of what is told of that very much over-estimated individual known as Robert Bruce comes from this poem by Barbour. The following extract taken from *The Bruce* gives us an example from the author in the orthography of his time:

APOSTROPHE TO FREEDOM.

A! fredome is a nobil thing!
Fredome mayse man to haiff liking!
He levys at ese that frely livys!
A noble hart may haiff nane ese;
Na ellys nocht that may him plese,
Gyff fredome falythe: for fre liking
Is yearnyt our all other thing.
Na he, that ay hase levyt free,
May nocht knaw weill the propryte,
The angyr, na the wrechyt dome,
That is cowplyt to foule thyrldome.
But gyff he had assayt it,
Than all perquer he suld it wyt;
And suld think fredome mar to pryse
And all the gold in warld that is.

In the following extracts the spelling of the original is modernized, so far as it could be done without marring the metre or meddling with obsolete words:

BEFORE BANNOCKBURN.

On Sunday then, in the morning,
Well soon after the sun-rising,
They heard their Mass commonaly;
And mony them shrave full devoutly,
That thocht to die in that melée,
Or then to make their country free.—
To God for their right prayed they:
There dined nane of them that day;
But, for the vigil of Sanct Jhane,
They fasted — water and bread ilk ane.
The King, when the Mass was done,
Went forth to see the potis soon;
And at his liking saw them made,
On either side right weill braid.—
It was pitied, as I have tauld,

If that their faes on horse would hald
Forth in that way. I trow they sale
Nocht weill escape for-outen a fall.—
Throughout the host then gart he cry
That all should arm them hastily,
And busk them in their best manner.—
And when they assembled were,
He gart array them for the fight;
And syne gart cry oure all on height,
That whasoever he were that fand
His heart nocht sicher for to stand
To win all or die with honour,
For to maintain that stalwart stour,
That he betime should hald his way;
And nane should dwell with them but they
That would stand with him to the end,
And tak the ure that God would send.
Then all answered with a cry,
And with a voice said generally,
That nane for doubt of deid should fail,
Quhill discomfit were the great battail.

THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN.

The Scottismen commonally
Kneelit all doun to God to pray.
And a short prayer there made they
To God, to keep them in that ficht.—
And when the English King had sicht
Of them kneeland, he said in hy:
"Yon folk kneel to ask mercy."—
Sir Ingram said: "Ye say sooth now;
They ask for mercy, but not of you;
For their trespass to God they cry:—
I tell you a thing sicherly,
That yon men will all win or die:
For doubt of deid they sall not flee!"—
"Now be it sae then," said the king.
And then not langer delaying,
He gart trump, till the assembly,—
On either side men micht then see

Mony a wicht man and worthy
Ready to do chivalry.
  Thus were they bound on either side;
And Englishmen, with mickle pride,
That were intill their avaward,
To the battle that Sir Edward
Governt and let, held straight their way
The horse with spurs hastened they,
And pricket upon them sturdily;
And they met them richt hardily.
Sae that at their assembly there
Sic a frushing of spears were,
That far away men micht it hear;
That at that meeting forouten were;
Were steeds stickit, mony ane;
And mony gude man borne doun and slain,
They dang on each other with wappins sair:—
Some of the horse, that stickit were,
Rushit and reelit richt rudely. . . . .
  The gude Earl thither took the way
With his battle, in gude array,
And assemblit sae hardily,
That men micht hear, had they been by,
A great frush of the spears that brast.
There micht see a hard battle,
And some defend, and some assail;
Sae that it seemit weel that they
Were tint, amang so great menyie,
As they were plungit in the sea.
  And when the Englishman has seen
The Earl and all his men, beden,
Faucht sae stoutly, but effraying,
Richt as they had nae abasing;
Them pressit they with all their micht:
And they, with spears and swords bricht,
And axes, that richt sharply share
I'midst the visage, met them there.—
There men micht see a stalwart stour,
And mony men of great valour,
With spears, maces, and knives,

And other wappins, wisslit, their lives;
Sae that mony fell doun and deid.
The grass mixed with the blude all red.
There micht men hear mony a dint,
And wappins upon armours stint;
And see tumble knichts and steeds,
And mony rich and royal weeds
Defoulit foully under feet.
Some held on loft; some tint the seat.
A lang time thus fetching they were,
That men nae noises micht hear there:—
Men heard noucht but grains and dints:
Then flew fire, as men flays flints on flints.
They focht ilk ane sae eagerly,
That they made nae noise nor cry,
But dang on other at their micht,
With wappins that were burnist bricht!
All four their battles with that were
Fechting in a front halily:—
Almighty God! how doughtily
Sir Edward the Bruce, and his men,
Amang their faes conteinit them than!
Fechting a sae gude covine —
Sae hardy, worthy, and sae fine,
That their vaward frushit was.—
Almighty God! wha then micht sae
That Stewart, Walter, and his rout,
And the gude Douglass, that was sae stout,
Fechting into that stalwart stour!-
He sould say that, till all honour,
They were worthy that in that fight.
Sae fast pressed their foes' might,—
There micht men see mony a steed
Flying astray, that lord had nane;
There micht men hear ensenzies cry,
And Scottishmen cry hardily:
"On them! On them! On them! They fail!"
With that sae hard they gan assail,
And slew all that they micht o'erta';
And the Scotch archers alsua

Shot amang them sae deliverly,
Engrieving them sae greatumly,
That what for them that with them faucht,
That sae great routis to them raucht,
And pressit them full eagerly;
And what for arrowis, that felly
Mony great wounds gan them ma',
And slew fast off their horses alsua.

The appearance of a mock host, composed of the servants of the Scottish camp, completed the English rout. Their poor King fled from the field; Sir Giles d'Argentine, "rather than live shamefully and flee," bade the King farewell, rushed into the fight, and was slain. The narrative thus concludes:

They were, to say sooth, sae aghast
And fled sae fast, richt effrayitly,
That of them a full great party
Fled to the water of Forth, and there
The maist part of them drownit were,
And Bannockburn, betwixt the graes,
Of men, of horse, sae steekit was,
That when drownit horse and men,
Men micht pass dry out-ower it then.

BARCLAY, ALEXANDER, an English ecclesiastic and poet; born about 1475; died in 1552. He wrote a number of eclogues, said to have been the earliest compositions of the kind in the English language. His principal work is *The Shyp of Folys* ("Ship of Fools") *of the Worlde,* which was first printed in 1509. This work is a very much amplified translation from the German of Sebastian

Brand. Barclay is held to have been among the early refiners of the English language. His chief poem presents the language at its best, as written by scholars about the year 1500. Indeed, when we bear in mind how cultivated people in that day miswrote even the commonest words, we can hardly doubt that there were even then competent proofreaders who had more or less charge over some books that were issued from the press. At all events Barclay's *Ship of Fools,* as originally printed in 1509, is not very far from being correctly printed, according to our present standard. Among the passengers on the Ship of Fools is a typical book-collector, who thus discourses of himself and his craft:

THE BOOK-COLLECTOR, *loquiter.*

So in likewise of Bookes I have store;
But few I reade, and fewer understande:
I folowe not their doctrine, nor their lore:
It is enough to bear a booke in hande;
It were too much to be in such a lande,
For to be bounde to loke within the booke:
I am content on the fayre coveryng to looke. . . .
Still I am busy bookes assembling;
For to have plentie it is a pleasaunt thing;
In my conceyt to have them ay in hand:
But what they meane do I not understande.
But yet I have them in great reverence,
And honour, saving them from filth and ordure,
By often brushing, and much diligence:
Full goodly bounde in pleasaunt coverture,
Of dames, sattin, orels of velvet pure:
I keepe them sure, fearing lest they should be lost,
For in them is the cunning wherein I me boast.—
But if it fortune that any learned man
Within my house fall to disputation,
I drawe the curtaynes to shewe my bookes then,

That they of my cunning should make probation.—
I love not to fall in altercation:—
And while, the common, my bookes I turne and winde,
For all is in them, and nothing in my minde.

BARCLAY, Robert, a Scottish author; born at Gordonstown, December 23, 1648; died at Ury, October 3, 1690. He was of an ancient and honorable family, and was educated in good schools at home and aboard. When a young man of nineteen he became "fully convinced" of the teachings of George Fox, which, in lack of a better phrase, we may call "Quakerism." He is beyond all question the foremost polemical writer of that sect. His greatest work, originally written in Latin under the title *Theologicæ vere Christianæ Apologia,* published at Amsterdam in 1676, is better known by the English version issued in 1678, under the title *An Apology for the true Christian Divinity, as the same is held by the people called in scorn Quakers . . . written and published in London for the Information of Strangers, by Robert Barclay, and now put into our language for the benefit of his countrymen, London, 1678.* Before the work was translated into English, a fierce attack was made upon it in Latin, by one John Brown, to which Barclay replied in a *Vindication,* which was held to be in all respects a worthy sequel to the *Apology.* He was the author of several other works, of high repute among his coreligionists.

Barclay, in common with other Quakers in Scotland and England, suffered some persecution during a

part of the reign of Charles II., and was imprisoned for a short time in 1667. The *Apology* was in a manner dedicated to Charles II., in a noble preface. Barclay, as well as Penn, in time came into favor with the Government. In 1682 the proprietors of the American colony of East Jersey elected Barclay as their Governor for life, with the power of appointing a deputy governor to represent him in the colony. Robert Barclay, however, never came to America; but two of his brothers emigrated. One died upon the voyage; the other died at Amboy in 1731; leaving two sons, one of whom became Comptroller of the Customs at Philadelphia, and died in 1771. Barclay's dedicatory preface to the *Apology* is admirably phrased:

ROBERT BARCLAY TO CHARLES II.

Thou hast tasted of prosperity and adversity; thou knowest what it is to be banished thy native country, to be overruled as well as to rule and sit upon the throne; and, being oppressed, thou hast reason to know how hateful the oppressor is to both God and man. If, after all these warnings and advertisements, thou dost not turn unto the Lord with all thy heart, but forget Him who remembered thee in thy distress, and give thyself up to follow lust and vanity; surely great will be thy condemnation.

Perhaps the most characteristic chapter in the *Apology* is that entitled

AGAINST TITLES OF HONOR.

We affirm positively that it is not lawful for Christians either to give or receive titles of honor — as "Your Holiness," "Your Majesty," "Your Excellency," "Your Eminency," etc.

First.— Because these titles are no part of that obedi-

ence which is due to magistrates or superiors; neither doth the giving them add to or diminish from that subjection we owe to them, which consists in obeying their just and lawful commands; not in titles and designations.

Secondly.—We find not that in Scripture any such titles are used, either under the Law or the Gospel; but that, in speaking to Kings, Princes, or Nobles, they used only a simple compellation, as "O king!" and that without any further designation, save, perhaps, the name of the person, as "O King Agrippa," etc.

Thirdly.—It lays a necessity upon Christians most frequently to lie; because the persons obtaining these titles, either by election or hereditarily, may frequently be found to have nothing really in them deserving them, or answering to them; as some to whom it is said, "Your Excellency," having nothing of excellency in them; and who is called "Your Grace," appear to be an enemy to grace; and he who is called "Your Honor," is known to be base and ignoble. I wonder what law of man, or what patent ought to oblige me to make a lie, in calling good evil, and evil good. I wonder what law of man can secure me in so doing, from the just judgment of God, that will make me count for every idle word. And to lie is something more. Surely Christians should be ashamed that such laws, manifestly crossing the law of God, should be among them.

Fourthly.—As to those titles of "Holiness," "Eminency," and "Excellency," used among the Papists to the Pope and Cardinals, etc.; and "Grace," "Lordship," and "Worship," used to the clergy among Protestants—it is a most blasphemous usurpation. For if they use "Holiness," and "Grace," because these things ought to be in a pope or a bishop, how came they to usurp that peculiarly to themselves? Ought not holiness and grace to be in every Christian? And so every Christian should say "Your Holiness," and "Your Grace," one to another. Next, how can they, in reason, claim any more titles than were practised and received by the apostles and primitive Christians, whose successors they pretend they are? and as whose successors, and no otherwise, themselves, I judge,

will confess any honor they seek is due to them. Now, if they neither sought, received, nor admitted such honor nor titles, how came these by them? If they say they did, let them prove it, if they can. We find no such thing in Scripture. The Christians speak to the apostles without any such denomination; neither saying "If it please Your Grace," "Your Holiness," nor "Your Worship;" they are neither called My Lord Peter, nor My Lord Paul, nor yet Master Peter, nor Master Paul, nor Doctor Peter, nor Doctor Paul: but simply Peter and Paul: and that not only in the Scripture, but for some hundreds of years after. So that this appears to be a manifest proof of the apostacy. For if these titles arise either from the office or worth of the person, it will not be denied that the apostles deserved them better than any now that call for them. But the case is plain: The apostles had the holiness, the excellency, the grace; and because they were holy, excellent, and gracious, they neither used nor admitted such titles. But these, having neither holiness, excellency, nor grace, will needs be so called to satisfy their ambitious and ostentatious mind: which is a manifest token of their hypocrisy.

Fifthly. — As to that title of "Majesty" usually ascribed to princes, we do not find it given to any such in Holy Scripture; but that it is specially and peculiarly ascribed unto God. We find in the Scripture the proud king Nebuchadnezzar assuming this title to himself, who at that time received a sufficient reproof, by a sudden judgment which came upon him. Therefore, in all the compellations used to princes in the Old Testament, it is not to be found, nor yet in the New. Paul was very civil to Agrippa, yet he gives him no such title. Neither was this title used among Christians in the primitive times.—*The Apology.*

BARHAM, RICHARD HARRIS, an English clergyman and humorist; born at Canterbury December 6, 1788; died at London June 17, 1845. He began the study of law, but abandoned the legal for the clerical profession; was ordained in 1813; was made a minor canon of St. Paul's, London, in 1821, and three years later became one of the priests in ordinary in the chapel of King George IV. He was a grave, dignified, and decorous clergyman. Few indeed knew that he was also one of the cleverest humorous writers of his time. In 1837 he began to contribute, under the pseudonym of "Thomas Ingoldsby," to *Bentley's Miscellany* a series of papers in prose and verse with the general title of *The Ingoldsby Legends,* which ultimately extended into several volumes. "From the days of Hudibras to our own times, the drollery invested in rhymes has never been so amply or felicitously exemplified." Mr. Barham contributed in prose and verse to several periodicals, and wrote a novel, *My Cousin Nicholas,* which attained some temporary popularity. Among the cleverest of these *Ingoldsby Legends* is the travesty entitled *The Merchant of Venice,* which purports to be the true story of Shakespeare's play, and has for motto the following extract from Mr. Payne Collier: "Readers in general are not at all aware of the *nonsense* they have in many cases been accustomed to receive as the genuine text of Shakespeare." From this legend we excerpt some of the most characteristic passages:

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE: A LEGEND OF ITALY.

I believe there are few
But have heard of a Jew,
Named Shylock, of Venice, as arrant a "Screw"
In money transactions, as ever you knew;
An exorbitant miser, who never yet lent
A ducat at less than three hundred per cent.;
Insomuch that the veriest spendthrift in Venice,
Who'd take no more care of his pounds than his pennies,
When pressed for a loan, at the very first sight
Of his terms, would back out, and take refuge in flight.
It is not my purpose to pause and inquire
If he might not, in managing thus to retire,
Jump out of the frying-pan into the fire;
Suffice it, that folks would have nothing to do —
Who could possibly help it — with Shylock the Jew.
But however discreetly one cuts and contrives,
We've most of us been taught, in the course of our lives,
That "Needs must when the Elderly Gentleman drives!"
In proof of this rule
A thoughtless young fool,
Bassanio, a Lord of the Tom-noddy school,
Who by showing at Operas, Balls, Plays, and Court,
A-swelling (Payne Collier would read *swilling*) Port,
And inviting his friends to dine, breakfast and sup,
Had shrunk his "weak means," and was "stumped,"
and "hard up,"
Took occasion to send
To his very good friend
Antonio, a merchant whose wealth had no end,
And who'd often before had the kindness to lend
Him large sums, on his note, which he'd manage to spend.
"Antonio," said he,
"Now listen to me:
I've just hit on a scheme which, I think you'll agree,
All matters considered, is no bad design,
And which, if it succeeds, will suit your book and
mine. . . .

So list to my plan,
And do all you can
To attend to and second it — that's a good man!"

Bassanio unfolds his scheme for marrying Portia, the rich heiress of Belmont, and asks his friend to advance the necessary funds. Antonio's ready cash is just then all locked up; but he will borrow the money on the Rialto. Just that moment Shylock comes in sight, and Antonio asks for the loan. Shylock replies:

"Vell, ma tear," says the Jew,
"I'll see vat I can do!
But Mishter Antonio, hark you, tish funny
You say to me, 'Shylock, ma tear, ve'd have money!
Ven you very vell knows
How you shpit on my clothes,
And use naughty words, call me Dog, and avouch
Dat I put too much int'resht py half in my pouch;
And while I, like the resht of my tribe, shrug and crouch,
You find fault mit ma pargains, and say I'm a Smouch.
Vell! — no matters, ma tear —
Von vord in your ear!
I'd be friends mit you bote; and to make dat appear,
Vy, I'll find you de moneys as soon as you vill;
Only one little joke musht be put in de pill: —
Ma tear, you musht say,
If on such and such day
Such sum or such sums you shall fail to repay,
I cut vhere I like — as de pargain is proke —
A fair pound of your flesh — chest by vay of a joke!"

The Ingoldsby Legend goes on to tell, in its own fashion, how the compact is signed; how Bassanio succeeds in his wooing; how Antonio has made default in paying the three thousand ducats borrowed from Shylock, who therefore demands the alternative pen-

alty which had been nominated in the bond. Finally comes the famous trial-scene, of which we quote the greater part, as narrated in *The Ingoldsby Legends*:

"The Court is prepared, the Lawyers are met,
The Judges all ranged, a terrible show,"
As Captain Macheath says — and when one's in debt,
The sight's as unpleasant a one as I know;
Yet not so bad, after all, I suppose,
As if, when one cannot discharge what one owes,
They should bid people cut off one's toes or one's nose.
Yet here, a worse fate,
Stands Antonio, of late
A merchant might vie e'en with Princes in state,
With his waistcoat unbuttoned, prepared for the knife
Which, in taking a pound of flesh, must take his life.
On the other side Shylock, his bag on the floor,
And three shocking bad hats on his head, as before,
Imperturbable stands
As he waits their commands,
With his scales and his great *Snicker-snee* in his hands.
Between them, equipped in a wig, gown and bands,
With a very smooth face, a young dandified lawyer,
Whose air, ne'ertheless, speaks him quite a top-sawyer,
Though his hopes are but feeble,
Does his *possible*
To make the hard Hebrew to mercy incline,
And in lieu of his three thousand ducats take nine,
Which Bassanio, for reasons we well may divine,
Shows in so many bags all drawn up in a line.
But vain are all efforts to soften him. Still.
He points to the bond
He so often has conned,
And says in plain terms he'll be shot if he will.
So the dandified lawyer, with talking grown hoarse,
Says, "I *can* say no more; let the law take its course."
Just fancy the gleam in the eye of the Jew,
As he sharpened his knife on the sole of his shoe,
From the toe to the heel;
And grasping the steel,

With a business-like air was beginning to feel
Whereabouts he should cut — as a butcher would veal,
When the dandified judge puts a spoke in his wheel:
" Stay, Shylock," says he,
" Here's one thing: — you see
This bond of yours gives you here no jot of blood!
The words are 'A pound of flesh' — that's clear as mud.—
Slice away, then, old fellow; but mind! if you spill
One drop of his claret that's not in your bill,
I'll hang you like Haman! — by Jingo, I will!"
When apprised of this flaw
You never yet saw
Such an awfully marked prolongation of jaw
As in Shylock, who cried, "Plesh ma heart! ish dat law?"—
Off went his three hats,
And he looked as the cats
Do, whenever a mouse has escaped from their claw.—
"Ish't the law?" Why, the thing don't admit of a query: —
" No doubt of the fact —
Only look at the Act:
Acto quinto cap. tertio, Dogi Falieri.
Nay, if rather than cut you'll relinquish the debt,
The Law, Master Shy, has a hold on you yet.
See Foscari's *Statutes at Large* 'If a stranger
A citizen's life shall, with malice, endanger,
The whole of his property, little or great,
Shall go, on conviction, one half to the State,
And one to the person pursued by his hate;
And not to create
Any further debate,
The Doge, if he pleases, may cut off his pate.'
So down on your marrow-bones, Jew, and ask mercy;
Defendant and Plaintiff are now *wicy-wersy*."

The remainder of the story is related more or less as it is told by Shakespeare. But there is a conclusion given in an ancient manuscript of which Shakespeare

could have known nothing. In this authority it is recorded that —

Jessica, coquettish and vain,
Gave her husband, Lorenzo, a good deal of pain;
Being mildly rebuked, she "levanted" again,
Ran away with a Scotchman, and, crossing the main,
Became known by the name of "The Flower of Dumblane."
That Antonio, whose piety caused, as we've seen,
Him to spit upon every old Jew's gaberdine,
And whose goodness to paint
All colors was faint,
Acquired the well-merited prefix of "Saint."
And the Doge, his admirer — of honor the fount —
Having given him a patent, and made him a Count,
He went over to England, got nat'ralized there,
And espoused a rich heiress in Hanover Square.—
That Shylock came with him, no longer a Jew,
But converted, I think, may be possibly true;
But that Walpole, as these self-same papers aver,
By changing the *y* in his name to *er,*
Should allow him a fictitious surname to dish up
And in Seventeen-twenty make him a Bishop,
I cannot believe — but shall think them two men
Till some Sage proves the fact "with his usual *acumen.*"
—*The Ingoldsby Legends.*

BARING-GOULD, SABINE, an English clergyman and novelist; born at Exeter, Devonshire, January 28, 1834. He was graduated from Clare College, Cambridge, in 1856, and took orders in the Church of England in 1864. From 1864 to 1867 he was curate of Harbury, Yorkshire; from 1867 to

1871 curate of Dalton, Yorkshire; and from 1871 to 1881 rector of East Mersea, Essex. He visited Iceland in 1861, and in 1863 published *Iceland: its Scenes and Sagas,* though he had previously published one or more books. Among his most important works are, in mediæval lore: *The Book of Werewolves* (1865); *Post-mediæval Preachers* (1865); *Myths of the Middle Ages* (1866); *The Silver Store; Curiosities of Olden Times,* and *Legends of Old Testament Characters.* On theological subjects: *The Origin and Development of Religious Belief; Mosaicism; Lives of the Saints; Some Modern Difficulties; The Lost and Hostile Gospels; Village Sermons for a Year; The Vicar of Morwenstow; The Seven Last Words; The Church in Germany,* and *The Trials of Jesus.* His novels, which are among his most interesting books, are: *Mehelah* (1880); *Court Royal* (1876); *Red Spider* (1877); *The Gaverocks* (1878); *John Herring* (1883); *Margery of Quether* (1884); *In the Roar of the Sea* (1885); *Mrs. Curgenven of Curgenven* (1886); *The Broom Squire* (1896); *Bladys* (1897); *Domitia* (1898); *Pabo the Priest* (1899); *Furze Bloom* (1899); *The Crock of Gold* (1899); *Winefred* (1900); *In a Quiet Village* (1900); *The Frobishers* (1901); *Miss Quillet* (1902); *A Book of Ghosts* (1904). The *Tragedy of the Cæsars* was published in 1892, *Dartmoor Idylls* in 1896. From 1871 to 1873 Mr. Baring-Gould was editor of *The Sacristy,* a quarterly review of ecclesiastical art and literature.

FOGGATON.

Before I proceed with my story, I must apologise for anything that smacks of rudeness in my style. I do not mean to say that there is anything intrinsically rude in

my literary productions, but that the present taste is so vitiated by slipshod English and effeminacy of writing, that the modern reader of periodicals may not appreciate my composition as it deserves. Roast beef does not taste its best after Indian curry.

My education has been thorough, not superficial. I was reared in none of your "Academies for Young Gentlemen," but brought up on the Eton Latin Grammar and cane at the Tavistock Free Grammar School. The consequence is that what I pretend to know, I know. I am a practical man with a place in the world, and when I leave it, there will be a hole which will be felt, just as when a molar is removed from the jaw.

There is no exaggeration in saying that my family is as old as the hills, for a part of my estate covers a side of that great hog's-back now called Black Down, which lies right before my window; and anyone who knows anything about the old British tongue will tell you that Rosedhu is the Cornish for Black Down. Well, that proves that we held land here before ever the Saxons came and drove the British language across the Tamar. My title-deeds don't go back so far as that, but there are some of them which, though they be in Latin, I cannot decipher. The hills may change their names, but the Rosedhus never. My house is nothing to boast of. We have been yeomen, not squires, and we have never aimed at living like gentry. Perhaps that is why the Rosedhus are here still, and the other yeomen families round have gone scatt (I mean, gone to pieces). If the sons won't look to the farm and the girls mind the dairy, the family cannot thrive.

Foggaton is an ordinary farm-house substantially built of volcanic stone, black, partly with age, and partly because of the burnt nature of the stone. The windows are wide, of wood, and always kept painted white. The roof is of slate and grows some clumps of stone-crop, yellow as gold.

Foggation lies in a coombe, that is, a hollow lap in Yaffell — or as the maps call it, Heathfield. Yaffell is a huge elevated bank of moor to the northwest and west, and

what is very singular about it is, that at the very highest point of the moor an extinct volcanic cone protrudes and rises to the height of about twelve hundred feet. This is called Brentor, and it is crowned with a church, the very tiniest in the world I should suppose, but tiny as it is it has chancel, nave, porch, and west tower like any Christian parish church. There is also a graveyard round the church. This occupies a little platform on the top of the mountain, and there is absolutely no room there for anything else. To the west, the rocks are quite precipitous, but the peak can be ascended from the east up a steep grass slope strewn with pumice. The church is dedicated to St. Michael, and the story goes that, whilst it was being built, every night the devil removed as many stones as had been set on the foundations during the day. But the archangel was too much for him. He waited behind Cox Tor, and one night threw a great rock across and hit the Evil One between the horns, and gave him such a headache that he desisted from interference thenceforth. The rock is there, and the marks of the horns are distinctly traceable on it. I have seen them scores of times myself. I do not say that the story is true; but I do say that the marks of the horns are on the stone. It is said also that there is a depression caused by the thumb of St. Michael. I have looked at it carefully, but I express no opinion thereon — that may have been caused by the weather.

Looking up Foggaton Coombe, clothed in oak coppice and with a brawling stream dancing down its furrow, Brentor has a striking effect, soaring above it high into the blue air, with its little church and tower topping the peak.

I am many miles from Lamerton, which is my parish church, and all Heathfield lies between, so, as divine service is performed every Sunday in the church of St. Michael de Rupe, I ascend the rocky pinnacle to worship there.

You must understand that there is no road, not even a path to the top; one scrambles up over the turf, in windy weather clinging to the heather bushes. It is a

famous place for courting, that is why the lads and lasses are such church-going folk hereabout. The boys help the girls up, and after service hold their hands to help them down. Then, sometimes a girl lays hold of a gorse bush in mistake for a bunch of heath, and gets her pretty hands full of prickles. When that happens her young man makes her sit down beside him under a rock away from the wind, that is, from the descending congregation, and he picks the prickles out of her rosy palm with a pin. As there are thousands of prickles on a gorse bush, this sometimes takes a long time, and as the pin sometimes hurts, and the maid winces, the lad has to squeeze her hand very tight to hold it steady. I've known thorns drawn out with kisses.

I always do say that parsons make a mistake when they build churches in the midst of the population. Dear, simple, conceited souls, do they really suppose that folks go to church to hear them preach? No such thing — that is the excuse; they go for a romp. Parsons should think of that, and make provision accordingly, and set the sacred edifice on the top of moor or down, or in shady corners where are long lanes well wooded. Church paths are always lovers' lanes. . . .

Well! — this is all neither here nor there. I was writing about my house, and I have been led into a digression on church-going. However, it is not a digression either; it may seem so to my readers, but I know what I am about, and as my troubles came of church-going, what I have said is not much out of the way, as some superficial and inconsiderate readers may have supposed. I return, for a bit, to the description of my farm-house. As I have said once, and I insist on it again, Foggaton makes no pretensions to be other than a substantial yeoman's residence. You can smell the pigs' houses as you come near, and I don't pretend that the scent arises from clematis or wistaria. The cowyard is at the back, and there is plenty of mud in the lane, and streams of water running down the cart ruts, and skeins of oats and barley straw hanging to the hollys in the hedge. There is no gravel drive up to the front door, but there is a little patch of

turf before it, walled off from the lane, with crystals of white spar ornamenting the top of the wall. In the wall is a gate, and an ascent by four granite steps to a path sanded with mundic gravel that leads just twelve feet six inches across the grass plot to the front door. This door is bolted above and below, and chained and double-locked, but the back door that leads from the yard into the kitchen is always open, and I go in and out by that. The front door is for ornament, not use, except on grand occasions.

The rooms of Foggaton are low, and I can touch the ceiling easily in each with my hand. I can touch that in the bedrooms with my head. Low rooms are warmer and more homelike than tall rooms of Queen Anne's and King George's reigns.— *Margery of Quether.*

THE FORTUNATE ISLES.

Those well versed in history remember to have read that in the time of the conquest of Spain, in the eighth century, seven bishops, at the head of seven bands of exiles, had fled across the great ocean to some distant shores, where they might found seven Christian cities, and enjoy their faith unmolested. The fate of these wanderers had hitherto remained a mystery, and their story had faded from memory; but the report of the old pilot revived the long-forgotten theme, and it was determined, by the pious and enthusiastic, that this island thus accidentally discovered was the identical place of refuge, whither the wandering bishops had been guided with their flock by the hand of Providence. No one, however, entered into the matter with half the zeal of Don Fernando de Alma, a young cavalier of high standing in the Portuguese court, and of a meek, sanguine, and romantic temperament. The Island of the Seven Cities became now the constant subject of his thoughts by day and of his dreams by night; and he determined to fit out an expedition, and set sail in quest of the sainted island. Don Ioacos II. furnished him with a commission, constituting him Adelantado, or governor, of any country he might discover, with the single proviso, that he should bear all the expense of the discovery, and pay a tenth of the

profits to the crown. With two vessels he put out to sea and steered for the Canaries — in those days the regions of nautical discovery and romance, and the outposts of the known world; for as yet Columbus had not crossed the ocean. Scarce had they reached those latitudes than they were separated by a violent tempest. For many days the caravel of Don Fernando was driven about at the mercy of the elements, and the crew were in despair. All at once the storm subsided, the ocean sank into a calm, the clouds which had veiled the face of heaven were suddenly withdrawn, and the tempest-tossed mariners beheld a fair and mountainous island, emerging, as if by enchantment, from the murky gloom. The caravel now lay perfectly becalmed off the mouth of a river, on the banks of which, about a league off, was descried a noble city, with lofty walls and towers, and a protecting castle. After a time a stately barge with sixteen oars was seen emerging from the river and approaching the vessel. Under a silken canopy in the stern sat a richly clad cavalier, and over his head was a banner bearing the sacred emblem of the cross. When the barge reached the caravel, the cavalier stepped on board and, in the old Castilian language, welcomed the strangers to the Island of the Seven Cities. Don Fernando could scarce believe that this was not all a dream. He made known his name and the object of his voyage. The Grand Chamberlain — such was the title of the cavalier from the island — assured him that, as soon as his credentials were presented, he would be acknowledged as the Adelantado of the Seven Cities. In the meantime the day was waning; the barge was ready to convey him to land, and would assuredly bring him back. Don Fernando leaped into it after the Grand Chamberlain, and was rowed ashore. Everything there bore the stamp of former ages, as if the world had suddenly rolled back for several centuries; and no wonder, for the Island of the Seven Cities had been cut off from the rest of the world for several hundred years. On shore Don Fernando spent an agreeable evening at the court-house, and late at night, with reluctance, he re-entered the barge to return to his vessel. The barge sallied out to sea, but no caravel

was to be seen. The oarsmen rowed on — their monotonous chant had a lulling effect. A drowsy influence crept ove Don Fernando; objects swam before his eyes, and he lost consciousness. On his recovery, he found himself in a strange cabin, surrounded by strangers. Where was he? On board a Portuguese ship bound for Lisbon. How had he come there? He had been taken senseless from a wreck drifting about the ocean. The vessel arrived in the Tagus, and anchored before the famous capital. Don Fernando sprang joyfully on shore and hastened to his ancestral mansion. A strange porter opened the door, who knew nothing of him or of his family; no people of the name had inhabited the house for many a year. He sought the house of his betrothed, the Donna Serafina. He beheld her on the balcony; then he raised his arms towards her with an exclamation of rapture She cast upon him a look of indignation, and hastily retired. He rang at the door; as it was opened by the porter he rushed past, sought the well-known chamber, and threw himself at the feet of Serafina. She started back with affright, and took refuge in the arms of a youthful cavalier.

"What mean you, Señor?" cried the latter.

"What right have you to ask that question?" demanded Don Fernando, fiercely.

"The right of an affianced suitor!"

"O, Serafina! is this your fidelity?" cried he, in a tone of agony.

"Serafina! What mean you by Serafina, Señor? This lady's name is Maria."

"What!" cried Don Fernando; "is not this Serafina Alvarez, the original of yon portrait which smiles on me from the wall?"

"Holy Virgin!" cried the young lady, casting her eyes upon the portrait, "he is talking of my great-grandmother!"— *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages.*

MAJOR CORNELIUS.

We clubbed together for a bottle of British brandy; we heaped up the fire with what remained of coals in the

box, after Miss Jones was gone. We got the "general" Jemima to supply us with hot water and tumblers. We persuaded Miss Jones to let us have a bowl full of sugar, to be charged in our bills. We sat up and discussed the major. We were so pleased that the dear old man had gone out; it would brighten his life. He would laugh and tell his stories, and recall old reminiscences with his fellow-veterans; he would associate once more with those in his own rank of life. We did not say aloud, but we felt, that he belonged to an order different from ourselves. We were jolly fellows, good fellows, no nonsense about us, and all that; but we had not his polish of mind and manner, that indescribable something which forms an invisible yet impassable barrier between the classes in life.

Twelve o'clock! He promised to be home by midnight, or shortly after, and the major was punctual. At twelve-twenty we heard his key in the door, but he seemed unable to open it. One of us went into the passage to unlatch. Two or three of us stood up and filled the doorway of the sitting-room.

"The old gentleman has taken so much port that he can't hit the keyhole. Wicked old major!" said one.

But when the door opened and we saw him in the glare from the hall-light, the rising joke died away on our lips.

He arrived in his dress suit, *without the greatcoat!*

"Good gracious, major! Why! what is the meaning of this? Where is the greatcoat?"

He came in, looking very white and depressed, the curl over his forehead out of twist, his collar limp, his shoulders stooping. He walked more lamely than usual. We made him come into the warm room. His hands were like ice. We forced him to take some spirit and water. We tried to rouse him. It was in vain. He looked utterly crushed.

"What is the matter, sir? What has happened?"

After awhile we learned what had occurred. The evening had passed very pleasantly: never more so. When he left the drawing-room he descended to the hall and

asked for his greatcoat. It was lost. It was nowhere hanging up. It had not fallen behind a bench. It was not lying across a chair. Then the porter said he was very much afraid that some rascal, taking advantage of the door being open upon the arrival of a guest, had slipped into the hall unobserved, and had walked off with the newest and best of the greatcoats. Thus was the disappearance accounted for. It could be accounted for on no other hypothesis.

"Shall we lend you one of Sir Archibald's to go home in?" asked the servant.

"No, thank you."

So the major had walked home in his dress suit, without his new greatcoat. That was lost — lost forever. There was not the smallest prospect of its being recovered. The poor old man was utterly cast down. Without the greatcoat he could no longer walk abroad respectably. He sat in the arm-chair with his head down and his hands shaking. We did our best to encourage him; but what could we promise? He could not possibly raise the money for a new greatcoat. Besides, this one, now lost, was unpaid for. He would not take more than a little drop of brandy and water. He could not look before him. The future was not to be faced without a greatcoat. Presently he stood up and lit his candle; he would go to bed. He was tired; perhaps to-morrow he would be better.

We squeezed his hand, and sat speechless, listening to his foot as he went upstairs. He dragged his lame leg wearily after him.

"Poor old chap!" said I; "he seems done for completely."

Next morning we were all assembled at breakfast — that is, all but the major — when a rap came at the front door and a ring at the bell. Jemima answered. A moment after she came in with the greatcoat — yes, the identical greatcoat over her arm. Sir Archibald's valet had brought it. He had seen it, with the other, in the hall, had believed it to belong to a gentleman staying in the house, and, to avoid confusion, had removed it to the

library. The mistake had only been found out when all the guests were gone, and the servant had come over with the greatcoat the first thing in the morning.

I ran upstairs to rouse the major with the joyful news. I knocked at his door, but received no answer. I opened it and looked in. I saw the old man on his knees by his bedside. He was saying his prayers. I would not disturb him, so drew back. He was a long time over these same prayers. I looked in again. He had not stirred. Then, with a start, I saw that the bed had not been slept in, and the major was in his dress suit. I went up to him and touched him.

He was dead.

The loss of the greatcoat had been the last disappointment he could bear. The brave old heart had given up the battle, and had stopped beating.

When afterwards the greatcoat pockets were searched, there were found in them two letters. One was the bill for the coat; the other bore an American stamp. It was from his brother — a penitent letter; he was now doing well, and he enclosed to Major Cornelius a draft for a hundred pounds. The letter had not been opened.— *Margery of Quether.*

BARLOW, JANE, an Irish novelist; born at Clontarf, October 17, 1860. She became noted as the writer of *Irish Idyls,* published in 1892. In 1885 she had contributed to *The Dublin University Review* a philosophical disquisition on eschatology in a bog, entitled *Walled Out,* narrated with all the grim humor and pathetic outlook of the peasant, but so full of historical and Greek allusions that the editor advertised, though in vain, for the name of the learned author. *Kerrigan's Quality,* her first long story; *Bogland Studies,* and *The Mockers of the*

Shallow Waters were published in 1893. Other works are *The End of Elfintown* (1894); *Maureen's Fairing* (1895); *Strangers at Lisconnel* (1895); *Mrs. Martin's Company* (1896); *Creel of Irish Stories* (1897); *Ghost Bereft* (1902) and *The Founding of Fortunes* (1903). *The Nation,* reviewing Miss Barlow's works, called attention to the fact that no Irishman, having read such books as hers, could lay them aside without feeling incumbent upon him self-restraint and the suppression of passions of race and religion and nationality and party, and added that in writing thus truly and kindly of the Irish people Miss Barlow might all unconsciously be doing better work for her country than many of those whose names as patriots are prominently before the world.

DISCOURAGED.

One autumn season a hapless Neapolitan organ-grinder strayed somehow into these regions, with his monkey clinging round his neck. It is a long time ago, but a generation afterwards people remembered the lost, scared looks in the eyes of man and beast. They both fell ill and died in the Town down beyond, as if, poor souls, they had not the heart to keep alive in the vast, murky, sunless world that had been revealed to them. And to this day you are pointed out the Frenchman's grave — for a foreigner here is always a Frenchman — in the churchyard beside the lough.— *Irish Idyls.*

PEG'S EDUCATION.

In all these aims and devices, Larry enjoyed the encouragement and comfort of one sympathizing coadjutrix — his sister Peg. A close friendship had existed between them from her earliest days, when Larry used to carry her about to a surprising extent, considering that he was the elder by only three years. And as she grew older

without ever learning to walk rightly, it was Larry who did most to make her amends for this privation. He spent hours in amusing her; and at one time even wished to teach her to read, that she might be able to entertain herself with his priceless library. But Peg, who was practical-minded, showed no enthusiasm for literature. In fact, when he tried to begin her second lesson, she immediately kicked him, saying, with a howl, "Git along wid your ugly ould *Ah, Bay, Say,*" and tore one of his precious pages nearly in half, thereby abruptly finishing her education.— *Irish Idyls.*

BARLOW, JOEL, an American diplomat and poet, one of the "Hartford Wits;" born at Reading, Conn., March 24, 1755; died at Zarnowitch, near Cracow, in Poland, December 22, 1812. He was educated at Dartmouth and Yale Colleges, and began the study of law, but upon the breaking out of the war of the Revolution he received a license to preach, and became a chaplain in the army. After the close of the war he resumed the study of law for a short time. In 1788 he went to France as agent for a land company, and became intimate with the leaders of the Girondists. In 1795 he was made United States Consul at Algiers. Returning to Paris he engaged in some business operations, by which he acquired a considerable fortune. He came back to America in 1805, and took up his residence at Washington. In 1811 he was sent as Minister to the Government of France. In the following autumn he was invited by Napoleon to a conference to be held at Wilna, in Poland, but died upon the journey, from

a sudden attack of inflammation of the lungs. He busied himself in literary efforts of various kinds. His most pretentious work is the epic poem called *The Columbiad,* which was first published entire in 1808, although a portion of it, *The Vision of Columbus,* was published as early as 1787. *The Columbiad* consists of ten cantos, in which Hesper, the Genius of the Western Continent, presents to Columbus a series of prophetic visions of what had happened and was in time to happen in the New World, down to the close of the war of the Revolution and the establishment of the Federal Government, and afterward. Some passages of this poem are not devoid of merit; but as a whole it is ill-planned and tedious. The poem was thus flippantly criticised by Jeffrey, in *The Edinburgh Review:* "In sketching the history of America from the days of Manco Capac down to the present day, and a few thousand years lower, the author, of course, cannot spare time to make us acquainted with any one individual. The most important personages appear but once upon the scene, and then pass away and are forgotten. River-gods, sachems, majors of militia, all enter at one side of the stage, and go off at the other, never to return. Rocha and Oella take up as much room as Greene and Washington, and the rivers Potowmak and Delaware — those fluent and venerable personages — both act and talk a great deal more than Jefferson or Franklin." The beginning of the poem is, perhaps, the best part of it:

THEME OF THE COLUMBIAD.

I sing the Mariner who first unfurl'd
An eastern banner o'er the western world,
And taught mankind where future empires lay

In those fair confines of descending day;
Who sway'd a moment, with vicarious power,
Iberia's sceptre on the new found shore;
Then saw the paths his virtuous steps had trod
Pursued by avarice and defiled by blood;
The tribes he foster'd with paternal toil
Snatched from his hand, and slaughtered for their spoil.
Slaves, kings, adventurers, envious of his name,
Enjoy'd his labors and purloined his fame,
And gave the Viceroy, from his high seat hurl'd,
Chains for a crown, a prison for a world.
Long overwhelm'd with woes and sickening there
He met the slow still march of black despair,
Sought the last refuge from his hopeless doom,
And wished from thankless men a peaceful tomb,
Till visioned ages, opening on his eyes,
Cheer'd his sad soul, and bade new nations rise;
He saw the Atlantic heaven with light o'ercast,
And Freedom crown his glorious work at last.

Hesper having presented to Columbus a vision of the New World from Peru to Canada, and recited the history of the aboriginal inhabitants, foretells to him the events which are to occur, and especially the war of the Revolution and the future glory of the American Republic, closing by thus addressing the great mariner:

CONCLUSION OF THE COLUMBIAD.

Far as the centred eye can range around,
Or the deep trumpet's solemn voice resound,
Long rows of reverend sires sublime extend
And cares of worlds on every brow suspend.
High in the front, for soundest wisdom known,
A sire elect, in peerless grandeur shone;
He opened calm the universal cause,
To give each realm its limits and its laws,
Bid the last breath of tired contention cease,
And bind all regions in the leagues of peace;
Till one confederate, condependent sway

Spread with the sun and bound the walks of day,
One centred system, one all-ruling soul
Live through the parts, and regulate the whole.
  Here, then, said Hesper, with a blissful smile,
Behold the fruits of the long years of toil.
To yon bright borders of Atlantic day
Thy swelling pinions led the trackless way,
And taught mankind such useful deeds to dare,
To trace new seas and happy nations rear;
Till by fraternal hands their sails unfurl'd
Have waved at last in union o'er the world.
Then let thy steadfast soul no more complain
Of dangers braved and griefs endured in vain,
Of courts insidious, envy's poisoned stings,
The loss of empire and the frown of kings;
While these broad views thy better thoughts compose
To spurn the malice of insulting foes;
And all the joys descending ages gain,
Repay thy labors and remove thy pain.

The much less pretentious poem *Hasty Pudding* was composed at Chambery, in Savoy, early in 1793. In the preface the author says: "A simplicity in diet, whether it be considered with reference to the happiness of individuals or the prosperity of a nation, is of more consequence than we are apt to imagine. . . . The example of domestic virtues has doubtless a great effect. I only wish to rank simplicity of diet among the virtues."

THE PRAISE OF HASTY PUDDING.

Ye Alps audacious, through the heavens that rise,
To cramp the day and hide me from the skies,
Ye Gallic flags, that o'er their heights unfurl'd,
Bear death to kings and freedom to the world,
I sing not you. A softer theme I choose,
A virgin theme, unconscious of the muse;
But fruitful, rich, well suited to inspire

The purest frenzy of poetic fire.—
Despise it not, ye bards to terror steel'd,
Who hurl your thunders round the epic field;
Nor ye who strain your midnight throats to sing
Joys that the vineyard and the still-house bring;
Or on some distant fair your notes employ,
And speak of raptures that you ne'er enjoy.
I sing the sweets I know, the charms I feel,
My morning incense and my evening meal:
The sweets of *Hasty Pudding.* Come, dear bowl,
Glide o'er my palate and inspire my soul.
The milk beside thee, smoking from the kine,
Its substance mingled, married in with thine,
Shall cool and temper thy superior heat,
And save the pains of blowing while I eat.
Oh! could the smooth, the emblematic song
Flow like thy genial juices o'er my tongue,
Could those mild morsels in my numbers chime,
And as they roll in substance, roll in rhyme,
No more thy awkward, unpoetic name
Should shun the muse or prejudice thy fame;
But, rising to the unaccustomed ear,
All bards should catch it, and all realms revere!
— *Canto I.*

HOW TO EAT HASTY PUDDING.

A wholesome dish, and well deserving praise;
A great resource in those bleak wintry days,
When the chill'd earth lies buried deep in snow,
And raging Boreas dries the shivering cow.
Bless'd cow! thy praise shall still my notes employ.
Great source of health, the only source of joy;
Mother of Egypt's god — but sure, for me,
Were I to leave my God, I'd worship thee. . . .
Milk, then with pudding I would always choose,
To this in future I confine my muse,
Till she in haste some further hints unfold,
Well for the young, nor useless to the old.
First in your bowl the milk abundant take
Then drop with care along the silver lake

Your flakes of pudding; these at first will hide
Their little bulk beneath the swelling tide;
But when their growing mass no more can sink,
When the soft island looms above the brink,
Then check your hand, you've got the portion due
So taught our sires — and what they taught is true —
There is a choice in spoons. Though small appear,
The nice distinction, yet to me 'tis clear,
The deep-bowl'd Gallic spoon, contrived to scoop
In ample draughts the thin diluted soup,
Performs not well in these substantial things,
Whose mass adhesive to the metal clings;
Where the strong labial muscles must embrace
The gentle curve, and sweep the hollow space,
With ease to enter and discharge the freight,
A bowl less concave, but still more dilate
Becomes the pudding best. The shape, the size,
A secret rests, unknown to vulgar eyes;
Experienced feeders can alone impart
A rule so much above the lore of Art.
These tuneful lips, that thousand spoons have tried,
With just precision could the point decide,
But not in song; the muse but poorly shines
In cones, and cubes, and geometric lines;
Yet the true form, as near as she can tell,
Is that small section of a goose-egg shell,
Which in two equal portions shall divide
The distance from the centre to the side.—
Fear not to slaver — 'tis no deadly sin;
Like the free Frenchman, from your joyous chin
Suspend your ready napkin; or, like me,
Poise with one hand your bowl upon your knee;
Just in the zenith your wise head project;
Your full spoon, rising in a line direct,
Bold as a bucket, heed no drops that fall —
The wide-mouth'd bowl will surely catch them all.

— *Canto III.*

BARNARD, Lady Anne Lindsay, a Scottish poet; born December 8, 1750; died May 26, 1825. She was the daughter of James Lindsay, Earl of Balcarres, and in 1793 was married to Andrew Barnard, son of the Bishop of Limerick, and librarian to George III. Lady Anne Lindsay is known as the author of the ballad *Auld Robin Gray,* which was written about 1771, although the authorship was unacknowledged for more than half a century, and was indeed claimed by more than one person. The ballad, as originally written, is one of the most perfect in the language. About 1823 Lady Anne, then more than seventy years old, wrote two continuations of *Auld Robin Gray,* and sent them to Sir Walter Scott, by whom they were published in 1825. These continuations are very inferior to the original production, and should not be considered as in any way belonging to it.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

When the sheep are in the fauld, when the key's come hame,
And a' the weary warld to rest are gane,
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my ee,
Unkent by my guidman, wha sleeps sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride,
But saving ae crown-piece, he had naething beside;
To make the crown a pound my Jamie gaed to sea,
And the crown and the pound, they were baith for me.

He hadna been gane a twelve-month and a day,
When my father brake his arm, and the cow was stown away;
My mither she fell sick; my Jamie was at sea,
And auld Robin Gray came a-courting me.

My father couldna wark, my mither couldna spin;
I toiled day and night, but their bread I couldna win;
Auld Rob maintained them baith; and wi' tears in his ee,
Said: "Jeanie, O for their sakes, will ye no marry me?"

My heart it said na, and I loked for Jamie back;
But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wrack;
His ship was a wrack; why didna Jamie die?
Or why am I spared to cry, Wae is me?

My father urged me sair; my mither didna speak,
But she looked in my face till my heart was like to break.
They gied him my hand — my heart was in the sea —
And so Robin Gray he was a guidman to me.

I hadna been his wife a week but only four,
When, mournfu' as I sat on the staine at my door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist — for I couldna think it he,
Till he said: "I'm come hame, love, to marry thee!"

Oh, sair did we greet, and mickle say of a';
I gied him a kiss, and bade him gang awa'—
I wish that I were dead; but I'm na like to die:
For though my heart is broken, I'm but young — wae is me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena much to spin;
I darena think o' Jamie — for that wad be a sin,
But I'll do my best a gude wife to be:
For, oh, Robin Gray, he is kind to me.

The story of the ballad — at least as we are told by Basil Hall, who gives Walter Scott as his authority — is a pure fiction. Lady Anne, he says, "happened to be at a house where she met Miss Suff Johnson — a well-known person — who played the air, and accompanied it by words of no great delicacy, whatever their antiquity might be; and Lady Anne, lamenting that no better words should belong to

such a melody, immediately set to work and composed this very pathetic story. Truth, I am sorry to say, obliges me to add that it was a fiction. Robin Gray was her father's gardener; and the idea of the young lover going to sea, which would have been quite out of character here amongst the shepherds, was natural enough where she was then residing, on the Coast of Fife." In Lady Anne's continuation of the ballad, written half a century after the composition of the pathetic original, she endeavors to render "poetic justice" to the heroine and her lover. Auld Robin Gray, inspired by passion for Jeanie, has "stown away" the cow, the loss of which had plunged her parents into such sore distress that, for their sakes, she consents to marry the old man. Upon his death-bed he repents of his misdeed; gives his blessing, and all his worldly possessions to his young wife, and urges her to marry Jamie; which she does; and the lovers live happily ever after, as she herself relates in the continuation.

BARNES, ALBERT, an American clergyman and biblical commentator; born at Rome, N. Y., December 1, 1798; died at Philadelphia, Pa., December 24, 1870. He studied at Hamilton College, having the legal profession in view; but, having been convinced that it was his duty to enter the ministry, he went to the Theological Seminary at Princeton, N. J., where he graduated, and in 1823 received a license as preacher. He officiated as minister in several places until 1830, when he was called to the pastorate of the

First Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia, a position which he held for more than thirty years, resigning it only by reason of failing eyesight. He persistently declined the degree of D.D., which was repeatedly urged upon him. At intervals during his long pastorate he wrote several books, among which are: *Introduction to Butler's Analogy; Scriptural Views of Slavery; The Way of Salvation; The Atonement; Claims of Episcopacy; Church Manual; Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity in the Nineteenth Century; Prayers for Family Worship,* several volumes of *Sermons,* and a series of *Sunday-School Manuals.* Of more permanent value, however, are his *Notes on the New Testament* (1832–38), which make about a dozen volumes, comprising the Gospels, the Acts, the Epistles, and the Revelation. He also prepared three volumes of *Notes on the Psalms.* These volumes of notes were originally prepared as expository lectures, and were delivered as such by the author in the course of his ordinary pulpit ministrations. Probably no similar works have met with so wide a circulation, especially among teachers in Sunday-schools and in more advanced Bible-classes. In 1856, when the anti-slavery agitation was at its height, he wrote *The Church and Slavery,* in which he set forth the actual position of the various Christian denominations in this matter, and clearly announced his own views upon the subject. In the introduction to this work he says:

SLAVERY AND THE UNION.

The present is eminently a time when the opinion of every man on the subject of slavery should be uttered in unambiguous tones. There never has been but one thing that has perilled the existence of the American

Union; and that one thing is slavery. There has never been a time when the Union was really in danger until now. There has never been a time when the system of slavery has been so bold, exacting, arrogant, and dangerous to liberty, as the present. There has never been a time when so much importance, therefore, could be attached to the views of individual men; when so much could be done in favor of the rights of man by a plain utterance of sentiment; when so much guilt would be incurred by silence.

It cannot be right that any one who holds the system to be evil in its origin, evil in its bearing on the morals of men, evil in its relations to religion, evil in its influence on the master and the slave — on the body and the soul — on the North and the South, evil in its relations to time and in its relations to eternity, should so act that it shall be possible to misunderstand his opinions in relation to it, so act that his conduct could be appealed to as implying an apology for the system. The circle in which he moves may be a limited circle; his views may influence but few of the living, and may cease to be regarded altogether when he is dead; but for the utterance of those views, and for the position which he takes on this, as on other subjects, he must soon give an account at a tribunal where silence on great moral subjects, as well as an open defence of what is wrong, will be regarded and treated as guilt. No man, therefore, should allow himself on these great questions to be in such a position that, by any fair construction of his life and opinions, his influence, however humble it may be, should be made to sustain error and wrong, or be of such a nature that his name can be referred to as furnishing a support for cruelty and oppression.

As it is true that the only thing that ever has threatened to destroy this Union — or that now threatens to destroy it — is slavery, so it is true that the only thing that alienates one portion of the land from another is slavery. In language, in customs, in laws, in religion, we are, and always have been, otherwise a united people. We have a common origin. We all look to the same

"fatherland," and we all claim that the glory of that land — in literature, in science, and in the arts — is a part of our common inheritance. We look back to the times of the Revolution; and whatever valor there was in battle, or whatever there was that was self-sacrificing in the cause of liberty, is a part of the common inheritance of this generation. Our railroads spread a network over all the States, making them one. Simultaneously through all the States of the Union the telegraph bears to millions of minds at once what is of common interest to all. Some of our great rivers roll along through vast States, Northern and Southern; and by our location, and by all the varieties of climate and soil constituting mutual dependence, we are designed by nature to be one people. On the question of slavery only are we divided. This question meets us everywhere, generates all the bad feeling there is between the North and the South, subjects us to all the reproach that we encounter from abroad; and it is the source of all that tends to produce civil strife, to cause alienation and discord in the churches, or to embroil us with the nations of the earth.

SLAVERY AND THE CHURCH.

It cannot but be an inquiry of great importance how far *the Church* is connected with this state of things; and how far — if at all — it is responsible for it. In a country so extensively under the influence of religion as ours, where religion undeniably so much controls public sentiment, where so large a portion of the community is connected with the church, and where the Christian ministry exerts so wide an influence on the public mind — it cannot be an unimportant question what the church is doing, and what it ought to do, in reference to an evil so vast, and so perilous to all our institutions.

I write over my own name. It is not because I suppose that my name will have any special claim in influencing the public mind; and not because I suppose it to be important that I should "define my position," as if the public had any particular interest in my "position;" and not because I suppose that the public will concern itself

long to learn how any one individual thinks or feels on any subject that he may deem to be of special importance; but because I think it fair and manly that a man should be willing to attach his name to any sentiments which he holds, and which he chooses, for any reason, to submit to the consideration of mankind. I have no wish, also, to deny that I desire that my name should be found associated with any well-directed effort to remove slavery from the earth. I believe that the religion which I profess is opposed, in its whole spirit and tendency to slavery; that its fair and legitimate application would remove the last remnant of it from the world; and that in every effort which I may make to show to my fellow-men the evils of the system, or to promote universal emancipation, I am performing the appropriate duty of a Christian man, and of a minister of the gospel of Christ.

BARNES, WILLIAM, an English poet, and philologist; born at Rushay, Dorsetshire, February 22, 1800; died at Came, Dorchester, October 11, 1886. His early advantages were very limited, but he succeeded in obtaining a university degree, and became one of the most scholarly men of his time. He spent several years in solicitors' offices in his native town and in Dorchester, and from 1823 to 1835 he taught school at Mere, Wiltshire, and from 1835 until 1862 at Dorchester. He received ordination from the Bishop of Salisbury, in 1847, and was given the curacy of Whitcombe, which he resigned in 1852, its duties and that of his school making too great demands upon his time and strength. In 1862 he was made rector of Winterbourne Came. He then gave up his school,

and for the rest of his life devoted himself to this parish. He published his first volume of poems in the Dorset dialect in 1844, and in 1847 *Poems of Rural Life* in national English. *Hwomely Rhymes,* a second collection of Dorset dialect poems, was published in 1850, and in 1863 a third volume appeared. In 1879 these three volumes were published in a collected form as *Poems of Rural Life in the Dorset Dialect.* Besides his poetical works, he published a number on philological subjects, among them, *A Philological Grammar; "Tiw," or a View of the Roots and Stems of English; Outline of English Speech-craft,* and a *Glossary of Dorset Speech.* He contributed many papers on various subjects to *Macmillan's, Fraser's, The Gentleman's Magazine,* and other leading periodicals. His biography has been written by his daughter, Mrs. Baxter.

THE GEÄTE A-VALLÈN TO.

In the zunsheen of our summers
Wi' the hay time now a-come,
How busy wer' we out a-vield
Wi' vew a-left at hwome,
When waggons rumbled out ov yard
Red wheeled, wi' body blue,
And back behind 'em loudly slamm'd
The geäte a-vallèn to.

Drough day sheen for how many years
The geäte ha' now a-swung,
Behind the veet o' vull-grown men
And vootsteps of the young,
Drough years o' days it swung to us
Behind each little shoe,
As we tripped lightly on avore
The geäte a-vallèn to.

IN THE SUNSHINE OF OUR SUMMERS.

In evenen time o' starry night
How mother zot at hwome,
And kept her blazing vire bright
Till father should ha' come,
And how she quickened up and smiled,
And stirred her vire anew,
To hear the trampèn hosses' steps
And geäte a-vallèn to.

There's moonsheen now in nights o' Fall
When leaves be brown vrom green,
When to the slammèn of the geäte
Our Jenny's ears be keen,
When the wold dog do wag his tail,
And Jeän could tell to who,
As he do come in drough the geäte,
And geäte a-vallèn to.

And oft do come a saddened hour
When there must goo away,
One well-beloved to our heart's core
Vor long, perhaps vor aye.
And oh! it is a touchèn thing
The lovèn heart must rue
To hear behind his last farewell
The geäte a-vallèn to.

—*Poems of Rural Life in the Dorset-Dialect.*

THE WOODLAND HOME.

My woodland home, where hillocks swell
With flow'ry sides, above the dell,
And sedge's hanging ribbons gleam
By meadow withies in the stream,
And elms with ground-beglooming shades
Stand high upon the sloping glades,
When toilsome day at evening fades,
And trials agitate my breast,
By fancy brought
I come in thought
To thee, my home, my spirit's rest.

I left thy woody fields that lay
So fair below my boyhood's play,
To toil in busy life that fills
The world with strife of wayward wills;
Where mortals in their little day
Of pride, disown their brother clay.
But when my soul can steal away
From such turmoil, with greater zest,
    By fancy brought
    I come in thought
To thee, my home, my spirit's rest.

For I behold thee fresh and fair
In summer light and summer air,
As when I rambled, pulling low
The hazel bough, that when let go
Flew back, with high-toss'd head upright,
To rock again in airy light;
Where brown-stemm'd elms and ashes white
Rose tall upon the flow'ry breast
    Of some green mound
    With timber crown'd,
My woodland home, my spirit's rest.

And there my fancy will not find
The loveless heart or selfish mind,
Nor scowling hatred, mutt'ring aught
To break my heart-entrancing thought;
But manly souls above deceit,
The bright'ning eyes they love to meet,
The fairest in their looks, and best
    In heart I found
    On thy lov'd ground,
My woodland home, my spirit's rest.

—*Poems of Rural Life in Common English.*

BARNFIELD, RICHARD, an English poet; born at Norbury in 1574; died in 1627. He was educated at Brasenose College, Oxford, and published at intervals several small volumes of poems, among which are: *The Encomium of Lady Pecunia; or, The Praise of Money* (1589); *The Affectionate Shepherd* (1594), *and Cynthia* (1595), for which he bespeaks the patience of the reader, "if for no other cause, yet for that it is the first imitation of the verse of that excellent poet, Maister Spenser, in his Faerie Queene." Barnfield's verse is easy and graceful, but his chief claim to remembrance is his incidental connection with Shakespeare. He is one of the few contemporary writers who make any formal mention of the great dramatist. In 1598, when Shakespeare, then about thirty-four, had come to be known in literary circles by his poems — not by his dramas, none of which had been printed — Barnfield made laudatory mention of him among other poets of the day:

UPON SHAKESPEARE.

And Shakespeare, thou whose honey-flowing vaine
(Pleasing the world) thy praises doth obtaine,
Whose *Venus* and whose *Lucrece* (sweete and chaste)
Thy name in fame's immortal books have plac't,
Live ever you; at least in fame live ever!
Well may the bodye die, but fame dies never.

Barnfield has another incidental connection with Shakespeare. In 1599 a speculative bookseller brought out a little volume under the title *The Passionate Pilgrim, by W. Shakespeare,* which still finds place in some popular editions of Shakespeare's works.

It contains a few things really extracted from the writings of Shakespeare, or those attributed to him, and others filched from other authors. Among them is the following pretty song:

LIVE WITH ME AND BE MY LOVE.

Live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
And all the craggy mountains yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds with their flocks,
By shallow rivers, by whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee a bed of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle.

A belt of stray and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight, each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

This song has been credited to Christopher Marlowe, but there appears to be little doubt that it belongs to Barnfield. There is another pretty poem by Barnfield, sometimes credited to Robert Greene, a contemporary dramatist, and even to Shakespeare, since it is found in *The Passionate Pilgrim*:

AS IT FELL UPON A DAY.

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade,
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,—
Trees did grow, and plants did spring.
Everything did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone;
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Leaned her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity:—
"Fie, fie, fie," now would she cry;
"Teru, teru," by and by;
That to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain;
For her griefs, so lively shown,
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in vain,
None takes pity on thy pain:
Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee;
Ruthless bears, they will not cheer thee.
King Pandion, he is dead;
All thy friends are lapped in lead;
All thy fellow-birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing.
Even so, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me.

To which the nightingale replies plaintively:

Whilst as fickle Fortune smiled,
Thou and I were both beguiled.
Every one that flatters thee
Is no friend to misery.
Words are easy, like the wind;
Faithful friends are hard to find.

Every man will be thy friend
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend:
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they him will call;
And with such-like flattering:
"Pity but he were a king!"
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice;
But if Fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown!
They that fawned on him before
Use his company no more.—
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need;
If thou sorrow, he will weep;
If thou wake, he cannot sleep;
Thus of every grief in heart,
He with thee doth bear a part.—
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe!

BARR, AMELIA EDITH HUDDLESTON, an Anglo-American novelist; born at Ulverston, Lancashire, England, March 29, 1831. She was educated at the Glasgow High School, and in 1850 married Robert Barr, a Scotch minister's son. In 1854 they removed to the United States and settled in Texas, residing in Austin and in or near Galveston, where, in 1867, her husband and three sons died of yellow fever. In 1869 she removed to New York City and began teaching, and soon after writing for the periodicals. Her first story was published in *The*

Christian Union in 1871. Her best known works are: *Jan Vedder's Wife* (1885); *A Daughter of Fife* (1885); *A Bow of Orange Ribbon* (1886); *Master of His Fate* (1887); *Remember the Alamo* (1897); and *Feet of Clay* (1898). Among her later books are: *Friend Olivia; A Sister to Esau; The Beads of Tasmer; She loved a Sailor; The Preacher's Daughter; Love for an Hour is Love Forever; The Mate of the Easter Bell; Between Two Loves; Border Shepherdess; Christopher and Other Stories; Cluny MacPherson; Hallam Succession; Household of McNeil; Last of the Macallisters; Lost Silver of Briffault; Lone House; Paul and Christina; Singer from the Sea; Squire of Sandal-Side; Michael and Theodora; Rose of a Hundred Leaves; Trinity Bells* (1899); *The Maid of Maiden Lane* (1900); *The Lion's Whelp* (1901); *Souls of Passage* (1901); *The Song of a Single Note* (1902); *The Black Shilling* (1903); *The Belle of Bowling Green* (1904); *Cecilia's Lovers* (1905). Since 1899 Mrs. Barr has resided at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson.

LANCELOT'S DEPARTURE.

In the meantime Lancelot was nearing Liverpool. The bark he was to sail in was nearly ready for sea; he had only to make a few purchases and write farewell to Francesca. He delayed this letter until the last hour. He had granted himself this privilege — not to give her up while he remained in England. As he went to the ship, he posted the letter. A middle-aged woman noticed the handsome youth drop it into the irrevocable box, and she pitied the look of misery with which he walked away. She comprehended his despair, and said a soft "God help the lad!" as he passed out of her sight. Lancelot would have been comforted by her prayer and pity, had he known it; but it is one of the misfortunes of existence that so-

ciety compels us to restrain sympathy unless we have a bond and right to offer it. Every one is thus poorer by many a kindly wish and many an honest prayer.

Driven like a blind man before his sorrowful destiny, Lancelot reached the ship and crossed the narrow plank, and felt himself already adrift from every hope and joy that had made his youth so blessed; and he could not avoid a passion of regret for those past years. Amid falling shades and a wind like the Banshee they were driven down the Mersey. The thick-coated murmur of the river blending with the great complaining of the distant sea came through the darkness, and the hoarse, melancholy voices of the sailors went with it. He was utterly wretched, bruised in heart and brain, but an act so vulgar and cowardly as suicide never occurred to him. The vestal fires of conscience, of pure love, of honor and integrity still burned within him.

Sitting alone on the edge of his rough berth he told himself that, even if his life should be a tragedy of never-fulfilled desires, he could at least make it a noble tragedy. So, though he knew it not, he was receiving the grandest education of which humanity is capable — the education that comes by reverence and by sorrow; for these are the teachers greater than Gamaliel, and blessed are they who can sit at their feet.— *Love for an Hour is Love Forever.*

BARR, ROBERT, a Scottish novelist; born in Glasgow, September 15, 1850. He lived in Canada during his youth, entered journalism and in 1876 became an editor on the Detroit *Free Press.* For several years he wrote humorous sketches and short stories under the name of LUKE SHARP. In 1881 he went to England to edit a London edition of the Detroit *Free Press.* The venture proved a failure and in 1892 with Jerome K. Jerome he founded *The Idler.*

ROBERT BARR.

In 1895 he retired to devote himself to writing fiction. He has published *In a Steamer Chair* (1892); *In the Midst of Alarms* (1894); *The Face and the Mask* (1895); *One Day's Courtship* (1896); *A Woman Intervenes* (1896); *The Countess Tekla* (1899); *The Unchanging East* (1900); *A Prince of Good Fellows* (1902); *Over the Border* (1903); and *A Chicago Princess* (1904). His novels are marked by clever dialogue and strong dramatic power. In the short story *A Matter of Motives* (1902), he was the first writer to introduce the automobile in fiction.

THE AUTOMOBILE RIDE.

She stopped all further conversation by putting on the full force of the machine, and we went at a speed that made the Brighton Express, Pullmans and all, look as if it were standing still. We whisked through villages in a way that I thought reckless, and we left behind us a trail of screaming children and frantic policemen. The only reason I can see that we did not kill most of the population was because we came so silently and passed so quickly that no one had time to dodge, so Miss Briggs' magnificent steering avoided every obstacle. Two or three times I attempted to counsel caution, but the force of the air was so strong I had to close my mouth instantly or choke. At last I saw a barricade across the road ahead, and what I took to be a phalanx of policemen. She saw it, too, and hissing "Hang on!" turned down a side road on two wheels with a suddenness that, in spite of her warning, nearly wrenched me from my place. We ran along an indifferent road for some miles, and then came to another main thoroughfare leading to Brighton. Here she stopped the motor, and once more my breathing became normal. She jumped down. Her cheeks were like roses and her eyes ablaze with excitement.

"Wasn't that glorious?" she cried. "I believe those

policemen broke the law in putting a barricade across the road. I must have my solicitor look into the matter."—*A Matter of Motives.*

THE WARRIORS.

Cologne thrust his weapon back into its scabbard, but he nevertheless remained standing.

"If the tongue were a weapon ——"

"It is, in a measure."

"— I would grant that you are master of it," said von Hochstaden."

' I thank you for the compliment, and its generosity gives me hope that we are about to come to an amicable understanding."

"We have already come to an understanding, and if you consider it amicable, the better am I pleased. To-night I withdraw my troops."

"And why?"

"The reasons I have already set down in my communication to you at Treves."

"I do not recall them; at least my remembrance is, that on perusing them they did not seem to me to justify a withdrawal. Would you, therefore, for our present enlightenment, recount the most important clauses of your letter?"

"One reason will suffice. I cannot consent to have my troops longer engaged in a futile enterprise."

"Ah, yes. I recollect now that such an excuse for cowardice seemed entirely indefensible."

"For cowardice, my Lord?"

"Call it what you will. I shall not quarrel about terms; withdrawal is, I think, your favorite word. However, to please you, I acted instantly in the matter, and will therefore be in possession of the castle to-morrow night, or, making allowances for accidents, the night following. Accordingly, my Lord, you shall not withdraw your troops, but will enjoy the pleasures of conquest with me."

"You will possess Thuron so soon?"

"Of a surety."

"If you are so certain of that, why did you not inform me of the prospect, I being an ally of yours?"

"It is not my custom to spread my plans abroad. You were in Cologne, probably most devoutly occupied, and I hesitated to obtrude worldly affairs on your attention. Had you been here, and had you expressed any curiosity in the matter, I should have satisfied it, as I do now."

"Frankly, my Lord, I do not believe you. This is but another of your crafty tricks to keep my men at your beck and call. I have had enough of such foolery, and am not to be again deluded. If this taking of Thuron can be so speedily accomplished now, why was it not done six months or a year ago?"

"I shall charge to the potency of the wine the insinuation made against my probity, and will therefore pass it by. Your method of siege, my Lord, was a plant of slow growth. I have but grafted upon it a little sprig of my own, which is now blossoming and will to-morrow bear fruit: an exceedingly swift maturity. Six months ago, your slow growing stem was not ready to receive a graft; now it is, and there all's said. I therefore count confidently on your co-operation."

"I shall not rob your Lordship of the full glory of success. You shall have no co-operation from me."

"You still do not believe what I say, perhaps?"

"Perhaps."

"I am not given to substantiating my statements, but in this instance, such is my warm friendship for you, I will change an old habit and shortly furnish you with proof. I am momentarily expecting the return of my messengers, and you will hear from their lips that the castle has been bought and paid for, and that it will be in our possession at a given time, perhaps not more than twenty-four hours hence."

"Your messengers will report to you alone, my Lord, for I shall not stay to question them," cried von Hochstaden. "Up, men of Cologne, we have waited here too long. To the North, to the North!"—*The Countess Tekla.*

BARRIE, JAMES MATTHEW, a Scottish novelist; born at Kirriemuir, Forfarshire, May 9, 1860. From the Dumfries Academy he entered the University of Edinburgh, graduated in 1883, and soon afterward engaged in editorial work on the Nottingham *Journal.* While thus employed he contributed sketches to various London newspapers. In the spring of 1885 he went to London seeking a wider field, and in the autumn of that year published his first *Auld Licht Idylls,* in the *St. James's Gazette.* His first volume, *Better Dead,* appeared in 1887. *When a Man's Single* and *Auld Licht Idylls* followed in 1888, *An Edinburgh Eleven* and *A Window in Thrums* in 1889, *My Lady Nicotine* and *A Holiday in Bed* in 1890, *The Little Minister* in 1891, *A Tillyloss Scandal* in 1892, and *An Auld Licht Manse* and *Two of Them* in 1893. His later works include *Sentimental Tommy* (1896); *Margaret Ogilvy,* a biography of his mother (1896); *Tommy and Grizel* (1900); *The Little White Bird* (1902); and a play *Alice Sit-by-the-Fire* (1905).

Thrums, the scene of many of his sketches, is Kirriemuir, painted with a loving hand.

A MAGNUM OPUS.

Two Bibles, a volume of sermons by the learned Dr. Isaac Barrow, a few numbers of the *Cheap Magazine,* that has strayed from Dunfermline, and a "Pilgrim's Progress" were the works that lay conspicuous in the room. Hendry had also a copy of Burns, whom he always quoted in the complete poem, and a collection of legends in song and prose, that Leeby kept out of sight in a drawer.

The weight of my box of books was a subject Hendry

J. M. BARRIE.

was very willing to shake his head over, but he never showed any desire to take off the lid. Jess, however, was more curious; indeed, she would have been an omnivorous devourer of books had it not been for her conviction that reading was idling. Until I found her out she never allowed to me that Leeby brought her my books one at a time. Some of them were novels, and Jess took about ten minutes to each. She confessed that what she read was only the last chapter, owing to a consuming curiosity to know whether "she got him."

She read all the London part, however, of "The Heart of Midlothian," because London was where Jamie lived, and she and I had a discussion about it which ended in her remembering that Thrums once had an author of its own.

"Bring oot the book," she said to Leeby, "it was put awa i' the bottom drawer ben i' the room sax year syne, an' I sepad it's there yet."

Leeby came out with a faded little book, the title already rubbed from its shabby brown covers. I opened it, and then all at once I saw before me again the man who wrote and printed it and died. He came hobbling up the brae, so bent that his body was almost at right angles to his legs, and his broken silk hat was carefully brushed as in the days when Janet, his sister, lived. There he stood at the top of the brae, panting.

I was but a boy when Jimsy Duthie turned the corner of the brae for the last time, with a score of mourners behind him. While I knew him there was no Janet to run to the door to see if he was coming. So occupied was Jimsy with the great affair of his life, which was brewing for thirty years, that his neighbors saw how he missed his sister better than he realized it himself. Only his hat was no longer carefully brushed, and his coat hung awry, and there was sometimes little reason why he should go home to dinner. It is for the sake of Janet who adored him that we should remember Jimsy in the days before she died.

Jimsy was a poet, and for the space of thirty years he lived in a great epic on the Millennium. This is the book

presented to me by Jess, that lies so quietly on my topmost shelf now. Open it, however, and you will find that the work is entitled "The Millennium: an Epic Poem, in Twelve Books; by James Duthie." In the little hole in his wall where Jimsy kept his books there was, I have no doubt — for his effects were rouped before I knew him except by name — a well-read copy of "Paradise Lost." Some people would smile, perhaps, if they read the two epics side by side, and others might sigh, for there is a great deal in "The Millennium" that Milton could take credit for. Jimsy had educated himself, after the idea of writing something that the world would not willingly let die came to him, and he began his book before his education was complete. So far as I know, he never wrote a line that had not to do with "The Millennium." He was ever a man sparing of his plural tenses, and "The Millennium" says "has" for "have"; a vain word, indeed, which Thrums would only have permitted as a poetical license. The one original character in the poem is the devil, of whom Jimsy gives a picture that is startling and graphic, and received the approval of the Auld Licht minister.

By trade Jimsy was a printer, a master-printer with no one under him, and he printed and bound his book, ten copies in all, as well as wrote it. To print the poem took him, I dare say, nearly as long as to write it, and he set up the pages as they were written, one by one. The book is only printed on one side of the leaf, and each page was produced separately like a little hand-bill. Those who may pick up the book — but who will care to do so? — will think that the author or his printer could not spell — but they would not do Jimsy that injustice if they knew the circumstances in which it was produced. He had but a small stock of type, and on many occasions he ran out of a letter. The letter *e* tried him sorely. Those who knew him best say that he tried to think of words without an *e* in them, but when he was baffled he had to use a little *a* or an *o* instead. He could print correctly, but in the book there are a good many capital letters in the middle of words, and sometimes there is

a note of interrogation after "alas" or "Woe's me," because all the notes of exclamation had been used up.

Jimsy never cared to speak about his great poem even to his closest friends, but Janet told how he read it out to her, and that his whole body trembled with excitement while he raised his eyes to heaven as if asking for inspiration that would enable his voice to do justice to his writing. So grand it was, said Janet, that her stocking would slip from her fingers as he read — and Janet's stockings, that she was always knitting when not otherwise engaged, did not slip from her hands readily. After her death he was heard by his neighbors reciting the poem to himself, generally with his door locked. He is said to have declaimed part of it one still evening from the top of the commonty like one addressing a multitude, and the idlers who had crept up to jeer at him fell back when they saw his face. He walked through them, they told, with his old body straight once more, and a queer light playing on his face. His lips are moving as I see him turning the corner of the brae. So he passed from youth to old age, and all his life seemed a dream, except that part of it in which he was writing, or printing, or stitching, or binding "The Millennium." At last the work was completed.

"It is finished," he printed at the end of the last book. "The task of thirty years is over."

It is indeed over. No one ever read "The Millennium." I am not going to sentimentalize over my copy, for how much of it have I read? But neither shall I say that it was written to no end.

You may care to know the last of Jimsy, though in one sense he was blotted out when the last copy was bound. He had saved one hundred pounds by that time, and being now neither able to work nor to live alone, his friends cast about for a home for his remaining years. He was very spent and feeble, yet he had the fear that he might be still alive when all his money was gone. After that was the workhouse. He covered sheets of paper with calculations about how long the hundred pounds would last if he gave away for board and lodgings ten shillings,

nine shillings, seven and six-pence a week. At last, with sore misgivings, he went to live with a family who took him for eight shillings. Less than a month afterwards he died.—*A Window in Thrums.*

A HOLIDAY IN BED.

Now is the time for a real holiday. Take it in bed, if you are wise.

People have tried a holiday in bed before now, and found it a failure, but that was because they were ignorant of the rules. They went to bed with the open intention of staying there, say, three days, and found to their surprise that each morning they wanted to get up. This was a novel experience to them, they flung about restlessly, and probably shortened their holiday. The proper thing is to take your holiday in bed with a vague intention of getting up in another quarter of an hour. The real pleasure of lying in bed after you are awake is largely due to the feeling that you ought to get up. To take another quarter of an hour then becomes a luxury. You are, in short, in the position of the man who dined on larks. Had he seen the hundreds that were ready for him, all set out on one monster dish, they would have turned his stomach; but getting them two at a time, he went on eating till all the larks were exhausted. His feeling of uncertainty as to whether these might not be his last two larks is your feeling that, perhaps, you will have to get up in a quarter of an hour. Deceive yourself in this way, and your holiday in bed will pass only too quickly.

Sympathy is what all the world is craving for, and sympathy is what the ordinary holiday-maker never gets. How can we be expected to sympathize with you when we know you are off to Perthshire to fish? No; we say we wish we were you, and forget that your holiday is sure to be a hollow mockery; that your child will jam her finger in the railway carriage, and scream to the end of the journey; that you will lose your luggage; that the guard will notice your dog beneath the seat, and insist

on its being paid for; that you will be caught in a Scotch mist on the top of a mountain, and be put on gruel for a fortnight; that your wife will fret herself into a fever about the way the servant, who has been left at home, is carrying on with her cousins, the milkman and the policeman; and that you will be had up for trespassing. Yet, when you tell us you are off to-morrow, we have never the sympathy to say, "Poor fellow, I hope you'll pull through somehow." If it is an exhibition you go to gape at, we never picture you dragging your weary legs from one department to another, and wondering why your back is so sore. Should it be the seaside, we talk heartlessly to you about the "briny," though we must know, if we would stop to think, that if there is one holiday more miserable than all the others, it is that spent at the seaside, when you wander the weary beach and fling pebbles at the sea, and wonder how long it will be till dinner time. Were we to come down to see you, we would probably find you, not on the beach, but moving slowly through the village, looking in at the one milliner's window, or laboriously reading what the one grocer's labels say on the subject of pale ale, compressed beef, or vinegar. There was never an object that called aloud for sympathy more than you do, but you get not a jot of it. You should take the first train home and go to bed for three days.

To enjoy your holiday in bed to the full, you should let it be vaguely understood that there is something amiss with you. Don't go into details, for they are not necessary; and, besides, you want to be dreamy more or less, and the dreamy state is not consistent with a definite ailment. The moment one takes to bed he gets sympathy. He may be suffering from a tearing headache or a tooth that makes him cry out; but if he goes about his business, or even flops in a chair, true sympathy is denied him. Let him take to bed with one of those illnesses of which he can say with accuracy that he is not quite certain what is the matter with him, and his wife, for instance, will want to bathe his brow. She must not be made too anxious. That would not only be cruel to her, but it would

wake you from the dreamy state. She must simply see that you are "not yourself." Women have an idea that unless men are "not themselves" they will not take to bed, and as a consequence your wife is tenderly thoughtful of you. Every little while she will ask you if you are feeling any better now, and you can reply, with the old regard for truth, that you are "much about it." You may even (for your own pleasure) talk of getting up now, when she will earnestly urge you to stay in bed until you feel easier. You consent; indeed, you are ready to do anything to please her.

The ideal holiday in bed does not require the presence of a ministering angel in the room all day. You frequently prefer to be alone, and point out to your wife that you cannot have her trifling with her health for your sake, and so she must go out for a walk. She is reluctant, but finally goes, protesting that you are the most unselfish of men, and only too good for her. This leaves a pleasant aroma behind it, for even when lying in bed, we like to feel that we are uncommonly fine fellows. After she has gone you get up cautiously, and, walking stealthily to the wardrobe, produce from the pocket of your great coat a good novel. A holiday in bed must be arranged for beforehand. With a gleam in your eye you slip back to bed, double your pillow to make it higher, and begin to read. You have only got to the fourth page, when you make a horrible discovery — namely, that the book is not cut. An experienced holiday-maker would have had it cut the night before, but this is your first real holiday, or perhaps you have been thoughtless. In any case you have now matter to think of. You are torn in two different ways. There is your coat on the floor with a knife in it, but you cannot reach the coat without getting up again. Ought you to get the knife or to give up reading? Perhaps it takes a quarter of an hour to decide this question, and you decide it by discovering a third course. Being a sort of an invalid, you have certain privileges which would be denied you if you were merely sitting in a chair in the agonies of neuralgia. One of the glorious privileges of a holiday in bed is that you are entitled to

cut books with your fingers. So you cut the novel in this way, and read on.

Those who have never tried it may fancy that there is a lack of incident in a holiday in bed. There could not be a more monstrous mistake. You are in the middle of a chapter, when you suddenly hear a step upon the stair. Your loving ears tell you that your wife has returned, and is hastening to you. Now, what happens? The book disappears beneath the pillow, and when she enters the room softly you are lying there with your eyes shut. This is not merely incident; it is drama.

What happens next depends on circumstances. She says in a low voice —

"Are you feeling any easier now, John?"

No answer.

"Oh, I believe he is sleeping."

Then she steals from the room, and you begin to read again.

During a holiday in bed one never thinks, of course, of analyzing his actions. If you had done so in this instance, you would have seen that you pretended sleep because you had got to an exciting passage. You love your wife, but, wife or no wife, you must see how the passage ends.

Possibly the little scene plays differently, as thus —

"John, are you feeling any easier now?"

No answer.

"Are you asleep?"

No answer.

"What a pity! I don't want to waken him, and yet the fowl will be spoilt."

"Is that you back, Marion?"

"Yes, dear; I thought you were asleep."

"No, only thinking."

"You think too much, dear. I have cooked a chicken for you."

"I have no appetite."

"I'm so sorry, but I can give it to the children."

"Oh, as it's cooked, you may as well bring it up."

In that case the reason of your change of action is

obvious. But why do you not let your wife know that you have been reading? This is another matter that you never reason about. Perhaps, it is because of your craving for sympathy, and you fear that if you were seen enjoying a novel the sympathy would go. Or, perhaps, it is that a holiday in bed is never perfect without a secret. Monotony must be guarded against, and so long as you keep the book to yourself your holiday in bed is a healthy excitement. A stolen book (as we may call it) is like stolen fruit. sweeter than what you can devour openly. The boy enjoys his stolen apple, because at any moment he may have to slip it down the leg of his trousers, and pretend that he has merely climbed the tree to enjoy the scenery. You enjoy your book doubly because you feel that it is a forbidden pleasure. Or, do you conceal the book from your wife lest she should think that you are over-exerting yourself? She must not be made anxious on your account. Ah, that is it.

People who pretend (for it must be pretence) that they enjoy their holiday in the country, explain that the hills or the sea gave them such an appetite. I could never myself feel the delight of being able to manage an extra herring for breakfast, but it should be pointed out that neither mountains nor oceans give you such an appetite as a holiday in bed. What makes people eat more anywhere is that they have nothing else to do, and in bed you have lots of time for meals. As for the quality of the food supplied, there is no comparison. In the Highlands it is ham and eggs all day till you sicken. At the seaside it is fish till the bones stick in your mouth. But in bed — oh, there you get something worth eating. You don't take three big meals a day, but twelve little ones, and each time it is something different from the last. There are delicacies for breakfast, for your four luncheons and your five dinners. You explain to your wife that you have lost your appetite, and she believes you, but at the same time she has the sense to hurry on your dinner. At the clatter of dishes (for which you have been lying listening) you raise your poor head, and say faintly:

"Really, Marion, I can't touch food."

"But this is nothing," she says, "only the wing of a partridge."

You take a side glance at it, and see that there is also the other wing and the body and two legs. Your alarm thus dispelled, you say —

"I really can't."

"But, dear, it is so beautifully cooked."

"Yes; but I have no appetite."

"But try to take it, John, for my sake."

Then for her sake you say she can leave it on the chair, and perhaps you will just taste it. As soon as she has gone you devour that partridge, and when she comes back she has the sense to say —

"Why, you have scarcely eaten anything. What could you take for supper?"

You say you can take nothing, but if she likes she can cook a large sole, only you won't be able to touch it.

"Poor dear!" she says, "your appetite has completely gone," and then she rushes to the kitchen to cook the sole with her own hands. In half-an-hour she steals into your room with it, and then you (who have been wondering why she is such a time) start up protesting,

"I hope, Marion, this is nothing for me."

"Only the least little bit of a sole, dear."

"But I told you I could eat nothing."

"Well, this is nothing, it is so small."

You look again, and see with relief that it is a large sole.

"I would much rather that you took it away."

"But dear ——"

"I tell you I have no appetite."

"Of course I know that; but how can you hope to preserve your strength if you eat so little? You have had nothing all day."

You glance at her face to see if she is in earnest, for you can remember three breakfasts, four luncheons, two dinners, and sandwiches between; but evidently she is not jesting. Then you yield.

"Oh, well, to keep my health up I may just put a fork into it."

"Do, dear; it will do you good, though you have no caring for it."

Take a holiday in bed, if only to discover what an angel your wife is.

There is only one thing to guard against. Never call it a holiday. Continue not to feel sure what is wrong with you, and to talk vaguely of getting up presently. Your wife will suggest calling in the doctor, but pooh-pooh him. Be firm on that point. The chances are that he won't understand your case.

BARRON, ELWYN ALFRED, an American journalist and dramatist; born at Nashville, Tenn., March 6, 1855. In 1879 he became dramatic critic and editorial writer on the Chicago *Inter Ocean*. He is the author of *A Moral Crime* (1885), and *The Viking*, a blank-verse drama (1888); *When Bess was Queen* (1890). He published *Manders*, a novel, in 1891.

THE BATTLE.

Fenja (looking out):
My veins are chilled
With the cold horror of the bloody scene,
Nor can my startled eyes give shape to men,
Massed like some writhing monster self-destroyed!
I know not which are friends, so close impact
Are slayers and the slain, There is a break!
The moving bulk has stopped. Those in retreat
Have turned to fight as though they do despair
Of safe escape, and mean to sell their lives
At dearest price. They gain some backward way!
But now they're forced again! I see the plume

My brother wears. 'Tis he! he strives to check
The tide of fell disaster. Ne'er till now
Have I beheld him kingly; but he towers
Majestic where he fights. Oh, gods, what now!
One comes against him that I know. Yes, 'tis —
'Tis Hafthor's self encounters him full tide!
Such stroke of swords! I am afraid to look,
But dare not else. So noble both appear,
And yet so deadly fearful, friend and foe
Stand locked from action, wondering to see
Their mighty leaders so engaged! Oh, gods!
Is Hafthor fallen so? He's up again
And lays such rapid blows his shining sword
Is like a halo in the sun. Look now!
My brother yields, his strength declines, his sword
Strikes heavily and slow; he stumbles, falls.
Oh, spare him, Hafthor! put him not to death!
He holds his sword aloft! The gods be thanked,
He lets my brother live! They bind him fast;
And over all there is a sudden hush,—
A deathlike stillness, as the fight were done.
But there's Old Swend, who was my purchased lord,
Steps forth and fits an arrow to his bow.
[*Turning.*] Eysa, mount with me; there is no terror now.
Peace has come. [*Cries out and falls.*] 'Twas Swend!
—*The Viking.*

HAFTHOR'S DEATH.

You scorned to give her to me when glad life
Was sportive in her dimpled cheeks; but now
Amend the wrong, and I will happier die
Than ever in most joyous hour I lived.

[*Struggles an instant, then clasps his hand to his side, and recovers.*]

My tawny ship lies there among the fleet,
A golden dragon at her head. She came,
My father told me, from the unknown sea,

Full sailed to court the breeze, and yet unmanned;
Her spacious deck uncumbered, and her hold
Unlined with trace of any former life.
He first beheld her in the summer light
That marked the mid-day calm,— the sea serene
As face of sleeping pool; yet on she moved,
A thing of beauty and of life. A space,
And from the prow there seemed to rise a flame
That spread its arms and caught the sails and mast,
And wrapped the vessel in a yellow cloak.
Whereat my father sighed that craft so fair
Should burn, thinking it the funeral bed
Of some departed king. But, as he gazed,
The yellow flame, as though an orb of light,
Rolled from the ship into a ball of fire
That fled along the surface of the sea;
Then, cleft in twain, it rose into the sky,
As 't were two images, a man and maid,
And vanished where the overhanging blue
Shuts in the fields of Asgard. All amazed,
My father turned from looking, and behold!
The ship lay moored before him. Such the tale.
I think I read the omen in my fate;
And if I lie with this fair hapless maid
Upon the mystic deck, my ship again
Will sail into the unknown waiting sea,
Where our two souls entwining will ascend
Into the region of the gods. Do this;
Let our asundered lives unite in death,
And all will be forgiven. [*Dies.*]

— *The Viking.*

BARROW, Isaac, an English theologian, classical scholar, and mathematician; born at London, May 4, 1630; died there April, 1677. He was the son of a prosperous linen-draper. He studied for the Church, being elected a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1649. Finding that under the Commonwealth the Church gave little promise of advancement, he turned his thoughts toward the physical sciences and mathematics. Failing to receive the appointment to the professorship of Greek at Cambridge, he went to the Continent, where he spent four years, a twelvemonth of which was passed in Constantinople, where he made the works of Chrysostom a special study. He returned to England in 1659; and upon the restoration of Charles II. to the throne, in the following year, Barrow was made Greek Professor at Cambridge, and in 1662 became also Professor of Geometry in Gresham College, London. He resigned these appointments in 1663, in order to accept the position of Lucasian Professor of Mathematics in Cambridge University. He held this position for six years and composed a valuable treatise upon *Optics.* In 1675, two years before his death, Barrow was made Vice-Chancellor of his university. As a mathematician, he occupies a high place in the estimation of those best qualified to judge. His works, of which many editions have been published, consist of *Sermons;* expositions of the *Creed;* the *Lord's Prayer,* and the *Decalogue,* treatises on *The Doctrine of the Sacraments; The Unity of the Church; The Supremacy of the Pope,* etc. His sermons were all long, seldom occupying less than an hour and a half in their delivery. A single extract —

about the shortest that can be made — must serve as an example of the manner of Barrow's sermons:

THE EXCELLENCY OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

The last advantage I shall mention, peculiar to the Christian doctrine, is the style and manner of its speech, which is properly accommodated to the capacity of all persons and worthy the majesty and sincerity of Divine Truth. It expresseth itself plainly and simply, without any affectation or artifice, ostentation of wit or eloquence. It speaks with an imperious awful confidence, in the strain of a king; its words carrying with them authority and power divine, commanding attention, assent, and obedience: as, "This you are to believe, this you are to do, on pain of our high displeasure, and at your utmost peril; for even your life and salvation depend thereon." Such is the style and tenor of the Scripture; such as plainly becomes the Sovereign Lord of all to use, when he is pleased to proclaim his mind and will to us his creatures.

As God is in himself invisible, and that we could not bear the lustre and glory of his immediate presence, if ever he would convincingly signify his will and pleasure to us, it must be by effects of his incommunicable power; by works extraordinary and supernatural. And innumerable such hath God afforded in favor and countenance of our religion: as, his clearly predicting the future revelation of this doctrine, by express voices and manifest apparitions from heaven; by frequently suspending the course of natural causes; by remarkable instances of providence; by internal attestations on the minds and consciences of men. By such wonderful means doth God demonstrate that the Christian Religion came from him; an advantage peculiar to it; and such as no other institution except that of the Jews, which was a prelude to it, could ever reasonably pretend to. — I hope these considerations will be sufficient to vindicate our religion from all aspersions cast on it by inconsiderate, vain, and dissolute persons; as also to confirm us in the esteem, and excite us to the practice thereof.

And if men of wit would lay aside their prejudices, reason would compel them to confess that the heavenly doctrines and laws of Christ, established by innumerable miracles; his completely pure and holy life, his meekness, charity, and entire submission to the will of God, in his death, and his wonderful resurrection from the state of the dead — are most unquestionable evidences of the divinity of his person, of the truth of his Gospel, and of the obligation that lies upon us thankfully to accept him for our Redeemer and Savior, on the gracious terms he had proposed: To love God with all our souls — who is the Maker of our beings — and to love our neighbors as ourselves, who bear his image: — as they are the sum and substance of the Christian religion, so are they duties fitted to our nature, and most agreeable to our reason. And therefore, as the obtaining the love, favor, and kindness of God should be the chief and ruling principle in our hearts, the first thing in our consideration, as what ought to govern all the purposes and actions of our lives; so we cannot possibly have more powerful motives to goodness, righteousness, justice, equity, meekness, humility, temperance, and chastity — or greater dissuasions and discouragements from all kinds of sin — than what the Holy Scriptures afford us. If we will fear and reverence God, love our enemies who despitefully use us, and do good in all our capacities, we are promised that our reward shall be very great; that we shall be the children of the Most High; that we shall be inhabitants of the everlasting kingdom of heaven, where there is laid up for us a crown of righteousness, of life, and glory.

BARTH, HEINRICH, a German explorer and geographer; born at Hamburg, February 16, 1821; died at Berlin, November 25, 1865. He completed his education at the University of Berlin, where his favorite studies were the Greek and Latin classics and antiquities and geography. His first explorations, begun in 1845, were along the European and African shores of the Mediterranean. These journeys were extended into Egypt, Palestine, Asia Minor, and Greece. They occupied about three years, and were accompanied by several adventures and hair-breadth escapes. In 1849 he gave an account of these explorations, under the title of *Wanderungen durch die Küstenländer des Mittelmeeres.* Near the close of 1849 Barth was appointed by the British Government, in conjunction with Dr. Overweg, to accompany Mr. James Richardson, who was charged with a political and commercial mission to Northern Central Africa. The expedition set out from Tripoli early in February, 1850, in order to cross the Great Desert. Barth got separated from his companions, both of whom finally fell victims to the insalubrious climate. Barth, however, continued his journeys alone. He finally made his way back to Tripoli, in September, 1855. His travels during this period extended over an area of twenty-four degrees of latitude and twenty degrees of longitude, from Tripoli on the north to Andamawa on the south, and from Bagirmi on the east to Timbuctu on the west, involving journeyings of not less than 12,000 miles, mainly performed under great difficulties, and in regions of which hardly anything was known. His narrative of this expedition, written by himself

both in German and English, appeared in 1857–58, in five volumes, with numerous illustrations and maps. It was republished in New York in three large volumes, some of the more detailed maps being omitted. The English title of this work is *Travels and Discoveries in North and Central Africa: Being a Journal of an Expedition undertaken under the Auspices of H. B. M's Government in the years 1849–1850. By* HENRY BARTH, Ph.D.,D.C.L. This work, says the London *Spectator,* "contains the best account of the interior of Negroland we have yet, north of nine degrees of latitude; and he himself is the model of an explorer — patient, persevering, and resolute." After publishing this work, Barth made several other extended journeys in Greece, Turkey, Asia Minor, etc., an account of which was given in 1858, under the title *Reise von Trapezunt durch die nördl, Halfte Kleinasiens nach Skutari.* In 1862 he put forth his *Sammlung und bearbeitung Central-Afrik. Vocabularien,* which is of special interest to philologists and ethnologists. His most important work, however, is the *Travels and Discoveries in North and Central Africa.*

NORTHERN AND CENTRAL AFRICA AND THEIR INHABITANTS.

Extending over a tract of country of twenty-four degrees from north to south and twenty degrees from east to west, in the broadest part of the continent of Africa, my travels necessarily comprise subjects of great interest and diversity.

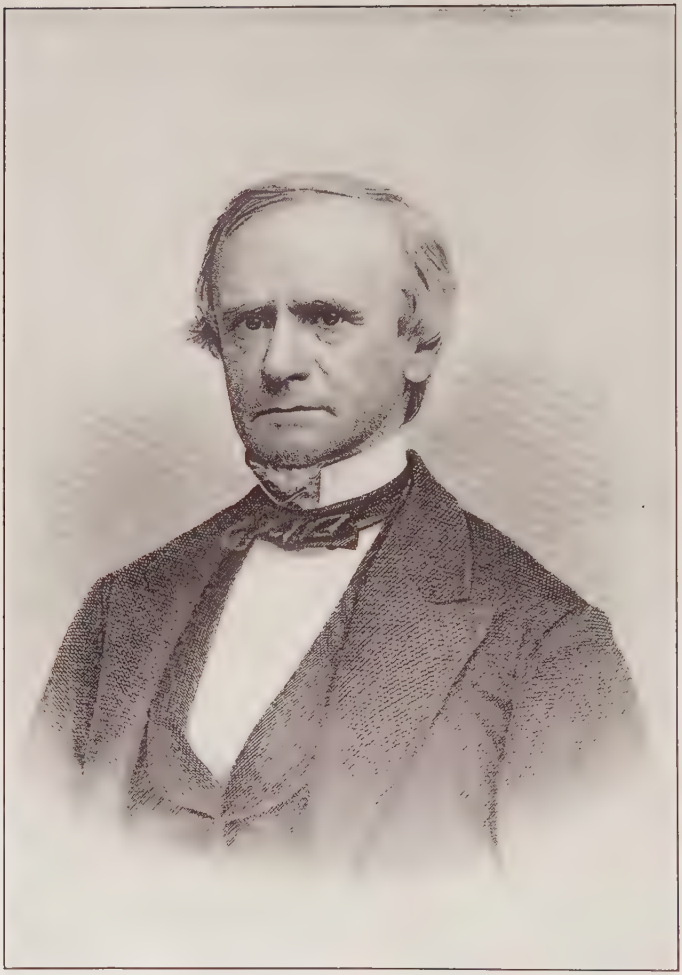
After having traversed vast deserts of the most barren soil and scenes of the most frightful desolation, I met with fertile lands irrigated by large navigable rivers, and extensive central lakes, ornamented with the finest timber, and producing various species of grain, rice, ses-

amum, ground-nuts, in unlimited abundance, the sugar-cane, etc., together with cotton and indigo, the most valuable commodities of trade. The whole of Central Africa, from Bagírmi to the east as far as Timbúctu to the west, abounds in these products. The natives in these regions not only weave their own cotton, but dye their home-made shirts with their own indigo.

The river, the far-famed Niger, which gives access to these regions by means of its eastern branch, the Bénuwé, which I discovered, affords an uninterrupted navigable sheet of water for more than six hundred miles into the very heart of the country. Its western branch is obstructed by rapids at the distance of about three hundred and fifty miles from the coast, but even at that point it is probably not impassable in the present state of navigation; while higher up the river opens an immense high-road for nearly one thousand miles into the very heart of Western Africa, so rich in every kind of produce.

The same diversity of soil and produce which the regions traversed by me exhibit, is also observed with respect to man. Starting from Tripoli on the north, we proceed from the settlement of the Arab and the Berber — the poor remnants of the vast empires of the Middle Ages — into a country dotted with splendid ruins from the period of the Roman dominion, through the wild roving hordes of the Tawárek, to the negro and half-negro tribes, and to the very border of the South African nations. In the regions of Central Africa there exists not one and the same stock, as in South Africa; but the greatest diversity of tribes, or rather nations, prevails, with idioms entirely distinct.

The great and momentous struggle between Islamism and Paganism is here going on, causing every day the most painful and affecting results; while the miseries resulting from slavery and the slave-trade are here revealed in their most repulsive features. We find the Mohammedan learning engrafted on the ignorance and simplicity of the black races, and the gaudy magnificence and strict ceremonial of large empires side by side with the barbarous simplicity of naked and half-naked tribes.



JOHN RUSSELL BARTLETT.

We here trace a historical thread which guides us through this labyrinth of tribes and overthrown kingdoms; and a lively interest is awakened by reflecting on their possible progress and restoration through the intercourse with more civilized parts of the world.

Finally, we find here commerce in every direction radiating from Kano, the great emporium of Central Africa, and spreading the manufactures of that industrious region over the whole of Western Africa. . . . As I may flatter myself that, by the success which has attended my efforts, I have encouraged further undertakings in these as well as in other quarters of Africa, so it will be my greatest satisfaction if this narrative should give a fresh impulse to the endeavors to open the fertile regions of Central Africa to European commerce and civilization. —*Travels and Discoveries, Vol. I.*

BARTLETT, JOHN RUSSELL, an American biographer, antiquarian, and historian; born at Providence, R. I., October 23, 1805; died there May 28, 1886. While a young man he took a special interest in literary and scientific research. In 1837 he entered into business as a bookseller in New York, devoting his leisure time to the study of history and ethnology. He was one of the founders of the American Ethnological Society, and for some years Secretary of the New York Historical Society. In 1850 he was appointed commissioner for the survey of the boundary-line between the United States and Mexico. He was thus engaged for about three years, during which he made researches in ethnology, natural history, and astronomy; the results of which were officially published by order of the United States Govern-

ment in 1857–58. In 1855 he was elected Secretary of the State of Rhode Island, and in 1861–62 he was acting Governor of the State. Among his numerous works are: *The Progress of Ethnology* (1847); *Reminiscences of Albert Gallatin* (1849); *Explorations in Texas, New Mexico, California, etc.* (1856); *Bibliotheca Americana* (4 vols., 1865–70); *Literature of the Rebellion* (1867); *Primeval Man* (1868), and *Dictionary of Americanisms.* Of this last work the first edition was published in 1848, and succeeding editions, with continued enlargements, in 1859, 1860, and 1877. In the prefaces to the successive editions the author indicates the principles upon which the work was based.

UPON AMERICANISMS.

I began to make a list of such words as appeared to be, or at least such as had generally been called, Americanisms, or peculiar to the United States; and at the same time made reference to the several authors in whose writings they appeared; not knowing whether in reality they were of native growth, or whether they had been introduced from England. When this list had expanded so as to embrace a large number of the words used in familiar conversation, both among the uneducated and rustic classes, the next object was to examine the dialects and provincialisms of those parts of England from which the early settlers of New England and our other colonies emigrated.

On comparing these familiar words with the provincial and colloquial language of the northern counties of England, a most striking resemblance appeared, not only in the words commonly regarded as peculiar to New England, but in the dialectical pronunciation of certain words, and in the general tone and accent. In fact, it may be said, without exaggeration, that nine-tenths of the colloquial peculiarities of New England are derived directly from Great Britain; and that they are now pro-

vincial in those parts from which the early colonists emigrated, or are to be found in the writings of well-accredited authors of the period when that emigration took place. Consequently it is obvious that we have the best authority for the use of the words referred to.

It may be insisted, therefore, that the idiom of New England is as pure English, taken as a whole, as was spoken in England at the period when these colonies were settled. In making this assertion, I do not take as a standard the nasal twang, the drawling enunciation, or those perversions of language which the ignorant and uneducated adopt. Nor would I acknowledge the abuse of many of our most useful words. For these perversions I make no other defence or apology but that they occur in all countries and in every language.

Having found the case to be as stated, I had next to decide between a vocabulary of words of purely American origin, or one in which should be embraced all those words usually called provincial or vulgar; all the words, whatever be their origin, which are used in familiar conversation, and but seldom employed in composition; all the perversions of language and abuses of words into which people in certain sections of the country have fallen; and some of those remarkable and ludicrous forms of speech which have been adopted in the Western States. The latter plan I determined to adopt.—*Preface to the First Edition, 1848.*

In the preface to the second edition (1859) the author says that he began preparations for a new edition before the first had fairly left the press.

From that time [he continues] I have, during the intervening ten years, been more or less occupied in its preparation. Nearly three years of this period I spent in the interior of the country, in the service of the United States as Commissioner on the Mexican Boundary; but even there I failed not to note the peculiarities of the familiar language of the frontier, and carefully recorded the words and phrases I met with for future use. This

experience enabled me to collect the singular words occurring in prairie and frontier life, as well as those common to Texas, New Mexico, and California. Most of these have come from the Spanish, and are now fairly engrafted on our language. The other improvements made in this edition consist in the addition of a very large number of words and phrases peculiar to the United States; so that it now contains probably twice as many as the first edition.

The third edition (1860) was a reprint of that of 1859. The fourth and last edition (1877) has been very considerably enlarged. The principal part of the additions are thus referred to in the preface:

THE VOCABULARY OF SLANG.

Perhaps the larger share of additions is from the vocabulary of Slang, which may be divided into several classes:

First are the terms used by the bankers and stock-brokers of Wall Street, which are well understood and employed by those who operate in stocks in all our large cities. These may be classed among the more respectable slang. They are employed not only by merchants, but by all who have money to invest, or who operate in stocks. Educated men also make use of them, for the reason that there are no terms which so well express the operations connected with money. Next we have "College Slang," or words and expressions in common use among the students in our colleges and pupils of our higher schools. These words are so numerous that, when explained at length, and accompanied by examples, they make a volume of themselves. Then there is the slang of politicians, of the stage, of sportsmen, of Western boatmen, of pugilists, of the police, of rowdies and roughs, of thieves, of workshops, of the circus, of shopkeepers, workmen, etc., which, taken together, form a rich mine whence new words are derived — some of which, after a

struggle, become engrafted on our language, and finally obtain places in *Webster's Unabridged.*

Objections have been made to the incorporation of slang terms in a work like the present, on the ground that it tends to preserve them and perpetuate their use. It is true that it does preserve them; but it does not perpetuate their use; for they often disappear as suddenly as they come into existence. Slang terms will remain in use only so long as they may be useful in colloquial language. They may then be supplanted by others more expressive, and sink into oblivion. But even though they may become obsolete, it is no reason why they should not be included in a Dictionary or Glossary.

Words having a political significance sometimes have an existence of ten or twenty years. They are employed in the newspaper press, are heard in the halls of legislation, and find a place in our political annals. The extinction of an old political party, the organization of another, with new issues and a new platform, will be accompanied by new terms, which will become the shibboleth or watchword of the new party. The names of the older parties cease to be used, and are soon forgotten. Such is the history of the terms Federals, Bucktails, Barn-burners, Old Hunkers, Loco-Focos, Silver-Grays, and Know-nothings.

The clubs and flashy young men have their slang, often growing out of the fashion of the day, or out of the customs of society; while the number introduced from the humbler classes is much greater. Sometimes these strange words have a known origin; but of the larger number, no one knows whence they come. Slang is thus the source whence large additions are made to our language. . . .

The late civil war has given rise to many singular words. Some of these, in common use among our soldiers during the war, have since been dropped. Others have not only been preserved in our colloquial dialect, but have been transplanted to and adopted in foreign countries where the English language is spoken. . . . In the mining districts of California and Nevada many

strange words and phrases have sprung into existence, some of which have so taken root that they are heard in the colloquial language of the towns and cities, and have even crept into the ephemeral literature of the Pacific States. By no writers has this peculiar idiom been so much employed as by Bret Harte and "Mark Twain." In speaking of the language of the mining districts, the latter says: "The slang of Nevada is the richest and most infinitely varied and copious that has ever existed anywhere in the world, perhaps, except in the mines of California in the 'early days.' It was hard to preach a sermon without it and be understood."— *Preface to the Fourth Edition, 1877.*

BARTOL, CYRUS AUGUSTUS, an American clergyman; born at Freeport, Me., April 30, 1813; died at Boston, Mass., December 17, 1900. He was graduated from Bowdoin College in 1832, from the Harvard Divinity School in 1835, and in 1837 became associate pastor of the West Church (Unitarian) in Boston. He contributed largely to *The Christian Examiner* for many years and published *Sermons* (1850); *Pictures from Europe* (1855); *Church and Congregation* (1858); *Radical Problems* (1872); *The Rising Faith* (1874), and *Principles and Portraits* (1880). His later works embody the results of his maturest thought.

ON IDEALISM IN RELIGION.

We make the Christ of our faith. Christians are disturbed by any hint that their Saviour cannot be certainly drawn, with every word and prodigy, out of the historic

details. What if we cannot circumstantially verify the image of the God-man? Is that image therefore a vapor that passeth away? Fact is never the ground of principle; but principle the womb of fact. All the texts and wonders illustrate, but do not procreate spirit. We are grieved at discrepancies in the Gospel tales, and the impossibility of proving the miracles, even if they occurred. But though, in the mouth of many witnesses, every word could be established, or the portents rewrought before our eyes, we could get from them no saving belief. Faith is a principle, not a conclusion. The test of a man is what he builds on — an incident or an idea. The letter that killeth is not only a written sentence, but every outward appearance. Sun and moon, sea and star, are but an alphabet. The world is God's metaphor. All cognitions of sense are signs and counters of conception. We do not want a factitious Redeemer. A purely historic creed is the house Jesus spoke of, reared on the sand, and sure to go before the storm. None but the ideal underpinning will stand.

The ideal foundation is so firm, every man's constitution forces him to fashion his Lord, according to his light, after his own heart. To the Jew, Jesus was a stumbling-block; and to the Greek, foolishness; but to whoever believed, God's power and wisdom. To such as could receive him, he became righteousness and sanctification and redemption.

Jesus was a Jew; the Christ was born of the wedded Greek and Jewish mind. I doubt not the depth of that immense personality would justify more than all we can say; but the personality is not constructible from any particulars of the story without imaginative help. I should not believe the narratives so heartily, did they all four agree, or if Paul had nothing more to tell us than Mark. Eye-witnesses, every lawyer knows, always differ.

We say Genesis is a fable. Is Moses, or whoever wrote it, less trustworthy than Gibbon or Hume? We dispute about what was done by John Adams or General Greene. In a few years how many myths there will

be respecting Abraham Lincoln and John Brown, and the power gone to distinguish between fiction and fact; but as to the devotion to country and humanity, what doubt? — *Radical Problems.*

BARTON, BENJAMIN SMITH, an American physician, naturalist, and ethnologist; born at Lancaster, Pa., February 10, 1766; died at Philadelphia, December 19, 1815. He studied in Philadelphia and New York, afterward in Europe, and received the degree of M.D. at the University of Göttingen. He returned to America in 1789, and was appointed Professor of Natural History and Botany in the College of Philadelphia, which was two years later incorporated with the University of Pennsylvania. Subsequently he filled also the chairs of Materia Medica and of the Practice of Physic in the university. Dr. Barton was among the earliest of distinguished American scientists, and contributed largely to scientific periodicals. Among his works are a *Memoir Concerning the Fascinating Power ascribed to Rattlesnakes* (1796); *Fragments of the Natural History of Pennsylvania* (1800); and *Elements of Botany* (1803). In 1805 he commenced the publication of *The Medical and Physical Journal,* for which he wrote numerous valuable papers. In 1807 he delivered in Philadelphia a suggestive discourse upon some of the principal *Desiderata in Natural History,* which embodies many admirable suggestions.

CHANGES IN CLIMATE.

It is a point which may, I think, admit of some doubt whether any very essential change has actually taken place in the temperature of the American climates since the first discovery of the continent by the Europeans in the fifteenth century; or, at least, since the first settlement of the European colonies now called the United States. Many facts and materials for determining this point may still be collected. For this purpose, it is obvious to propose that inquiries should be made of the oldest people residing in the Union; but, in particular, inquiries of our Indians, who are remarkably attentive to the preservation of the memory of severe winters, uncommonly warm summers, seasons of great drought, and other circumstances relative to the atmosphere.

These inquiries might be conducted with peculiar advantage in the southern part of the United States, where several of the Indian tribes — such as the Cheerake, the Chikksah, etc., — are known to have resided, in particular districts of country, for near three hundred years. Mr. Lawson informs us that when he was in North Carolina, in the very first years of the eighteenth century, the Indians of that country preserved the memory of an exceedingly hard winter which had occurred there one hundred and five years before. This carries us back to about the year 1596, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, at which time there were no European settlers in Carolina. At that time, according to the tradition, "the great Sound was frozen over, and the wild-geese came into the woods to eat acorns," and were so "tame," no doubt through want, that the Indians killed abundance of them in the woods, "by knocking them on the head with sticks." During one winter since this period, viz., in the year 1779–1780, the great Sound has been frozen over.

BARTON, BERNARD, an English poet; born at London, January 31, 1784; died at Woodbridge, February 19, 1849. He was a member of the Society of Friends, and has been styled "the Quaker Poet." He was an intimate friend of Charles Lamb, who makes frequent mention of him in his letters and essays. In 1810 he became a clerk in a banking-house at Woodbridge, continuing in that position until his death. At one time he contemplated giving up his position and devoting himself to literature, but was strongly dissuaded from doing so by Lamb, who wrote to him: "Throw yourself on the world without any rational plan of support beyond what the chances of booksellers would afford you! Throw yourself rather, my dear Sir, from the steep Tarpeian rock slap-dash headlong upon iron spikes. If you have but five consolatory minutes between the desk and the bed, make much of them, and live a century in them rather than turn slave to the booksellers. They are Turks and Tartars when they have poor authors at their beck. Hitherto you have been at arm's length from them: come not within their grasp. Oh! you know not — may you never know — the miseries of subsisting by authorship." From Byron some time afterward he received advice to the same purport: "Do not," wrote Byron, "renounce writing; but never trust entirely to authorship. If you have a profession, retain it: it will be, like Prior's Fellowship, a last and sure resource." Barton founded a reading-club at Woodbridge, the members of which, in 1824, made up a purse of £1,200, which was presented to him; and during the later years of his life he was in receipt of

a pension of £100, bestowed upon him by the administration of Sir Robert Peel. Barton wrote in all nearly a dozen small volumes of poems, the earliest appearing in 1811, the latest — entitled *Household Verses* — in 1845. Soon after his death, a volume of *Selections* from his poems and letters was put forth by his daughter, Lucy Barton. His poems are characterized by delicacy of thought and grace of expression, rather than by vigor and originality.

THE CATARACT AND THE STREAMLET.

Noble the mountain stream,
Bursting in grandeur from its vantage ground:
Glory is in its gleam
Of brightness — thunder in its deafening sound!
Mark, how its foamy spray,
Tinged by the sunbeam with reflected dyes,
Mimics the bow of day
Arching in majesty the vaulted skies;
Thence in a summer-shower,
Steeping the rocks around: Oh tell me where
Could majesty and power
Be clothed in forms more beautifully fair!

Yet lovelier, in my view,
The streamlet flowing beautifully serene;
Traced by the brighter hue,
And livelier growths it gives — itself unseen!
It flows through flowery meads,
Gladdening the herds which on its margin browse;
Its quiet beauty feeds
The alders that o'ershade it with their boughs.
Gently it murmurs by
The village churchyard; its low plaintive tone,
A dirge-like melody,
For worth and beauty modest as its own.
More gayly now it sweeps

By the small schoolhouse in the sunshine bright;
And o'er the pebbles leaps,
Like happy hearts by holiday made light.

May not its course express,
In characters which they who run may read,
The charms of gentleness
Were but its small still voice allowed to plead?
What are the trophies gained
By Power, alone, with all its noise and strife,
To that meek wreath, unstained,
Won by the charities that gladden life?
Niagara's streams might fail,
And human happiness be undisturbed;
But Egypt would turn pale,
Were her still Nile's o'erflowing bounty curbed.

BASHKIRTSEFF, Maria Constantinova, a Russian artist and author; born at Gawronzi, November 11, 1860; died at Paris, France, October 31, 1884. She came of a noble family, and at the age of twelve went to Italy to study music, and later to Paris to study art. Her fame rests upon her *Journal,* which she began writing at Nice, when she was but thirteen years of age. She intended the work to be a transcript from a woman's life, and the evident care with which the entries in the *Journal* were written, shows her expectation for its ultimate publication. The *Journal* appeared in Paris, a year after the author's death, and was translated into English in 1889. Fladstone pronounced the *Journal* "a book without a parallel." The work contains a rather morbid analysis of moods and character. As an artist Miss Bashkirtseff was a realist, and is best known by

MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF.

The Meeting, which represents a group of Paris street gamins.

ARTISTIC HOPES.

Sunday, August 5th.— When one is in need of bread, one really does not dare to speak of sweetmeats. So, at present, I am ashamed to speak of my artistic hopes. I no longer dare to say that to do better work I would like such or such arrangements, that I want to study in Italy. All this is very painful for me to say.

Even if I should be granted *all,* I think I could no longer be so happy as I would have been once.

Confidence once lost is never restored, and this truth, like everything that is irreparable, saddens me unspeakably.

I am disappointed and sad, I notice nothing, nobody; my face is careworn, which takes away the trusting expression I once had, and makes me look ugly. I no longer have anything to say; my friends look at me with astonishment at first, and then go away. Then I try to be amusing, and I become queer, extravagant, impertinent, and stupid.

Monday, August 6th.— Do you think that I am not uneasy about Russia? Where is the being unhappy enough, contemptible enough, to forget his country when in danger? Do you think that the fable of the hare and the tortoise, when applied to Russia and Turkey, does not trouble me? Because I speak of this, that, and the other, does that prove that I am not uneasy, seriously uneasy about our war?

Do you think that 100,000 slaughtered Russians would be lying dead, if my prayers could have saved them, my anxious thoughts defended them?

Tuesday, August 7th.— I have been stupefying myself at the *Bon Marché,* which pleases me as everything that is well managed does. We had guests to supper with us; they laughed and I laughed, but still — I am sad, despairing.

And it is impossible!! Frightful words! Hideous,

horrible words!! To die, my God, to die!!! To die!!!! Without leaving anything behind me! To die like a dog! To die, as a hundred thousand women have died, with scarcely their names engraved upon their tombs! To die like — Fool, fool, who does not see what is God's will! God wishes me to renounce everything else and consecrate myself to art. In five years, I shall still be quite young, still beautiful, perhaps. But, suppose I become only a mediocre artist, as so many others have been?

With society, that might answer; but to devote one's life to some special thing and not to succeed!

In Paris, as everywhere else, there is a Russian colony.

It is not these mean considerations that enrage me, but it is that, mean as they are, they make me desperate and prevent me from thinking of my greatness.

What is life without society? What can one do when always alone? This thought makes me hate the whole world, my family, myself; it makes me blaspheme! To live! To live! Holy Mary, Mother of God, Lord Jesus Christ, my God, come to my aid!

But, if I am to consecrate myself to the arts, I must go to Italy! Yes, to Rome.

This is the granite wall against which I dash my head every moment.— *Journal* (1877).

WOMEN.

Thursday, January 2d.— What I long for, is the liberty to ramble alone, to come and go, to seat myself on the benches in the garden of the Tuileries, and especially of the Luxembourg, to stop at the artistic shop-windows, enter the churches, the museums, to ramble at night in the old streets, that is what I long for, and that is the liberty without which one can not become a true artist. Do you believe that we profit by what we see when we are accompanied, or when going to the Louvre, we must await our carriage, our *chaperon,* or our family?

Ah! heavens and earth! that is what makes me so angry to be a woman! I will dress myself like a woman of the middle class, wear a wig, and make myself so ugly

that I will be as free as a man. There is the liberty that I want and without which I shall never succeed in being anything.

One's thoughts are fettered by this stupid and enervating constraint; even if I disguise myself and make myself homely, I am but half free, for a woman who roams about is imprudent. And in Italy, in Rome?

The idea of going in a landau to visit ruins!

"Where are you going, Marie?"

"To see the Coliseum."

"But you have already seen it! Let us go to the theatre or take a drive, where there will be a crowd."

And that is enough to bind one down to the earth.

That is one of the great reasons why there are no women artists. Oh, sordid ignorance? Oh, savage routine! It is horrible to think of it all!

Even if we said sensible things, we would be assailed by the vulgar and ancient ridicule with which the apostles of woman's emancipation are overwhelmed. However, I think there is certain cause for laughter!

Women will never be anything but women. But, however, if they were brought up in the same manner as men, the inequality which I deplore would not exist, and there would remain only what is inherent in human nature itself. Ah, well! whatever I may say, women will shout and make themselves ridiculous (*I* will leave that to others) in an effort to obtain equality some time during the next century.

I will try to aid the cause by showing myself to society as a woman who has become something, notwithstanding all the disadvantages with which she is overwhelmed by society.—*Journal* (1879).

LIBERTY.

I have never been able to understand how one could give one's life for a beloved being, a perishable being, and all for love.

But I can understand, nevertheless, that we should undergo all sorts of torture and even death, for a princi-

ple, for liberty; for something which can ameliorate the condition of men in general.

I should defend all these beautiful things in France as well as in Russia. Country comes only after humanity. Distinctions between nations are, in fact, but shadows, and I always believe in treating all questions with simplicity and broadness of view.

If I do not want to be exiled, it is because it would be useless, and I have a horror of useless sacrifices. It is not cowardly to choose your part in life, and it is only natural to prefer being martyrized like St. Paul than to be one of the 11,000 virgins. I admit frankly, that it would grieve me to be an unknown heroine, but I swear to you ——

I stopped suddenly there, I was about to swear before God, and I am not very sure that He exists. I think that without the least fear. God, if He exists, can not be offended with my doubts, which are but an avowal of my ignorance. I would guard myself from denying the existence of God, but I can not sincerely and coldly affirm it. Oh, in the moments I suffer much, I do not reason in this way; I fall on my knees and pray to that God Whose existence at such times I thoroughly believe in.

It seems to me, however, that there must exist a supreme intelligence — but not the God to Whom I am accustomed. But then, what is the use of this supreme intelligence?

But I was going to — yes, swear before God that I would give even the last drop of my blood in the service of some great principle which was dear to me.

I am calm; not a Louise Michel, not a nihilist at all; but if I believed that liberty was seriously threatened, I would be the most furious of all.— *Journal* (1881).

BASSO, Andrea Del, an Italian poet, who flourished during the latter part of the fifteenth century. He wrote commentaries on the *Teseide* of Boccaccio, and other works of a similar character. Among his poems is one of considerable length, some portions of which are here given:

ODE TO A DEAD BODY.

Rise from the loathsome and devouring tomb,
  Give up thy body, woman without heart,
  Now that its worldly part
Is over; and deaf, blind and dumb
  Thou servest worms for food;
  And from thine altitude
Fierce death has shaken thee down, and thou dost fit
Thy bed within the pit.
  Night, endless night, hath got thee
  To clutch, and to engulf thee;
  And rottenness confounds
  Thy limbs, and their sleek rounds.
And thou art stuck there, stuck there in despite
Like a foul animal in a trap at night.

Come in the public path, and see how all
  Shall fly thee, as a child goes shrieking back
  From something long and black,
Which mocks along the wall.
  See if the kind will stay
  To hear what thou wouldst say;
  See if thine arms can win
  One soul to think of sin;
  See if the tribe of wooers
  Will now become pursuers;
  And if, where they make way,
  Thou'lt carry now the day;
Or whether thou wilt spread not such foul night,
That thou thyself shalt feel the shudder and the fright
. . . . . .

Did I not tell thee this, over and over,
The time will come when thou wilt not be fair,
Nor have that conquering air,
Nor be supplied with lover,
Lo! now behold the fruit
Of all that scorn of shame:
Is there one spot the same
In all that fondled flesh?
One limb that's not a mesh
Of worms and sore offence,
And horrible succulence:
Tell me, is there one jot remaining,
To show thy lovers now the shapes which thou was vain in?

. . . . . .

Ill would it help thee now were I to say,
Go, weep at thy confessor's feet and cry,
"Help, father, or I die!
See, see, he knows his prey:
Even he, the dragon old!
Oh, be thou a stronghold
Betwixt my foe and me!
For I would fain be free:—
But am so bound in ill,
That, struggle as I will,
It strains me to the last,
And I am losing fast
My breath and soul, and thou art he
Alone canst save me in thy piety."

But thou didst smile, perhaps, thou thing besotted,
Because, with some, death is a sleep, a word:—
Hast thou, then, ever heard
Of one that slept and rotted?
Rare is the sleeping face
That wakes not as it was.—
Thou shouldst have earned high heaven;
And then thou might'st have given
Glad looks below, and seen

Thy buried bones serene,
As odorous and fair
As evening lilies are;
And in the day of the great trump of doom,
Happy thy soul had been to join them at the tomb.

Ode! go thou down and enter
The horrors of the centre:
Then fly amain, with news of terrible fate,
To those that think they may repent them late.

—*Translation of* LEIGH HUNT.

BASTIAT, FRÉDÉRIC, a French political economist; born at Bayonne, June 19, 1801; died at Rome, December 24, 1850. In 1848 he was a member of the Constituent and Legislative Assemblies. He was an early and influential advocate of free trade, and an uncompromising opponent of socialism. His principal work is *Les Harmonies Economiques,* published in 1849, in which he makes very free use of the writings of Henry C. Carey. He wrote several other works on political economy. Professor Cossa, writing against some of the theories of Bastiat, says of him, however, that "he was a sincere philanthropist, an eminent dialectician, and a formidable champion of economic freedom;" and John Elliott Cairnes, the noted political economist, says: "What Bastiat did was this: having been at infinite pains to exclude gratuitous gifts of nature from the possible elements of value, and having pointedly identified the phenomenon with 'human effort' as its exclusive source, he designates human effort by the term 'serv-

ice,' and then employs this term to admit as sources of value those very gratuitous natural gifts the exclusion of which in this capacity constituted the essence of his doctrine."

SCIENCE AND IGNORANCE.

The sciences may be divided into two classes. One of these classes may be known only to *savans*. It includes those sciences the application of which constitutes the business of special professions. The vulgar reap the fruit, in spite of their ignorance. A man may find use for a watch, though ignorant of mechanics and astronomy, and he may be carried along by a locomotive or a steamer, trusting to the skill of the engineer or the pilot. We walk according to the laws of equilibrium, although unacquainted with these laws, just as M. Jourdain had talked prose all his life without knowing it.

But there are sciences which exercise on the public mind an influence which is only in proportion to public enlightenment, and derive all their efficacy not from knowledge accumulated in some gifted minds, but from knowledge diffused over the general masses. Among these we may include morals, medicine, social economy, and in countries where men are their own masters, Politics. It is to such sciences that the saying of Bentham specially applies, "To disseminate them is better than to advance them." What signifies it, that some great man, or even that God himself, should have promulgated the laws of morality, as long as men, imbued with false notions, mistake virtues for vices, and vices for virtues? What matters it that Smith, Say, and, according to M. de Saint-Chamans, *economists of all schools,* have proclaimed, in reference to commercial transactions, the superiority of *liberty* over *constraint,* if the men who make our laws, and for whom our laws are made, think differently? — *Economic Sophisms; translation of* P. J. STIRLING.

BATES, Arlo, an American journalist and author; born at East Machias, Maine, December 16, 1850. After preparing for college he spent some years in teaching before he entered Bowdoin. Soon after his graduation, in 1876, he engaged in literary work in Boston, and in 1880 became editor of The Boston *Sunday Courier.* His first book, *Patty's Perversities,* was published in 1881. His remaining prose works are: *Mr. Jacobs* (1883); *The Pagans* (1884); *The Wheel of Fire* (1885); *A Lad's Love* (1887); *The Philistines* (1888); *Albrecht* (1890), *The Book o' Nine Tales* (1891); *In the Bundle of Time* (1893); *Talks on Writing English* (1897); *The Puritans* (1899); *Under the Beech Tree* (1899); *The Diary of a Saint* (1902). His volumes of poems are: *Berries of the Brier* (1886); *Sonnets in Shadow* (1887); *The Poet and His Self* (1891); *Told in the Gate,* seven oriental tales in blank verse (1892); and *The Torch-Bearers* (1894). In 1882 he married Miss Harriet L. Vose ("Eleanor Putnam"), the author of several charming sketches, published collectively by him after her death in 1886, under the title *Old Salem.* He also published another volume by her, *A Woodland Wooing* (1889), and a boys' story, *Prince Vance* (1888), their joint production.

In 1893 Mr. Bates was elected Professor of English Literature in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, but resigned the position a few months later.

IN THE GATE.

In the arched gateway of fair Ispahan,
Where shadows all day long in ambush lurk
Ready to steal abroad at nightfall, sits
Omar, the story-teller. On his breast,
White as spun-glass, his hoary beard flows down
Until it hides his girdle; his deep eyes
Like cave-set pools in gleaming blackness shine;
His voice is mellow as a drop which falls,
Pure liquid music, in a cistern hewn
From out the living rock. Around him sit
The chief men of the city, they that be
Princes and potentates of Ispahan,
All listening tireless to the tales he tells.

As thus they sit at ease, lapped in delights,
Smoking long, fragrant pipes, and nodding grave
Their approbation with high dignity,
The doleful camels, burdened, pass, the train
Of desert-faring caravan; and veiled
The women walk in unseen loveliness;
While orient lights and perfumes and soft airs
Give to each sweet romance its setting fit;
And each who hears, himself may haply be
Actor in tale as strange as that he hears.

Through the long afternoons like fountain-fall
Runs on the tale till the dim air is sweet
With music of its murmurous syllables,
The liquid, melting cadences which drop
From Omar's lips, like honey from the comb.
Spell-bound they sit who hear; while tales like these
Old Omar tells; and long the shadows grow
Of the tall camels passing and of slaves
Who watch their masters, envying their ease
In the cool gatway of far Ispahan.

— *Told in the Gate.*

WAITING FOR PIERRE.

When Pierre was eighteen he shouldered his musket and marched away, leaving poor old Mère Marchette as much a stranger in Paris as when she had come to it two years before, to weep and pray alone. It would hardly be within the power of words to paint the anguish which lay between Pierre's departure and that hot July noon when Mère Marchette lay dying at the Salpêtrière. Always in Paris she had been like a wild thing, caged and bewildered, confused by the life that swirled about her in the great city, even when she had been sustained by the presence of Pierre. When he was gone the gentle old soul began to die of home-sickness and heart-break. For two years she fought death stolidly, but persistently, refusing to acknowledge to herself that she was breaking down under the stress of loneliness and sorrow. She came of a race that died hard, and although she was past eighty, she looked forward hopefully to the time when Pierre should leave the army and come back to live with her again.

But the struggle for existence in Paris was hard, even when the joy of working for Pierre sustained her; when he was gone it became intolerable. At the end of two years the strength and courage even of the sturdy Norman peasant woman were exhausted; and then a dreadful disease, which had before shown itself in her family, seemed to take advantage of her weakness to spring upon her. She had been a char-woman in the family of Jean Lommel's mother, and so it came about that through the influence of the young doctor she had been admitted to the Salpêtrière when she was already dying from cancer in the stomach.

There was no patient in the ward who was not of better birth than Mère Marchette. She was of all most deficient in education, in knowledge of the world, in the graces of life, and yet of them all it was only the poor old peasant-woman who awakened in the minds of the attendants a glow of genuine affection. There are some people who are born to be loved, and when these rare beings remain

worthy of it, neither age, nor poverty, nor sickness can destroy their power of awakening affection. The hired nurses touched their lips to her forehead in kisses given furtively, as if they were surprised, and prepared to be ashamed of the emotion which called from them this unwonted display. The doctors spoke to her in tones unprofessionally soft, while Dr. Lommel, who had charge of the ward, treated her with an affectionate courtesy scarcely less warm than that he would have shown to his own grandmother. They all knew that Mère Marchette must die, and from counting the time in weeks, they had dropped to days, and then to hours. Indeed it seemed only the old woman's will which kept her alive now until Pierre should come. She had borne all her sufferings without a murmur, but she had not been able wholly to repress the cry of her heart. The young soldier's regiment was in Algiers, and there had been difficulties about his furlough. Had it been any other deathbed in the hospital to which he had been summoned these difficulties would hardly have been surmounted; but in behalf of Mère Marchette the physicians had worked so zealously that all obstacles were removed and Pierre's leave of absence granted. From the moment she had been told that her grandson was on his way she had been perfectly quiet, and, as the doctor said, had devoted her whole being to keeping alive until Pierre should come.

And on this hot July noon, the train which was bringing Pierre was drawing nearer to Paris, and Mère Marchette lay so still that she seemed scarcely to breathe — so still that one might fancy she would not even think, lest in so doing she exhaust some precious grain of strength and so should die without the blessing of that last embrace. — *The Book o' Nine Tales.*

BAUDELAIRE, Charles Pierre, a French poet and critic; born at Paris, April 9, 1821; died there August 30, 1867. In his youth he traveled extensively, visiting India, Mauritius, and Madagascar. In 1857 he published his volume of poems entitled *Les Fleurs du Mal,* which, by its entire disregard of moral distinctions and its extreme frankness of style, became the subject of a legal prosecution and was suppressed on the score of immorality, an expurgated edition following in 1861. *Les Paradis Artificiels* and *Opium et Haschich,* issued in 1860, are partly original and partly made up of translations from Poe and De Quincey. *L'Art Romantique* is a collection of essays remarkable for subtlety of criticism and finish of style. *Petits Poëmes en Prose* are exquisitely written, and their beauty of thought is equal to the charm of their language. Baudelaire's *Fleurs du Mal,* notwithstanding some of the *fleurs* had better never been published, contains many others of extraordinary merit in the way of delicate poetical suggestion and a lofty spirituality. The poet himself is said to have strongly resembled in many respects our own Edgar Allan Poe. Brooding melancholy, curiously tinctured with irony, inspires the solemn music and dreamlike imagery of his best verses.

BEAUTY.

Beautiful am I as a dream in stone,
And for my breast, where each falls bruised in turn,
The poet with an endless love must yearn —
Endless as matter, silent and alone.

A sphinx unguessed, enthroned in azure skies,
White as the swan, my heart is cold as snow;
No hated motion breaks my lines' pure flow,
Nor tears nor laughter ever dim mine eyes.

Poets, before the attitudes sublime
I seem to steal from proudest monuments,
In austere studies waste the ling'ring time,
For I possess, to charm my lover's sight,
Mirrors wherein all things are fair and bright —
My eyes, my large eyes of eternal light.

—*Translation of* LUCY FOUNTAIN.

THE ENEMY.

My youth swept by in storm and cloudy gloom,
Lit here and there by glimpses of the sun;
But in my garden, now the storm is done,
Few fruits are left to gather purple bloom.

Here have I touched the autumn of the mind,
And now the careful spade to labor comes,
Smoothing the earth torn by the waves and wind,
Full of great holes, like open mouths of tombs.

And who knows if the flowers whereof I dream
Shall find, beneath this soil washed by the stream,
The force that bids them into beauty start?
O grief! O grief! Time eats our life away,
And the dark Enemy that gnaws our heart
Grows with the ebbing life-blood of his prey.

— *Translation of* LUCY FOUNTAIN.

BAUR, Ferdinand Christian, a German theologian, biblical critic, and historian; born at Schmiden, Würtemberg, June 21, 1792; died at Tübingen, December 2, 1860. He is known as the founder of the Tübingen school of rationalist divines. While holding a professorship in a seminary at Blaubeuren, he published, in 1824, his work entitled *Symbolism and Mythology.* In 1826 he became Professor of Theology at Tübingen, and thenceforward he distinguished himself by his labors and learned productions in the field of biblical criticism and the history of doctrines. His principal works on the history of dogmas are: *The Christian Gnosis, or, Christian Philosophy of Religion* (1835); *The Christian Doctrine of the Atonement* (1838); *The Trinity and the Incarnation* (1841). Of his works of New Testament criticism the most important are: *The Christ Party in the Corinthian Community* (1836); *The Pastoral Letters of Paul* (1835); *Paul, the Apostle* (1845); *The Canonical Gospels* (1847), and a work on *The Gospel of Mark* (1848). The chief characteristic of the Tübingen school as represented in Baur's writing is the union of a subjective criticism with a strong conviction of the historic reality of the New Testament writings.

HEGEL.

The most general pre-supposition of Hegel's system of religious philosophy is the idea that history is a process by means of which, as it were, God, the absolute spirit, comes to Himself, and gains the knowledge and possession of the contents of His own being. God cannot be conceived as a living concrete God without ascribing

to Him an inner movement, belonging essentially to His nature; and the finite mind is merely one of the forms assumed by the absolute mind in its passage to the full knowledge and possession of itself.

CHRISTIANITY.

We are compelled to conclude that Christianity contains nothing which was not conditioned by a previous series of causes and effects; nothing that had not been long in different ways prepared and conducted onwards to the stage of development at which we find it in Christianity; nothing that had not already previously secured recognition as a result of rational thought, as a need of the human heart, as a requirement of the moral consciousness. We cannot be surprised to find that that which had long, and in various ways, been the goal of all rational efforts, and which had been more and more clearly recognized by the human mind as its own most essential substance, should at last express itself in the most simple, the purest, the most natural form — to wit, in Christianity.

BAXTER, RICHARD, an English clergyman; born at Rowton, Shropshire, November 12, 1615; died December 8, 1691. He was educated chiefly at an academy at Wroxeter; was ordained in 1638, and became master of the free school at Dudley. From 1640 to 1642 he was pastor at Kidderminster. During the civil war he took sides with the Parliament, and was a chaplain in the army. His health having become impaired, he resigned his army chaplainship, and again became pastor at Kidderminster. Here in 1650 he wrote his famous treatise on *The Saints' Everlasting Rest.*

In 1685 he published his *Paraphrase on the New Testament.* Certain passages in this work were held to be seditious, and Baxter was brought to trial before Judge Jeffreys. This trial is among the most noted in English annals. Baxter asked for time to prepare his defence; whereupon Jeffreys exclaimed: "I will not give him a moment's more time to save his life. Yonder stands Oates in the pillory with him. I would say, two of the greatest rogues and rascals of the kingdom stood there!" Baxter endeavored to say something, but Jeffreys cut him short with — "Richard, Richard! dost thou think we'll hear thee poison the court? Richard, thou art an old fellow, an old knave. Thou has written books enough to load a cart. Hadst thou been whipped out of thy writing trade forty years ago, it had been happy." Jeffreys would have had Baxter publicly flogged, but the associate judge would not agree to this; and the decision was that Baxter was sentenced to pay a fine of five hundred marks, to be imprisoned until this was paid, and to give bonds for good behavior for seven years. At the intercession of Lord Powis, a Roman Catholic nobleman, the fine was remitted, and Baxter was set at liberty, after an imprisonment which had lasted eighteen months. He was now fully seventy years old, and passed the remaining five years of his life without being molested by the civil or ecclesiastical authorities.

Baxter was a voluminous writer. His separate works — many of them quite large — are counted up at one hundred and sixty; some enumerators add several more to the number; and about half as many *Replies* to his treatises are known to bibliographers. What purports to be a complete collection of the writ-

ings of Baxter was published in 1827 in twenty-three octavo volumes, and ten years later appeared a selection of his *Practical Works* in four large volumes. It is said of him that he "preached more sermons, engaged in more controversies, and wrote more books than any other Non-conformist of his age." Dr. Isaac Barrow said of his productions: "His practical writings were never mended; his controversial seldom refuted." Among his most notable works are: *The Saints' Rest* (1650); *Reasons for the Christian Religion* (1667); *Call to the Unconverted* (1669); *Life of Faith* (1670); *Christian Directory* (1673); *Catholic Theology* (1675); *Methodus Theologiæ Christianæ* (1681); *Paraphrase on the New Testament* (1685), and *Narrative of the Most Remarkable Passages of my Life and Times,* published (1696) five years after his death.

UPON HIS OWN WRITINGS.

Concerning almost all my writings, I must confess that my own judgment is, that fewer, well-studied and polished, had been better. But the reader, who can safely censure the books, is not fit to censure the author, unless he had been upon the place, and acquainted with all the occasions and the circumstances. Indeed, for the *Saints' Rest* I had four months' vacancy to write it, but in the midst of continual languishing and medicine. But for the rest, I wrote them in the crowd of all my other employments, which would allow me no great leisure for polishing and exactness, or any ornament; so that I scarce ever wrote one sheet twice over, nor stayed to make any blots or interlinings; but was fain to let it go as it was first conceived. And when my own desire was rather to stay upon one thing long than run over many, some sudden occasions or other extorted all my writings from me; and the apprehensions of present usefulness or necessity prevailed against all other motives; so that the divines

which were at hand with me still put me on, and approved of what I did, because they were moved by present necessities as well as I. But those that were far off, and felt not these nearer motives, did rather wish that I had taken the other way, and published a few elaborate writings; and I am ready myself to be of their mind, when I forget the case that I then stood in, and have lost the sense of former motives.

FRUITS OF EXPERIENCE OF HUMAN CHARACTER.

I now see more good and more evil in all men than heretofore I did. I see that good men are not so good as I once thought they were, but have more imperfections; and that nearer approach and fuller trial doth make the best appear more weak and faulty than their admirers at a distance think. And I find that few are so bad as either malicious enemies or censorious separating professors do imagine. In some, indeed, I find that human nature is corrupted into a greater likeness to devils than I once thought any on earth had been. But even in the wicked, usually there is more for grace to make advantage of, and more to testify for God and holiness than I once believed there had been. I less admire gifts of utterance, and bare profession of religion than I once did; and have much more charity for many who, by the want of gifts, do make an obscurer profession than they. I once thought that almost all that could pray movingly and fluently, and talk well of religion, had been saints. But experience hath opened to me what odious crimes may consist with high profession; and I have met with divers of obscure persons, not noted for any extraordinary profession, or forwardness in religion, but only to live a quiet and blameless life, whom I have after found to have long lived, as far as I could discern, a truly godly and sanctified life; only their prayers and duties were by accident kept secret from other men's observations. Yet he that upon this pretence would confound the godly and the ungodly, may as well go about to lay heaven and hell together.

THEOLOGICAL CONTROVERSIES.

My mind being these many years immersed in studies of this nature, and having also long wearied myself in searching what Fathers and Schoolmen have said of such things before us, and my genius abhorring confusion and equivocals, I came, by many years' longer study, to perceive that most of the doctrinal controversies among Protestants are far more about equivocal words than matter; and it wounded my soul to perceive what work both tyrannical and unskilful disputing clergymen had made these thirteen hundred years in the world. Experience, since the year 1643, till this year 1675, hath loudly called me to repent of my own prejudices, slidings and censuring of causes and persons not understood, and of all the miscarriages of my ministry and life which have been thereby caused; and to make it my chief work to call men that are within my hearing to more peaceable thoughts, affections, and practices. And my endeavors have not been in vain, in that ministers of the country where I lived were very many of such a peaceable temper, and a great number more through the land, by God's grace, rather than any endeavors of mine, are so minded. But the sons of the cowl were exasperated the more against me, and accounted him to be against every man that called all men to love peace, and was for no man as in the contrary way.

CHARACTER OF SIR MATTHEW HALE.

He was a man of no quick utterance, but spake with great reason. He was most precisely just; insomuch that, I believe, he would have lost all he had in the world rather than do an unjust act. Patient in hearing the most tedious speech, which any man had to make for himself; the pillar of justice, the refuge of the subject who feared oppression; and one of the greatest honors of his majesty's government; for, with some other upright judges, he upheld the honor of the English nation, that it fell not into the reproach of arbitrariness, cruelty,

and utter confusion. Every man that had a just cause was almost past fear if he could but bring it to the court or assize where he was judge; for the other judges seldom contradicted him. He was the great instrument for rebuilding London; for when an act was made for deciding all controversies that hindered it, he was the constant judge who, for nothing, followed the work, and, by his prudence and justice, removed a multitude of great impediments.

His great advantage for innocency was, that he was no lover of riches or of grandeur. His garb was too plain; he studiously avoided all unnecessary familiarity with great persons, and all that manner of living which signifieth wealth and greatness. He kept no greater a family than myself. I lived in a small house, which, for a pleasant back opening, he had a mind to; but caused a stranger — that he might not be suspected to be the man — to know of me whether I were willing to part with it, before he would meddle with it. In that house he lived contentedly, without any pomp, and without costly or troublesome retinue or visitors; but not without charity to the poor. He continued the study of physics and mathematics still, as his great delight. He had got but a very small estate, though he had long the greatest practice, because he would take but little money, and undertake no more business than he could well despatch. He often offered to the Lord Chancellor to resign his place, when he was blamed for doing that which he supposed was justice. He had been the learned Selden's intimate friend, and one of his executors; and because the Habbians and other infidels would have persuaded the world that Selden was of their mind, I desired him to tell me the truth therein. He assured me that Selden was an earnest professor of the Christian faith, and so angry an adversary to Hobbes, that he hath rated him out of the room.— *Autobiography.*

BAYLY, Ada Ellen ("Edna Lyall"), an English novelist; born at Brighton in 1859; died at Eastbourne, February 9, 1903. She was a daughter of Robert Bayly, a well-known barrister. She was educated at Brighton and wrote her first novel, *Won by Waiting,* in 1879. Her subsequent novels were *Donovan* (1882); *We Two* (1884); *In the Golden Days* (1885); *Their Happiest Christmas* (1886); *Knight Errant* (1887); *Autobiography of a Slander* (1887); *A Hardy Norseman* (1889); *Derrick Vaughan, Novelist* (1889); *To Right the Wrong* (1892); *Dareen* (1894); *How the Children Raised the Wind* (1895); *Autobiography of a Truth* (1896); *Wayfaring Men* (1897); *Hope the Hermit* (1898); *In Spite of All* (1901); and *The Hinderers* (1902).

SELF SACRIFICE.

It is an old saying, and perhaps a truism, that self-sacrifice always brings its reward; not exactly the substantial reward promised in a certain moral song which is put into the lips of children, in which a charitable loaf-giver is represented as receiving "as much and ten times more," but a reward in some form perhaps hardly understood now, but no less real because we can not grasp or fathom it. In one sense great gain is consistent with loss, perhaps follows upon it almost as closely as joy follows upon pain.

It was not a tangible reward which Donovan's self-sacrifice met with. Our highest and best gifts are never tangible, but it was a reward which was one of the best and most lasting influences of his life. When he resolved to devote himself to Dot, instinctively his thoughts grew less morbid and selfish. His life, which seemed so purposeless and useless, twined itself round her life, and

found the object it needed. His creed indeed remained unaltered; the angry sense of injustice still lurked in his heart, but everything was now subservient to the one ruling interest, and, through all the bad influences which were besetting him continually during the two years which elapsed after his father's death, the unconscious loving influence of the little child kept its hold upon him.

His was a nature formed either for great good or for great evil. Whatever he did he did thoroughly; whether it was the reading of a fairy tale to Dot, or the mastery of some difficult passage of music, or his nightly card-playing at the Greyshot Club, he bent his whole will to the work, intent upon making whatever he was engaged upon a masterpiece of its kind. In spite, then, of all the evil at work within him and without, Donovan had really improved. At twenty, he was far more manly, more tender and considerate, and, though his self-reliance was still unshaken, he was no longer the self-absorbed, gloomy, taciturn fellow he had been. To make himself companionable to Dot, he had been forced to rouse himself; abstract speculations, long, dismal reveries, were incompatible with the line of life which he had marked out for himself. What might have done very well among the Alps, must be avoided in the little invalid's room, and he exerted himself with such firmness of purpose that in spite of his natural tendency to melancholy, and the bitter spirit which his early education had produced, he became bright and cheerful, sometimes even merry. This was, of course, when he was with her; at other times he was often sadly moody, and the coldness with his mother increased rather than diminished; indeed, he saw very little of her, for, when Dot did not need him, he could always find amusement at Greyshot, though his passion for cards did not lead him among the very best companions.—*Donovan.*

LIGHT AND SHADOW.

Life, unfortunately, is for most of us no well-arranged story with a happy termination; it is a checkered affair of shade and sun, and for one beam of light there come very

often wide patches of shadow. Men seem to have known this so far back as Shakespeare's time, and to have observed that one woe trod on another's heels, to have battled not with a single wave, but with a "sea of troubles," and to have remarked that "sorrows come not singly, but in battalions."—*Derrick Vaughan, Novelist.*

BAZAN, Emilia Pardo, a Spanish author; born at La Coruña, Galicia, in 1852. Except for a few months at a French boarding-school in Madrid, she was educated under the care of tutors at home, where she had access to a large miscellaneous library in which not many books were forbidden her. She read constantly, and when only eight years old began to write for her own gratification. At the age of sixteen she was married to Don José Quiroga and removed to Madrid. Marriage did not interrupt her studies. She learned German in order to read German philosophy, and in 1868, while traveling with her family in France and Italy, acquired English and Italian. Her first literary distinction was gained in a prize competition at Santiago, where she took the prizes for both prose and poetry. For two or three years she contributed sketches and critical essays to various newspapers. Her first novel was *Pascual Lopez, the Autobiography of a Medical Student.* Several of her novels have been translated into English under the following titles: *A Christian Woman; A Wedding Trip; Morriña* (Home-sickness); *The Swan of Vilamorta; The Angular Stone.* She also wrote *Russia: its People and its Literature,* which as its title indicates, is a collection of critical essays.

The Angular Stone (more properly "The Corner-Stone") is the story of Juan Rojo, the executioner of Marineda, outcast because of his office, who, by the sacrifice of his own life, reconciles his ideas of duty to the law and his longing to save his little son Telmo from contempt and isolation.

UNRECOGNIZED GENIUS.

The son of a hysterical mother whose strength was exhausted by repeated lactations, and who at last succumbed to the debility induced by them, Segundo's spirit was much more exacting and insatiable than his body. He had inherited from his mother a melancholy temperament and innumerable prejudices, innumerable instinctive antipathies, innumerable superstitious practices. He had loved her, and he cherished her memory with veneration. And more tenacious even than his loving remembrance of his mother was the invincible antipathy he cherished for his father. It would not be true to say that the lawyer had been the murderer of his wife, and yet Segundo clearly divined the slow martyrdom endured by that fine nervous organization, and had always before his eyes, in his hours of gloom, the mean coffin in which the dead woman was interred, shrouded in the oldest sheet that was to be found.

Segundo's family consisted of his father, an aunt advanced in years, two brothers, and three sisters. The lawyer García enjoyed the reputation of being wealthy — in reality this fortune was insignificant — a village fortune accumulated penny by penny, by usurious loans and innumerable sordid privations. His practice brought him in something, but ten mouths to feed and the professional education of three sons swallowed up not a little. The eldest of the boys, an officer in an infantry regiment, was stationed in the Philippine Islands, and far from expecting any money from him, they were thankful if he did not ask for any. Segundo, the second in age as well as in name, had just been graduated — one lawyer more in Spain, where this fruit grows so abundantly. The

youngest was studying at the Institute at Orense, with the intention of becoming an apothecary. The girls spent the days running about in the gardens and cornfields, half the time barefooted, not even attending Leocadia's school to save the slight expense that would be incurred in procuring the decent clothing which this would necessitate. As for the aunt — Misía Gáspara — she was the soul of the house, a narrow and sapless soul, a withered old woman, silent and ghost-like in appearance, still active, in spite of her sixty years, who, without ceasing to knit her stockings with fingers as yellow as the keys of an old harpsichord, sold barley in the granary, wine in the cellar, lent a dollar at fifty per cent. interest to the fruit-women and hucksters of the market, receiving their wares in payment, measured out the food, the light, and their clothing to her neices, fattened a pig with affectionate solicitude, and was respected in Vilamorta for her ant-like abilities.

It was the lawyer's aspiration to transmit his practice and his office to Segundo. Only the boy gave no indication of an aptitude for stirring up law-suits and prosecutions. How had he achieved the miracle of passing with honor in the examinations without ever having opened a law-book during the whole term, and failing in attendance at college whenever it rained or whenever the sun shone? Well, by means of an excellent memory and a good natural intelligence; learning by heart, when it was necesary, whole pages from the text-books, and remembering and reciting them with the same ease, if not with as much taste, as he recited the "Doloras" of Campoamor.

On Segundo's table lay, side by side, the works of Zorrilla and Espronceda, bad translations of Heine, books of verse of local poets, the "Lamas-Varela," or, *Antidote to Idleness,* and other volumes of a no less heterogeneous kind. Segundo was not an insatiable reader; he chose his reading according to the whim of the moment, and he read only what was in conformity with his tastes, thus acquiring a superficial culture of an imperfect and varied nature. Quick of apprehension, rather than thoughtful

or studious, he had learned French without a teacher, and almost by intuition, in order to read in the original the works of Musset, Lamartine, Proudhon, and Victor Hugo. His mind was like an uncultivated field in which grew here and there some rare and beautiful flower, some exotic plant; of the abstruse and positive sciences, of solid and serious learning, which is the nurse of mental vigor — the classics, the best literature, the severe teachings of history — he knew nothing; and in exchange, by a singular phenomenon of intellectual relationship, he identified himself with the romantic movement of the second third of the century, and in a remote corner of Galicia lived again the psychological life of dead and gone generations. So does some venerable academician, over-leaping the nineteen centuries of our era, delight himself now with what delighted Horace and live platonically enamoured of Lydia.

Segundo composed his first verses, cynical and pessimistic in intention, ingenuous in reality, before he had reached the age of seventeen. His classmates applauded him to the echo. He acquired in their eyes a certain prestige, and when the first fruits of his muse appeared in a periodical he had, without going beyond the narrow circle of the college, admirers and detractors. Thenceforth he acquired the right to indulge in solitary walks, to laugh rarely, to surround his adventures with mystery, and not to play or take a drink for good-fellowship's sake except when he felt in the humor.

And he seldom felt in the humor. Excitation of the senses, of a purely physical nature, possessed no attraction for him; if he drank at times through bravado, the spectacle of drunkenness, the winding-up of student orgies, the soiled tablecloth, the maudlin disputes, his companions lying under the table or stretched on the sofa, the shamelessness and heartlessness of venal women — repelled him, and he came away from such scenes filled with disgust and contempt, and at times a reaction proper to his complex character sent him, a sincere admirer of Prudhon, Quinet, and Renan, to the precincts of some solitary church, where he drew in with delight long breaths of the incense-laden air.

The lawyer García made no protest against his son's literary inclinations, because he regarded them as a passing amusement proper to his age, a youthful folly, like dancing at a village feast. He began to grow uneasy when he saw that Segundo, after graduation, showed no inclination to help him in the conduct of his tortuous law-suits. Was the boy, then, going to turn out good for nothing but to string rhymes together? It was no crime to do this, but — when there was not a pile of law-papers to go through, and stratagems to think of, to circumvent the opposing party. Since the lawyer had observed this inclination of his son he had treated him with more persistent harshness and coldness than before. Every day at table, or whenever the occasion offered, he made cutting speeches to him about the necessity of earning one's own bread by assiduous labor, instead of depending upon others for it. These continual sermons, in which he displayed the same captious and harrassing obstinacy as in the conduct of his law-suits, frightened Segundo from the house. In Leocadia's house he found a place of refuge, and he submitted passively to be adored; flattered in the first place by the triumph his verses had obtained, awakening admiration so evidently sincere and ardent, and, in the second place, attracted by the moral well-being engendered by unquestioning approval and unmeasured complacency. His idle, dreamy brain reposed on the soft cushions which affection smoothes for the beloved head; Leocadia sympathized with all his plans for the future, developing and enlarging them; she encouraged him to write and to publish his verses; she praised him without reserve and without hypocrisy, for, for her, whose critical faculty was situated in her cardiac cavities, Segundo was the most melodious singer in the universe.

Gradually the loving prevision of the schoolmistress extended to other departments of Segundo's existence. Neither the lawyer García nor Aunt Gáspara supposed that a young man, once his education was finished, needed a penny for any extraordinary expense. Aunt Gáspara in particular, protested loudly at every fresh outlay — after filling her nephew's trunk one year, she thought he

was provided with shirts for at least ten years to come. Clothes had no right to tear or to wear out, without any consideration, in that way. Leocadia took note of the wants of her idol; one day she observed that he was not well supplied with handkerchiefs, and she hemmed and marked a dozen for him; the next day she noticed that he was expected to keep himself in cigars for a year on half a dollar, and she took upon herself the task of making them for him, furnishing the material herself, gratis. She heard the fruit-women criticising Aunt Gáspara's stinginess; she inferred from this that Segundo had a poor table, and she set herself to the task of devising appetizing and nutritious dishes for him; in addition to all which she ordered books from Orense, mended his clothes, and sewed on his buttons.

All this she did with inexpressible delight, going about the house with a light, almost youthful, step, rejuvenated by the sweet maternity of love, and so happy that she forgot to scold the school-children, thinking only of shortening their tasks that she might be all the sooner with Segundo. There was in her affection much that was generous and spiritual, and her happiest moments were those in which, as they sat side by side at the window, his head resting on her shoulder, she listened, while her imagination transformed the pots of carnations and sweet basil into a virgin forest, to the verses which he recited in a well-modulated voice, verses that seemed to Leocadia celestial music. — *The Swan of Vilamorta.*

BEATTIE, JAMES, a Scottish essayist, poet, and philosopher; born at Laurencekirk, Kincardineshire, October 25, 1735; died at Aberdeen, August 18, 1803. He was the son of a shopkeeper; studied at Marischal College, Aberdeen; became a schoolmaster, and in 1760 was chosen Professor of Moral

Philosophy and Logic in Marischal College, a position which he held until near the close of his life. In 1770 appeared his *Essay on Truth,* written in opposition to the sceptical theories of David Hume. This work had much reputation in its day, and gained for the author a pension of £200 from the Government. He wrote several other prose works, the most important of which are *The Evidences of the Christian Religion* (1783); *The Elements of Moral Science* (1793); and several volumes of *Essays* and *Dissertations* (1783). The *Essays* contain some fine passages:

ON THE LOVE OF NATURE.

Homer's beautiful description of the heavens and earth, as they appear in a calm evening by the light of the moon and stars, concludes with this circumstance — "and the heart of the shepherd is glad." Madame Dacier, from the turn she gives to the passage in her version, seems to think, and Pope, in order, perhaps, to make out his couplet, insinuates, that the gladness of the shepherd is owing to his sense of the utility of these luminaries. And this may in part be the case. But this is not in Homer; nor is it a necessary consideration. It is true that in contemplating the material universe they who discern the causes and effects of things must be more rapturously entertained than those who perceive nothing but the shape and size, color and motion. Yet in the mere outside of Nature's works — if I may so express myself — there is a splendor and a magnificence to which even untutored minds cannot attend without great delight.

Not that all peasants or all philosophers are equally susceptible of these charming impressions. It is strange to observe the callousness of some men, before whom all the glories of heaven and earth pass in daily succession without touching their hearts, elevating their fancy, or leaving any durable remembrance. Even of those who pretend to sensibility, how many are there to whom the lustre of the rising or setting sun, the sparkling concave

of the midnight sky, the mountain forest tossing and roaring to the storm or warbling with all the melodies of a summer evening; the sweet interchange of hill and dale, shade and sunshine, grove, lawn and water, which an extensive landscape offers to the view; the scenery of the ocean — so lovely, so majestic, and so tremendous — and the many pleasing varieties of the animal and vegetable kingdom, could never afford so much real satisfaction as the steams and noise of a ball-room, the insipid fiddling and squeaking of an opera, or the vexations and wranglings of a card-table.

But some minds there are of a different make, who, even in the early part of life, receive from the contemplation of Nature a species of delight which they would hardly exchange for any other. Such minds have always within them the seeds of true taste, and frequently of imitative genius. . . . To a mind thus disposed, no part of creation is indifferent. In the crowded city and howling wilderness, in the cultivated province and solitary isle, in the flowery lawn and craggy mountain, in the murmur of the rivulet and in the uproar of the ocean, in the radiance of summer and gloom of winter, in the thunder of heaven and in the whisper of the breeze, he still finds something to rouse or to soothe his imagination, to draw forth his affections, or to employ his understanding. And from every mental energy that is not attended with pain — and even from some of those that are, as moderate terror and pity — a sound mind derives satisfaction; exercise being equally necessary to the body and the soul, and to both equally productive of health and pleasure. — *Essays.*

Beattie's elaborate theological works are now as good as dead, and his clever *Essays* are but little read. His reputation rests mainly upon his poems, or rather upon one poem, *The Minstrel,* the first part of which appeared in 1771, and the second part in 1774. He had planned a third part, which, however, was never written. The design of the poem was, "to trace the

progress of a poetical genius, born in a rude age, from the first dawning of fancy and reason, till that period at which he may be supposed capable of appearing in the world as a minstrel." In a certain sense the poem may be considered as an idealized autobiography; for Beattie thus writes to Lady Forbes: "I find you are willing to suppose that, in *Edwin,* I have given only a picture of myself as I was in my younger days. I confess the supposition is not groundless." The poem is in the Spenserian measure. The keynote is struck in the opening stanzas:

PRELUDE TO THE MINSTREL.

Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar;
Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
Has felt the influence of malignant star,
And waged with Fortune an eternal war;
Checked by the scoff of Pride, by Envy's frown,
And Poverty's unconquerable bar,
In life's low vale remote has pined alone,
Then dropped into the grave, unpitied and unknown!

And yet the languor of inglorious days
Not equally oppressive is to all;
Him, who ne'er listened to the voice of praise,
The silence of neglect can ne'er appall.
There are who deaf to mad Ambition's call,
Would shrink to hear the obstreperous trump of Fame
Supremely blest if to their portion fall
Health, competence, and peace. Nor higher aim
Had he, whose simple tale these artless lines proclaim.

THE POET'S HERITAGE.

Then grieve thou not to whom the indulgent Muse
Vouchsafes a portion of celestial fire;
Nor blame the partial Fates, if they refuse

The imperial banquet and the rich attire.
Know thine own worth, and reverence the lyre.
Wilt thou debase the heart which God refined!
No! Let thy heaven-taught soul to Heaven aspire,
To Fancy, Freedom, Harmony resigned;
Ambition's grovelling crew forever left behind.

Canst thou forego the pure ethereal soul,
In each fine sense so exquisitely keen,
On the dull couch of Luxury to loll,
Stung with disease, and stupefied with spleen:
Fain to implore the aid of Flattery's screen,
Even from thyself thy loathsome heart to hide —
The mansion then no more of Joy serene —
Where Fear, Distrust, Malevolence abide,
And impotent Desire, and disappointed Pride?

Oh, how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her votary yields?
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields;
All that the genial ray of Morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of Even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of Heaven:
Oh, how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven?

THE YOUTHFUL MINSTREL.

The shepherd swain of whom I mention made,
On Scotia's mountains fed his little flock;
The sickle, scythe, or plough he never swayed;
An honest heart was almost all his stock;
His drink the living water from the rock;
The milky dams supplied his board, and lent
Their kindly fleece to baffle winter's shock:
And he, though oft with dust and sweat bespent,
Did guide and guard their wanderings, wheresoe'er they went.

And yet poor Edwin was no vulgar boy.
Deep thought oft seemed to fix his infant eye;
Dainties he heeded not, nor gaud, nor toy,
Save one short pipe of rudest minstrelsy;
Silent when glad; affectionate, though shy;
And now his look was most demurely sad,
And now he laughed aloud, yet none knew why.
The neighbors stared, and sighed, and blessed the lad;
Some deemed him wondrous wise, and some believed him mad.

In truth, he was a strange and wayward wight,
Fond of each gentle and each dreadful scene;
In darkness and in storm he found delight;
Nor less when on the ocean-wave serene
The southern sun diffused his dazzling sheen.
Even sad vicissitude amused his soul;
And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,
And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,
A sigh, a tear, so sweet, he wished not to control.

ON LIFE AND IMMORTALITY.

Oh, ye wild groves, Oh, where is now your bloom?
The Muse interprets thus his tender thought:
Your flowers, your verdure, and your balmy gloom,
Of late so grateful in the hour of drought!
Why do the birds, that song and rapture brought
To all your bowers, their mansions now forsake?
Ah! why has fickle Chance this ruin wrought?
For now the storm howls mournful through the brake,
And the dead foliage flies in many a shapeless flake.

Where now the rill, melodious, pure, and cool,
And meads, with life and mirth and beauty crowned?
Ah! see, the unsightly slime, and sluggish pool,
Have all the solitary vale embrowned:
Fled each fair form, and mute each melting sound.
The raven croaks forlorn on naked spray.
And hark! the river, bursting every mound,
Down the vale thunders; and with wasteful sway,
Uproots the grove, and rolls the shattered rocks away.

Yet such the destiny of all on earth:
So flourishes and fades majestic man.
Fair is the bud his vernal morn brings forth,
And fostering gales awhile the nursling fan.
Oh, smile, ye heavens serene; ye mildews wan,
Ye blighting whirlwinds, spare his balmy prime,
Nor lessen of his life the little span.
Borne on the swift, though silent wings of Time,
Old Age comes on apace to ravage all the clime.

And be it so. Let those deplore their doom
Whose hope still grovels in this dark sojourn;
But lofty souls, who look beyond the tomb,
Can smile at Fate, and wonder how they mourn.
Shall Spring to these sad scenes no more return?
Is yonder wave the Sun's eternal bed?—
Soon shall the Orient with new lustre burn,
And Spring shall soon her vital influence shed,
Again attune the grove, again adorn the mead.

Shall I be left forgotten in the dust,
When Fate, relenting, lets the flower revive?
Shall Nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
Bid him, though doomed to perish, hope to live?
It is for this fair Virtue oft must strive
With disappointment, Penury, and Pain?
No: Heaven's immortal Spring shall yet arise,
And Man's majestic beauty bloom again,
Bright through the eternal year of Love's triumphant reign.

The *Life of Beattie,* by Sir William Forbes, holds a high place among literary biographies.